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A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE THIRD.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.XLIV.

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A SELECT
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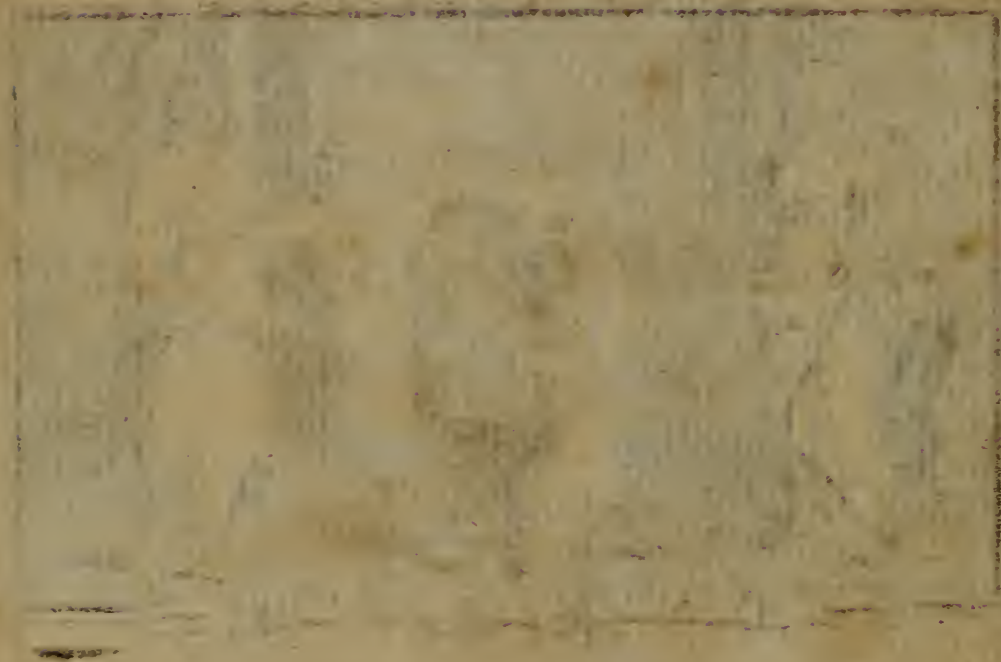
COLLECTION

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Green's *Tu Quoque* :
OR, THE
CITY GALLANT.

Written by

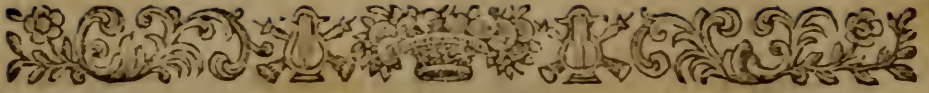
JOSEPH COOKE, Gent.



VOL. III.

A

THIS



THIS Play hath been rewi'd since the Restoration, and was acted in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with great Applause; but being printed originally without Date, the only Guide one can have to guess at the Age of it, is from its being publish'd by Thomas Heywood after the Author's Decease, and from its being said in the Title Page to have been acted by the Queen's Servants, which I suppose is meant of Queen Elizabeth. It is written by John Cooke, Gent. and had its Title from one Thomas Green, an excellent Comedian, who acted the Part of Bubble with great Applause; and whose universal Repartee to all Compliment (says Langbaine) was Tu quoque. Heywood, in his Preface to the Play, gives this Actor the following Character. "There was not an Actor of his nature
" in his time, of better Ability in Performance of what he
" undertook, more applauded by the Audience, of better
" Grace at Court, or of more general Love in the City." On the back of the Title is this Distich, which shews that the Actor, as well as the Author, was then dead.

How fast bleak Autumn changeth Flora's dye!
What yesterday was Green, now's fear and dry.





Dramatis Personæ.

SIR Lionel.
Geraldine.
Will Rash.

Spendall.

Staines.

Bubble.

Longfield.

Ballance.

Scattergood.

Ninnibammer.

Mr. Blank.

Pursenet.

Lodge.

Holdfast.

Fox.

Gatherscrap.

Baskethilt.

Sprinkle.

Prisoners.

Drawers, &c.

W O M E N.

Gartred.

Joice.

Phillis.

Widow.

Sweatman, a bawd.

Nan Tickleman, a whore.



Green's *Tu Quoque*:
OR, THE
CITY GALLANT.

[*A mercer's shop discover'd, Gartred working in it; Spendall walking by the shop. Mr. Ballance walking over the stage. After him Longfield and Geraldine.*]

Spendall.

Spendall.



HAT lack you sir? fair stuffs or velvets?

Ballance. Good-morrow, Frank.

Spendall. Good-morrow, mr. Ballance.

Geraldine. Save you, mr. Longfield.

Longfield. And you, sir. What business draws you towards this end o'th' town?

Geraldine. Faith, no great serious affairs: only a stirring humour to walk, and partly to see the beauties of the

the city ; but it may be you can instruct me. Pray whose shop's this ?

Long. Why 'tis Will Rash's father's ; a man that you are well acquainted with.

[*Enter a Wench with a basket of linen.*]

Gerald. As with yourself : and is that his sister ?

Long. Marry is it, sir.

Gerald. Pray let us walk ; I would behold her better.

Wench. Buy some quoifs, handkerchiefs, or very good bonelace, mistrefs ?

Gart. None.

Wench. Will you buy any handkerchiefs, sir ?

Spend. Yes. Have you any fine ones ?

Wench. I'll shew you choice : please you look, sir ?

Spend. How now ! What news ?

Wench. Mistrefs Tickleman has sent you a letter, and expects your company at night ; and intreats you to send her an angel, whether you can come, or whether you cannot.

[*Spendall reads.*]

Sweet rascal ! if your love be as earnest as your protestation, you will meet me this night at supper : You know the rendezvous. There will be good company ; a noise of choice fiddlers, a fine boy with an excellent voice, very good songs and bawdy ; and which is more, I do purpose myself to be exceeding merry : but if you come not, I shall pout myself sick, and not eat one bit to-night.

Your continual close friend,

Nan Tickleman.

I pray send me an angel by the bearer, whether ye can come, or whether ye cannot.

Spend. What's the price of these two ?

Wench. Half a crown, in truth.

Spend. Hold thee ; there's an angel, and commend me to my delight : tell her I will not fail her, though I lose my freedom by't.

Wench. I thank you, sir. — Buy any fine handkerchiefs ?

[*Exit Wench.*]

Long. You are taken, sir, extreamly : what's the ob-

Ger. She's wond'rous fair. [ject ?]

Long. Nay, and your thoughts be on wenching, I'll leave you.

Ger. You shall not be so unfriendly; pray assist me: We'll to the shop, and cheapen stuffs or fattins.

Spend. What lack you, gentlemen? fine stuffs, velvets, or fattins? pray come near.

Ger. Let me see a good fattin.

Spend. You shall, sir. What colour?

Ger. Faith, I am indifferent. What colour most affects you, lady?

Gart. Sir!

Ger. Without offence, fair creature, I demand it.

Gart. Sir, I believe it; but I never did Tie my affection unto any colour.

Ger. But my affection (fairest) is fast ty'd Unto the crimson colour of your cheek.

Gart. You relish too much courtier, sir.

Long. What's the price of this?

Spend. Fifteen, indeed sir.

Long. You set a high rate on't; it had need be good.

Spend. Good! if you find a better i'th' town, I'll give you mine for nothing. If you were my own brother, I'd put it into your hands. Look upon't; 'tis close wrought, and has an excellent gloss.

Long. Ay, I see't.

Spend. Pray, sir, come into the next room: I'll shew you that of a lower price shall, perhaps, better please you.

Long. This fellow has an excellent tongue; sure he was brought up in the Exchange.

Spend. Will you come in, sir?

Long. No; 'tis no matter, for I mean to buy none.

Ger. Pr'ythee walk in; what you bargain for I'll discharge.

Long. Say so? fall to your work, I'll be your chapman.

Ger. Why do you say I flatter? [*Ex. Spend. Long.*]

Gart. Why! you do;

And so do all men when they women woe.

Ger.

Ger. Who looks on heaven, and not admires the work?
Who views a well-cut diamond, does not praise
The beauty of the stone? If these deserve
The name of excellent, I lack a word
For thee which merits more,
More than the tongue of man can attribute.

Gart. This is pretty poetry; good fiction this. Sir,
I must leave you.

Ger. Leave with me first some comfort.

Gart. What would you crave?

Ger. That which I fear you will not let me have.

Gart. You do not know my bounty. Say what 'tis?

Ger. No more, fair creature, than a modest kiss.

Gart. If I should give you one, would you refrain,
On that condition, ne'er to beg again?

Ger. I dare not grant to that.

Gart. Then't seems you have,
Tho' you get nothing, a delight to crave.
One will not hurt my lip, which you may take,
Not for your love, but for your absence sake.
So farewell, sir. [*Exit Gart.*

Ger. O! fare thee well, fair regent of my soul!
Never let ill sit near thee, unless it come
To purge itself. Be as thou ever seemest,
An angel of thy sex, born to make happy
The man that shall possess thee for his bride.

Enter Spendall and Longfield.

Spend. Will you have it for thirteen shillings and
six-pence? I'll fall to as low a price as I can, because
I'll buy your custom.

Long. How now man! what, intranced?

Ger. Good sir, ha'you done?

Long. Yes faith, I think as much as you, and 'tis just
nothing: where's the wench?

Ger. She's here, sir, here.

Long. Uds pity! unbutton man, thou'lt stifle her else.

Ger. Nay, good sir, will you go?

Long. With all my heart, I stay but for you.

Spend. Do you hear, sir?

Long. What say you?

Spend. Will you take it for thirteen ?

Long. Not a penny more than I bid.

[*Exit Ger. and Long.*]

Spend. Why then say you might have had a good bargain.

Where's this boy to make up the wares ? here's some ten pieces open'd, and all to no purpose.

Enter Boy.

Boy. O Franck ! shut up shop, shut up shop.

Spend. Shut up shop, boy, why ?

Boy. My master is come from the court knighted, and bid us ; for he says he will have the first year of the reign of his knighthood kept holyday ; here he comes.

Enter Sir Lionel.

Spend. God give your worship joy, sir.

Sir Lion. O Frank ! I have the worship now in the right kind ; the sword of knighthood sticks still upon my shoulders, and I feel the blow in my purse, it has cut two leather bags afunder. But all's one, honour must be purchased. I will give over my city coat, and betake myself to the court jacket. As for trade, I will deal in't no longer ; I will seat thee in my shop, and it shall be thy care to ask men what they lack : my stock shall be summ'd up, and I will call thee to an account for it.

Spend. My service, sir, never deserv'd so much, Nor could I ever hope so large a bounty Could spring out of your love.

Sir Lion. That's all one.

I do love to do things beyond men's hopes.

To-morrow I remove into the Strand,

There for this quarter dwell, the next at Fulham :

He that hath choice may shift, the whilst shalt thou

Be master of this house, and rent it free.

Spend. I thank you, sir.

Sir Lionel. To day I'll go dine with my lord-mayor, to-morrow with the sheriffs, and next day with the aldermen ; I will spread the ensign of my knighthood over the face of the city, which shall strike as great a terror to my enemies as ever Tamerlane to the Turks.

Come

Come Franck, come in with me, and see the meat,
Upon the which my knighthood first shall eat.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Staines.

Staines. There is a devil has haunted me these three years, in likeness of a usurer; a fellow that in all his life never eat three groat loaves out of his own purse, nor ever warmed him but at other men's fires; never saw a joint of mutton in his own house these four and twenty years, but always coufen'd the poor prisoners, for he always bought his victuals out of the alms-basket; and yet this rogue now feeds upon capons which my tenants send him out of the country; he is landlord forsooth over all my possessions. — Well, I am spent, and this rogue has consum'd me; I dare not walk abroad to see my friends, for fear the serjeants should take acquaintance of me: my refuge is Ireland, or Virginia; necessity cries out, and I will presently to Westchester.

[*Enter Bubble.*

How now! Bubble, hast thou pack'd up all thy things? our parting-time is come: nay, pr'ythee do not weep.

Bub. Affection, sir, will burst out.

Staines. Thou hast been a faithful servant to me; go to thy uncle, he'll give thee entertainment; tell him, upon the stony rock of his merciless heart my fortunes suffer shipwrack.

Bub. I will tell him he is an usuring rascal, and one that would do the common-wealth good if he were hang'd.

Staines. Which thou hast cause to wish for; thou art his heir, my affectionate Bubble.

Bub. But master, wherefore should we be parted?

Staines. Because my fortunes are desperate, thine are hopeful.

Bub. Why, but whither do you mean to go, master?

Staines. Why, to sea.

Bub. To sea! lord bless us, methinks I hear of a tempest already. But what will you do at sea?

Staines. Why, as other gallants do that are spent, turn pirate.

Bub. O master! have the grace of Wapping before your eyes, remember a high tide; give not your friends cause to wet their handkerchiefs. Nay, master I'll tell you a better course than so, you and I will go and rob my uncle; if we 'scape, we'll domineer together; if we be taken, we'll be hang'd together at Tyburn, that's the warmer gallows of the two.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. By your leave, fir, whereabouts dwells one mr. Bubble?

Bub. Do you hear, my friend, do you know mr. Bubble if you do see him?

Mes. No in truth do I not.

Bub. What is your business with master Bubble?

Mes. Marry fir, I come with welcome news to him.

Bub. Tell it, my friend, I am the man.

Mes. May I be assur'd, fir, that your name is master Bubble?

Bub. I tell thee, honest friend, my name is master Bubble, master Bartholomew Bubble.

Mes. Why then, fir, you are heir to a million, for your uncle the rich usurer is dead.

Bub. Pray thee, honest friend, go to the next haberdasher's, and bid him send me a new melancholy hat, and take thou that for thy labour.

Mes. I will, fir. [Exit.

Enter another Messenger hastily, and knocks.

Bub. Umh, umh, umh.

Sta. I would the news were true; see how my little Bubble is blown up with't!

Bub. Do you hear, my friend, for what do you knock there?

2 Mes. Marry fir, I would speak with the worshipful master Bubble.

Bub. The worshipful! and what would you do with the worshipful master Bubble? I am the man.

2 Mes. I cry your worship mercy then, master Thong the beltmaker sent me to your worship, to give you notice, that your uncle is dead, and that you are his only heir.

[Exit.

Bub.

Bub. Thy news is good, and I have look'd for't long;
Thanks unto thee, my friend, and goodman Thong.

Enter Mr. Blank.

Staines. Certainly, this news is true; for see another,
by this light his scrivener!—Now mr. Blank, whither
away so fast?

Blank. Mr. Staines, God save you: Where is your
man?

Staines. Why look you, fir; do you not see him?

Blank. God save the right worshipful mr. Bubble; I
bring you heavy news with a light heart.

Bub. What are you?

Blank. I am your worship's poor scrivener.

Bub. He is an honest man, it seems, for he hath both
his ears.

Blank. I am one that your worship's uncle committed
some trust in for the putting out of his money, and I hope
I shall have the putting out of yours.

Bub. The putting out of mine! Would you have the
putting out of my money?

Blank. Yea, fir.

Bub. No, fir, I am old enough to put out my own
money.

Blank. I have writings of your worship's.

Staines. As thou lov'st thy profit, hold thy tongue,
thou and I will confer.

Bub. Do you hear, my friend, can you tell me when,
and how my uncle died?

Blank. Yes, fir, he died this morning, and he was
kill'd by a butcher.

Bub. How! by a butcher?

Blank. Yes, indeed fir; for going this morning into
the market to cheapen meat, he fell down stark dead,
because a butcher ask'd him four shillings for a shoulder
of mutton.

Bub. How, stark dead! and could not Aqua vitæ
fetch him again?

Blank. No, fir, nor Rosa solis neither, and yet there
was trial made of both.

Bub. I shall love Aqua vitæ and Rōsa solis the better while I live.

Staines. Will it please your worship to accept of my poor service? you know my case is desperate; I beseech you that I may feed upon your bread, tho' it be of the brownest, and drink of your drink, tho' it be of the smallest; for I am humble in body, and dejected in mind, and will do your worship as good service for forty shillings a year, as another shall for three pounds.

Bub. I will not stand with you for such a matter, because you have been my master; but otherwise, I will entertain no man without some knight's or lady's letter for their behaviour; Gervase, I take it, is your christian name.

Staines. Yes, if it please your worship.

Bub. Well, Gervase, be a good servant, and you shall find me a dutiful master: and because you have been a gentleman, I will entertain you for my tutor in behaviour; conduct me to my palace. [Exeunt omnes,

Enter Geraldine as in his study reading.

Ger. As little children love to play with fire,
And will not leave till they themselves do burn;
So did I fondly dally with desire,
Until love's flames grew hot, I could not turn,
Nor well avoid, but sigh and sob, and mourn,
As children do when as they feel the pain,
Till tender mothers kiss them whole again.
Fie! what unfavoury stuff is this! but she,
Whose mature judgment can distinguish things,
Will thus conceit; tales that are harshest told,
Have smoothest meanings, and to speak are bold:
It is the first-born sonnet of my brain,
Why suck'd a white leaf from my black-lipp'd pen,
So sad employment?

Enter Will Rash, and Longfield.

Yet the dry paper drinks it up as deep,
As if it flow'd from Petrarch's cunning quill.

Rash. How now! what have we here, a sonnet and a satire coupled together like my lady's dog and her monkey? *As little children, &c.*

Ger.

Ger. Pr'ythee, away ; by the deepeſt oath that can be ſworn thou ſhalt not read it, by our friendship I conjure thee, pr'ythee let go.

Raſb. Now, in the name of Cupid, what want'ſt thou ? a pigeon, a dove, a mate, a turtle ? doſt thou love fowl, ha ? O no ; ſhe's fairer thrice than is the queen, Who beauteous Venus called is by name :

Pr'ythee let me know what ſhe is thou loveſt, that I may ſhun her, if I ſhould chance to meet her.

Long. Why I'll tell you, ſir, what ſhe is, if you do not know :

Raſb. No, not I ; I proteſt.

Long. Why, 'tis your ſiſter.

Raſb. How ! my ſiſter ?

Long. Yes, your eldeſt ſiſter.

Raſb. Now, God bleſs the man ; he had better chuſe a wench that has been bred and born in an alley ; her tongue is a perpetual motion, thought is not ſo ſwift as it is ; and for pride, the woman that had her ruff poak'd by the devil, is but a puritan to her.---Thou could'ſt never have faſten'd thy affection on a worſe ſubject ; ſhe'll flout faſter than a court waiting-woman in progreſs ; any man that comes in the way of honeſty does ſhe ſet her mark upon, that is, a villainous jeſt ; for ſhe is a kind of poeteſs, and will make ballads upon the calves of your legs. I prithe, let her alone, ſhe'll never make a good wife for any man, unleſs it be a leather-dreſſer ; for perhaps he, in time, may turn her.

Ger. Thou haſt a privilege to utter this.

But, by my life, my own blood could not 'ſcape

A chaſtiſement for thus profaning her,

Whoſe virtues fit above mens calumnies.

Had mine own brother ſpoke thus liberally,

My fury ſhould have taught him better manners.

Long. No more words, as you fear a challenge.

Raſb. I may tell thee in thine ear, I am glad to hear what I do ; I pray God ſend her no worſe huſband, nor he no worſe wife. Do you hear, love, will you take your cloak and rapier, and walk abroad into ſome whoſome air ? I do much fear thy infection ; good counſel, I ſee,

fee, will do no good on thee; but pursue the end, and to thy thoughts, I'll prove a faithful friend. [Exit.

Enter Spendall, Nan Tickleman, Sweatman, Purfenet, and a Drawer.

Spend. Here's a spacious room to walk in; firrah, set down the candle, and fetch us a quart of Ipocras, and so we'll part.

Sweat. Nay faith, son, we'll have a pottle, let's ne'er be covetous in our young days.

Spend. A pottle, firrah; do you hear?

Drawer. Yes, sir, you shall.

Spend. How now, wench! how dost?

Tickle. Faith I am somewhat sick; yet I should be well enough, if I had a new gown.

Spend. Why here's my hand, within these three days thou shalt have one.

Sweat. And will you (son) remember me for a new fore-part; by my troth, my old one is worn so bare, I am aham'd any body should see't.

Spend. Why, did I ever fail of my promise?

Sweat. No, in sincerity didst thou not. [*Enter Drawer.*

Drawer. Here's a cup of rich Ipocras.

Spend. Here, sister, mother, and mr. Purfenet; nay, good sir, be not so dejected; for, by this wine, to-morrow I will send you stuff for a new suit, and as much as shall line you a cloak clean through.

Purf. I thank you; and shall study to deserve —

Spend. Here, boy, fill; and hang that curmogin that's good for nobody but himself.

Purf. Heroickly spoken! by this candle, 'tis pity thou wert not made a lord.

Spend. A lord! by this light, I do not think but to be lord mayor of London before I die, and have three pageants carried before me, besides a ship and an unicorn. Apprentices may pray for that time; for, whenever it happens, I will make another Shrove-tuesday for them.

[*Enter Drawer.*

Drawer. Young mr. Rash has sent you a quart of Maligo.

Spend.

Spend. Mr. Rash! zounds! how does he know that I am here?

Drawer. Nay, I know not, fir.

Spend. Know not! it comes through you and your rascally glib-tongu'd companions; 'tis my master's son; a fine gentleman he is, and a boon companion; I must go see him. [*Exit Spend.*

Sweat. Boy, fill us a cup of your Maligo, we'll drink to mr. Spendall in his absence; there's not a finer spirit of a citizen within the walls:---Here, mr. Purfenet, you shall pledge him.

Purf. I'll not refuse it, were it puddle: by Styx he is a bountiful gentleman, and I shall report him so. Here, mrs. Tickleman, shall I charge you?

Tickle. Do your worst, sergeant, I'll pledge my young Spendall a whole sea, as they say, fa, la, la, la, la. Would the musick were here again; I do begin to be wanton. Ipcras, sirrah, and a dry bisket: here, bawd, a carouse.

Sweat. Bawd! i'faith you begin to grow light i'the head. I pray no more such words; for, if you do, I shall grow into distempers.

Tickle. Distempers! hang your distempers, be angry with me and thou dar'ft. I pray, who feeds you, but I? who keeps thy feather-beds from the brokers, but I? 'tis not your sausage-face, thick, clouted cream rampallion at home, that snuffles in the nose like a decayed bag-pipe.

Purf. Nay, sweet mrs. Tickleman, be concordant; reverence antiquity.

Enter Rash, Longfield, and Spendall.

Rash. Save you, sweet creatures of beauty, save you: how now, old Belzebub, how dost thou?

Sweat. Belzebub! Belzebub in thy face.

Spend. Nay, good words, mrs. Sweatman, he's a young gallant, you must not weigh what he says.

Rash. I would my lamentable complaining lover had been here, here had been a supersedeas for his melancholy; and i'faith, Franck, I am glad my father has turn'd over his shop to thee; I hope, I, or any friend
of

of mine, shall have so much credit with thee, as to stand in thy books for a suit of sattin.

Spend. For a whole piece, if you please; any friend of your's shall command me to the last remnant.

Rash. Why, God a mercy, Franck. What, shall's to dice?

Spend. Dice, or drink; here's forty crowns, as long as that will last, any thing.

Rash. Why, there spoke a gingling boy.

Spend. A pox of money, 'tis but rubbish; and he that hoards it up is but a scavenger. If there be cards i'the house, let's go to primero.

Rash. Primero! why, I thought thou hadst not been so much gamester as to play at it.

Spend. Gamester, (to say truth) I am none; but what is it I will not be in good company? I will fit myself to all humours; I will game with a gamester, drink with a drunkard, be civil with a citizen, fight with a swaggerer, and drab with a whore-master.

Enter a swaggerer, puffing.

Rash. An excellent humour, i'faith.

Long. Zounds, what have we here?

Spend. A land-porpoise, I think.

Rash. This is no angry, nor no roaring boy, but a blustering boy; now Æolus defend us, what puffs are these?

Swag. I do smell a whore.

Draw. O gentlemen, give him good words, he's one of the roaring boys.

Swag. Rogue.

Drawer. Here, sir.

Swag. Take my cloak, I must unbuckle, my pickled oysters work; puff, puff.

Spend. Puff, puff.

Swag. Dost thou retort? in opposition stand.

Spend. Out, you swaggering rogue; zounds, I'll kick him out of the room. [*Beats him away.*]

Tickle. Out, alas! their naked tools are out.

Spend. Fear not, sweet heart; come along with me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter

Enter Gartred sola.

Gart. Thrice happy days they were, and too soon gone,
 When as the heart was coupled with the tongue ;
 And no deceitful flattery, or guile,
 Hung on the lover's tear-commixed smile.
 Could women learn but that imperiousness,
 By which men use to stint our happiness,
 When they have purchas'd us for to be their's,
 By customary sighs and forced tears ;
 To give us bits of kindness, lest we faint,
 But no abundance, that we ever want,
 And still are begging ; which too well they know
 Endears affection, and doth make it grow :
 Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,
 That we might glory over love-sick men !
 But arts we know not, nor have any skill,
 To feign a fowr look to a pleasing will ; *[Enter Joyce.*
 Nor couch a secret love in shew of hate :
 But, if we like, must be compassionate.
 Yet I will strive to bridle and conceal
 The hid affection which my heart doth feel.

Joyce. Now the boy with the bird-bolt be praised !
 Nay faith, sister Forward, 'twas an excellent passion ;
 come, let's hear, what is he ? if he be a proper man,
 and have a black eye, a smooth chin, and a curl'd pate,
 take him, wench ; if my father will not consent, run
 away with him, I'll help to convey you.

Gart. You talk strangely, sister.

Joyce. Sister, sister, dissemble not with me ; tho' you
 do mean to dissemble with your lover. Tho' you have
 protested to conceal your affection, by this tongue you
 shall not, for I'll discover all as soon as I know the
 gentleman.

Gart. Discover ! what will you discover ?

Joyce. Marry enough I'll warrant thee. First and
 foremost, I'll tell him thou read'st love-passions in print,
 and speakest every morning without book to thy look-
 ing-glass ; next, that thou never sleepest, till an hour
 after the bell-man ; that as soon as thou art asleep, thou
 art in a dream, and in a dream thou art the kindest and

com,

comfortablest bed-fellow for kissings and embracings; by this hand, I cannot rest for thee; but our father —

Enter sir Lionel.

Lionel. How now! what are you two consulting on, on husbands? You think you lose time, I am sure; but hold your own a little, girls; it shall not be long e'er I'll provide for you: and for you, Gartred, I have be-thought myself already.

Whirlpit the usurer is late deceast;
A man of unknown wealth, which he has left
Unto a provident kinsman, as I hear,
That was once servant to that unthrift Staines.
A prudent gentleman, they say, he is,
And (as I take it) call'd master Bubble.

Joice. Bubble!

Lionel. Yes, nimble-chaps, what say you to that?

Joice. Nothing; but that I wish his christian name were Water.

Gart. Sir, I'm at your disposing; but my mind stands not as yet towards marriage.
Were you so pleas'd, I would a little longer enjoy the quiet of a single bed.

Lionel. Here's the right trick of them all; let a man be motion'd to 'em, they could be content to lead a single life forsooth; when the harlots, do pine and run into diseases, eat chalk and oat-meal, cry and creep in corners, which are manifest tokens of their longings, and yet they will dissemble. But, Gartred, as you do owe me reverence, and will pay it, prepare yourself to like this gentleman, who can maintain thee in thy choice of gowns, of tires, of servants, and of costly jewels; nay for a need, out of his easy nature, may'st draw him to the keeping of a coach for country, and carroch for London; indeed, what might'st thou not?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, here's one come from mr. Bubble, to invite you to the funeral of his uncle.

Licnel.

Lionel. Thank the messenger, and make him drink.
Tell him, I will not fail to wait the corse :
Yet stay, I will go talk with him myself.
Gartred, think upon what I have told you ;
And let me, e'er it be long, receive your answer.

[*Exeunt Lionel and Servant.*]

Joice. Sister, sister !

Gart. What say you, sister ?

Joice. Shall I provide a cord ?

Gart. A cord ! what to do ?

Joice. Why, to let thee out at the window. Do not I know that thou wilt run away with the gentleman, for whom you made the passion, rather than endure this same Bubble that my father talks of ? 'twere good you would let me be of your council, lest I break the neck of your plot.

Gart. Sister, know I love thee,
And I'll not think a thought thou shalt not know.
I love a gentleman, that answers me
In all the rights of love as faithfully ;
Has woo'd me oft with sonnets and with tears,
Yet I seem still to slight him. Experience tells,
The jewel that's enjoy'd is not esteem'd ;
Things hardly got, are always highest deem'd.

Joice. You say well, sister, but it is not good to linger out too long ; continuance of time will take away any man's stomach in the world. I hope the next time that he comes to you, I shall see him.

Gart. You shall.

Joice. Why go to then, you shall have my opinion of him ; if he deserve thee, thou shalt delay him no longer ; for if you cannot find in your heart to tell him you love him, I'll fight it out for you. Come, we little creatures must help one another.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Geraldine.

Ger. How chearfully things look in this place !
'Tis always spring-time here ; such is the grace
And potency of her who has the bliss,
To make it still Elysium where she is.
Nor doth the king of flames in's golden fires,
After a tempest answer men's desires,

When

When as he casts his comfortable beams
Over the flow'ry fields and silver streams,
As her illustre beauty strikes in me,
And wraps my soul up to felicity.

Enter Gartred and Joice aloft.

Joice. Do you hear, sir?

Gart. Why sister, what will you do?

Joice. By my maidenhood, an oath which I ne'r took
in vain, either go down and comfort him, or I'll call
him up and disclose all. What, will you have no mercy?
but let a proper man, that might spend the spirit of his
youth upon yourself, fall into a consumption? for shame,
sister!

Gart. You are the strangest creature—what would you
have me do?

Joice. Marry, I would have you go to him, take him
by the hand, and gripe him; say you are welcome, I
love you with all my heart, you are the man must do
the feat; and take him about the neck, and kiss upon
the bargain.

Gart. Fie, how you talk! 'tis meer immodesty,
The common'st strumpet would not do so much.

Joice. Marry the better, for such as are honest
Should still do what the common strumpet will not.
Speak, will you do it?

Gart. I'll lose his company for ever first.

Joice. Do you hear, sir? here is a gentlewoman would
speak with you.

Gart. Why sister, pray sister——

Joice. One that loves you with all her heart, yet is
asham'd to confes it.

Gart. Good sister hold your tongue, I will go down
to him.

Joice. Do not jest with me, for by this hand I'll either
get him up, or go down myself, and read the whole his-
tory of your love to him.

Gart. If you'll forbear to call, I will go down.

Joice. Let me see your back then, and hear you? Do
not use him scurvily, you were best; unset all your tyran-
nical

nical looks, and bid him lovingly welcome; or, as I live, I'll stretch out my voice again. Uds foot, I must take some pains, I see, or we shall never have this gear cotten: but to say truth, the fault is in my melancholy monsieur; for if he had but half so much spirit, as he has flesh, he might have boarded her by this. But see, yonder she marches; now a passion on his side of half an hour long—his hat is off already, as if he were begging one poor penny-worth of kindness.

Enter Gart.

Ger. Shall I presume (fair mistress) on your hand to lay my unworthy lip?

Joice. Fie upon him, I am ashamed to hear him; you shall have a country fellow at a may-pole go better to his work. He had need to be constant, for he is able to spoil as many maids as he shall fall in love withall.

Gart. Sir, you profess love unto me, let me intreat you it may appear but in some small request.

Ger. Let me know it (lady) and I shall soon effect it.

Gart. But for this present to forbear this place, because my father is expected here.

Ger. I am gone, lady.

Joice. Do you hear, sir?

Ger. Did you call?

Joice. Look up to the window.

Ger. What say you, gentlewoman?

Gart. Nay, pray sir go, it is my sister calls to hasten you.

Joice. I call to speak with you, pray stay a little.

Ger. The gentlewoman has something to say to me.

Gart. She has nothing; I do conjure you, as you love me, stay not.

[*Exit Joice.*]

Ger. The power of magick can not fasten me, I am gone.

Gart. Good sir, look back no more, what voice ere call you.

Imagine, going from me, you were coming,
And use the same speed, as you love my safety. [*Exit Ger.*]
Wild-witted sister, I have prevented you;
I will not have my love yet open'd to him.

By how much longer 'tis ere it be known,
 By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchas'd.
 But I must use my strength to stop her journey,
 For she will after him: and see, she comes. [*Enter Joice.*
 Nay sister, you are at farthest.

Joice. Let me go, you were best, for if you wrestle
 with me I shall throw you.—Passion, come back, fool;
 lover, turn again, and kiss your belly full;
 For here she is will stand you, do your worst.
 Will you let me go?

Gart. Yes, if you'll stay.

Joice. If I stir a foot, hang me; you shall come to-
 gether of yourselves, and be naught; do what you will;
 for if ere I trouble myself again, let me want help
 In such a case when I need.

Gart. Nay, but pr'ythee sister be not angry.

Joice. I will be angry. Uds foot! I cannot indure
 such foolery, I! Two bashful fools that would couple
 together, and yet ha' not the faces.

Gart. Nay pr'ythee, sweet sister.

Joice. Come, come, let me go; birds, that want the
 use of reason and speech, can couple together in one
 day; and yet you that have both, cannot conclude in
 twenty.

Gart. Why, what good would it do you to tell him?

Joice. Do not talk to me, for I am deaf to any thing
 you say; go weep and cry.

Gart. Nay but sister. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Staines, and Drawer with wine.

Staines. Drawer, bid them make haste at home.
 Tell them they are coming from church.

Drawer. I will, sir. [*Exit Drawer.*

Staines. That I should live to be a serving-man! a
 fellow which scalds his mouth with another man's por-
 ridge; brings up meat for other men's bellies, and car-
 ries away the bones for his own; changes his clean
 trencher for a foul one, and is glad of it: and yet did I
 never live so merry a life, when I was my master's ma-
 ster, as now I do, being man to my man. And I will
 stand

stand to't, for all my former speeches, a serving-man lives a better life than his master; and thus I prove it: The saying is, 'The nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh; then must the serving-man needs eat the sweeter flesh, for he always picks the bones. And again the proverb says, 'The deeper the sweeter: There has the serving-man the advantage again, for he drinks still in the bottom of the pot; he fills his belly, and never asks what's to pay; wears broad-cloth, and yet dares walk Watling-street, without any fear of his draper. And for his colours, they are according to the season, in the summer he is apparelled (for the most part) like the heavens, in blue; in the winter, like the earth, in freeze.

Enter Bubble, fir Lionel, Longfield, and Sprinkle.

But see, I am prevented in my encomium:

I could have maintain'd this theme these two hours.

Lionel. Well, God rest his soul, he is gone, and we must all follow him.

Bub. Ay, ay, he's gone, fir Lionel, he's gone.

Lionel. Why tho' he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that can fetch him again, with all your cunning; it must be your comfort, that he died well.

Bub. Truly and so it is; I would to God I had e'en another uncle that would die no worse; surely I shall weep again, if I should find my handkerchief.

Long. How now! what, are these onions?

Bub. Ay, ay, fir Lionel, they are my onions; I thought to have had them roasted this morning for my cold: Gervase, you have not wept to day, pray take your onions. Gentlemen, the remembrance of death is sharp, therefore there is a banquet within to sweeten your conceits: I pray walk in, gentlemen, walk you in; you know I must needs be melancholy, and keep my chamber. Gervase, usher them to the banquet.

Staines. I shall, fir — Please you fir Lionel —

Gentlemen and Gervase go out.

Lionel. Well, master Bubble, we'll go in and taste of your bounty.

In the mean time, you must be of good cheer.

Bub.

Bub. If grief take not away my stomach,
I will have good cheer, I warrant you. Sprinkle.

Sprinkle. Sir.

Bub. Had the women puddings to their dole ?

Sprinkle. Yes, fir.

Bub. And how did they take 'em ?

Sprinkle. Why, with their hands; how should they
take 'em ?

Bub. O thou Hercules of ignorance ! I mean, how
were they satisfied ?

Sprinkle. By my troth fir, but so so ; and yet some of
them had two.

Bub. O insatiable women ! whom two puddings would
not satisfy ! But vanish, Sprinkle ; bid your fellow Gervase
come hither. *[Exit Sprinkle.*

And off my mourning-ropes : grief, to the grave,
For I have gold, and therefore will be brave :

In silks I'll rattle it of every colour,

And when I go by water scorn a sculler. *[Enter Staines.*

In black carnation velvet I will cloak me,

And when men bid God save me, cry *Tu quoque.*

It is needful a gentleman should speak Latin sometimes, is
it not, Gervase ?

Staines. O, very graceful, fir ; your most accomplish'd
gentlemen are known by it.

Bub. Why then will I make use of that little I have,
upon times and occasions. Here, Gervase, take this bag,
and run presently to the mercer's ; buy me seven ells of
horseclesh-colour'd taffata, nine yards of yellow fatten,
and eight yards of orange tawney velvet. Then run to
the tailor's, the haberdasher's, the sempster's, the cutler's,
the perfumer's, and to all trades whatsoever that belong
to the making up of a gentleman ; and amongst the rest,
let not the barber be forgotten : and look that he be an
excellent fellow, and one that can snap his fingers with
dexterity.

Staines. I shall fit you, fir.

Bub. Do so, good Gervase ; it is time my beard were
corrected, for it is grown so saucy, as it begins to play
with my nose.

Bub.

Staines. Your nose, fir, must endure it; for it is in part the fashion.

Bub. Is it in fashion? why then my nose shall endure it, let it tickle his worst.

Sta. Why, now y'are i'the right, fir; if you will be a true gallant, you must bear things resolute. As thus, fir; if you be at an ordinary, and chance to lose your money at play, you must not fret and fume, tear cards, and sling away dice, as your ignorant gamester, or country-gentleman does; but you must put on a calm temperate action, with a kind of careless smile, in contempt of fortune, as not being able, with all her engines, to batter down one piece of your estate, that your means may be thought invincible. Never tell your money, nor what you have won, nor what you have lost. If a question be made, your answer must be, What I have lost, I have lost; what I have won I have won. A close heart and free hand, make a man admired; a testern or a shilling to a servant that brings you a glass of beer, binds his hands to his lips; you shall have more service of him, than his master; he will be more humble to you, than a cheater before a magistrate.

Bub. Gervase, give me thy hand: I think thou hast more wit than I, that am thy master; and for this speech only, I do here create thee my steward. I do long, methinks, to be at an ordinary, to smile at fortune, and to be bountiful. Gervase, about your business, good Gervase, whilst I go and meditate upon a gentleman-like behaviour. I have an excellent gait already, Gervase, have I not?

Staines. Hercules himself, fir, had never a better gate.

Bub. But dispatch, Gervase, the sattin and the velvet must be thought upon, and the *Tu Quoque* must not be forgotten; for whensoever I give arms, that shall be my motto.

[*Exit Bubble*.]

Staines. What a fortune had I thrown upon me, when I preferred myself into this fellow's service! Indeed I serve myself, and not him; for this gold here is my own, truly purchased: he has credit, and shall run i'th' books for't. I'll carry things so cunningly, that he shall

not be able to look into my actions. My mortgage I have already got into my hands: the rent he shall enjoy a while, till his riot constrain him to sell it; which I will purchase with his own money. I must cheat a little, I have been cheated upon: therefore I hope the world will a little the better excuse me. What his uncle craftily got from me, I will knavishly recover of him. To come by it I must vary shapes, and my first shift shall be in fatten.

Proteus propitious be to my disguise,

And I shall prosper in my enterprize.

[*Exit*.

Enter Spendall, Pursenet, and a Boy with rackets.

Spend. A rubber, firrah.

Boy. You shall, fir.

Spend. And bid those two men you said would speak with me, come in.

Boy. I will, fir.

[*Exit Boy*.

Spend. Did I not play this sett well?

Enter Blank and another.

Purs. Excellent well; by Phaeton, by Erebus, it went as if it had cut the line.

Blank. God bless you, fir.

Spend. Mr. Blank! welcome.

Blank. Here's the gentleman's man, fir, has brought the money.

Ser. Wil't please you tell it fir?

Spend. Have you the bond ready, master Blank?

Blank. Yes, fir.

Spend. 'Tis well, Pursenet, help to tell—10, 11, 12. What time have you given?

Blank. The thirteenth of the next month.

Spend. 'Tis well; here's light gold.

Ser. 'Twill be the less troublesome to carry.

Spend. You say well, fir; how much hast thou told?

Purse. In gold and silver, here is twenty pounds.

Blank. 'Tis right, mr. Spendall, I'll warrant you.

Spend. I'll take your warrant, fir, and tell no farther. Come, let me see the condition of this obligation.

Purs. A man may win from him that cares not for't. This royal Cæsar doth regard no cash,

Has

Has thrown away as much in ducks and drakes,
As would have bought some 50,000 capons.

Spend. 'Tis very well; so lend me your pen.

Purse. This is the captain of brave citizens;
The Agamemnon of all merry Greeks.
A Stukely or a Sherley for his spirit,
Bounty and royalty to men at arms.

Blank. You give this as your deed?

Spend. Marry do I, fir.

Blank. Pleaseth this gentleman to be a witness?

Spend. Yes, marry shall he; Purfenet, your hand.

Purse. My hand is at thy service, noble Brutus.

Spend. There's for your kindness, master Blank.

Blank. I thank you, fir.

Spend. For your pains.

Ser. I'll take my leave of you.

Spend. What, must you be gone too, master Blank?

Blank. Yes, indeed fir, I must to the Exchange.

Spend. Farewell to both.—Purfenet,
Take that twenty pounds, and give it mistress Sweat-
man?

Bid her pay her landlord and apothecary,
And let her butcher and her baker stay,
They're honest men, and I'll take order with them.

Purse. The butcher and the baker then shall stay.

Spend. They must till I am somewhat stronger purse.

Purse. If this be all, I have my errand perfect.

[*Exit Purse.*

Spend. Here, firrah, here's for balls; there's for your
self.

Boy. I thank your worship.

Spend. Commend me to your mistress.

Boy. I will, fir.—In good faith 'tis the liberal'st gen-
tleman that comes into our court; why, he cares no
more for a shilling than I do for a box o'th'ear, god
bless him.

[*Exit.*

Enter Staines gallant, Longfield and a Servant.

Staines. Sirrah, what a clock is't?

Serv. Past ten, fir.

Staines. Here will not be a gallant seen this hour.

Serv. Within this quarter, fir, and less; they meet here as soon as at any ordinary in th' town.

Staines. Hast any tobacco?

Ser. Yes, fir.

Staines. Fill.

Long. Why thou report'st miracles, things not to be believ'd: I protest to thee, had'st thou not unript thyself to me, I shoud never have known thee.

Staines. I tell you true, fir; I was so far gone, that desperation knock'd at my elbow, and whisper'd news to me out of Barbary.

Long. Well, I'm glad so good an occasion staid thee at home;

And may'st thou prosper in thy project, and go on With best success of thy invention.

Staines. False dice say amen; for that's my induction; I do mean to cheat to day without respect of persons.

When saw'st thou Will Rash?

Long. This morning at his chamber; he'll be here.

Staines. Why then do thou give him my name and character, for my aim is wholly at my worshipful master.

Long. Nay, thou shalt take another in to him, one that laughs out his life in this ordinary, thanks any man that wins his money; all the while his money is losing, he swears by the cross of this silver, and when it is gone, he changeth it to the hilts of his sword.

Enter Scattergood and Ninnyhammer.

Staines. He'll be an excellent coach-horse for my captain.

Scat. Save you, gallants, save you.

Long. How think you now? have I not carv'd him out to you?

Staines. Thou hast lighted me into his heart, I see him thoroughly.

Scat. Ninnyhammer.

Win. Sir.

Scat. Take my cloak and rapier also: I think it is early, gentlemen, what time do you take it to be?

Staines. Inclining to eleven, fir:

Scat:

Scat. Inclining! a good word; I would it were inclining to twelve, for by my stomach it should be high noon. But what shall we do, gallants? shall we to cards till our company come?

Long. Please you, sir.

Scat. Harry, fetch some cards; methinks 'tis an unseemly sight to see gentlemen stand idle; please you to impart your smoak?

Long. Very willingly, sir.

Scat. In good faith, a pipe of excellent vapour.

Long. The best the house yields.

Scat. Had you it in the house? I thought it had been your own: 'tis not so good now as I took it to be. Come, gentlemen, what's your game?

Staines. Why, gleek, that's your only game.

Scat. Gleek let it be, for I am persuaded I shall gleek some of you; cut, sir.

Long. What play we, twelve-pence gleek?

Scat. Twelve-pence! a crown; udsfoot, I will not spoil my memory for twelve-pence.

Long. With all my heart.

Staines. Honour.

Scat. What is't, hearts?

Staines. The king, what say you?

Long. You must speak, sir.

Scat. Why, I bid thirteen.

Staines. Fourteen.

Scat. Fifteen.

Staines. Sixteen.

Long. Sixteen, seventeen.

Staines. You shall ha't for me.

Scat. Eighteen.

Long. Take it to you, sir.

Scat. Ud's life, I'll not be out-brav'd.

Staines. I vie it.

Long. I'll none of it.

Scat. Nor I.

Staines. Give me a mournival of aces, and a gleek of queens.

Long. And me a gleek of knaves.

Scat. Ud'slife, I'm gleeek'd this time.

Enter Will Rash.

Staines. Play.

Rash. Equal fortunes befall you, gallants.

Scat. Will. Rash, well, I pray see what a vile game I have.

Rash. What's your game, gleeek?

Scat. Yes, faith, gleeek, and I have not one court card, but the knave of clubs.

Rash. Thou hast a vile hand indeed; thy small cards shew like a troop of rebels, and the knave of clubs their chief leader.

Scat. And so they do, as god save me; by the cross of this silver, he says true.

Enter Spendall.

Staines. Pray play, sir.

Long. Honour.

Rash. How go the stocks, gentlemen, what's won or lost?

Staines. This is the first game.

Scat. Yes, this is the first game; but by the cross of this silver, here's all of five pounds.

Spend. Good day to you, gentlemen.

Rash. Frank, welcome by this hand; how do'st, lad?

Spend. And how does thy wench, 'faith?

Rash. Why, fat and plump,
Like thy geldings: thou giv'st them both good provender

It seems. Go to, thou art one of the madd'st wagg
Of a citizen i'th' town: the whole company talks of thee already.

Spend. Talk! why, let 'em talk; ud'sfoot, I pay scot and lot, and all manner of duties else, as well as the best of 'em: it may be they understand I keep a whore, a horse, and a kennel of hounds; what's that to them? no man's purse opens for't but mine own; and so long my hounds shall eat flesh, my horse bread, and my whore wear velvet.

Rash. Why, there spoke a couragious boy.

Spend.

Spend. Ud'sfoot, shall I be confin'd all the days of my life to walk under a pent-house? no, I'll take my pleasure whilst my youth affords it.

Scat. By the cross of these hilts, I'll never play at glee again, whilst I have a nose on my face: I smell the knavery of the game.

Spend. Why, what's the matter? who has lost?

Scat. Marry, that have I. By the hilts of my sword, I have lost forty crowns, in as small time almost as a man might tell it.

Spend. Change your game for dice,
We are a full number for Novum.

Scat. With all my heart; where's mr. Ambush the broker, Ninnyhammer?

Nin. Sir.

Scat. Go to mr. Ambush, and bid him send me twenty marks upon this diamond.

Enter Bubble.

Nin. I will, sir.

Long. Lookye, (to make us merrier) who comes here!

Rash. A fresh gamester?—Mr. Bubble, god save you.

Bub. Tu quoque, sir.

Spend. God save you, master Bubble.

Bub. Tu quoque.

Staines. Save you, sir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Long. Good master Bubble.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scatt. Is your name master Bubble?

Bub. Master Bubble is my name, sir.

Scat. God save you, sir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scat. I would be better acquainted with you.

Bub. And I with you.

Scat. Pray let us salute again.

Bub. With all my heart, sir.

Long. Behold yonder the oak and the ivy, how they embrace.

Rash. Excellent acquaintance! they shall be the Gemini.

Bub. Shall I desire your name, sir?

Scat. Master Scattergood.

Bub. Of the Scattergoods of London?

Scat. No, indeed, sir, of the Scattergoods of Hampshire.

Bub. Good master Scattergood.

Staines. Come, gentlemen, here's dice.

Scat. Please you advance to the table?

Bub. No, indeed, sir.

Scat. Pray will you go?

Bub. I will go, sir, over the world for your sake, But in courtesy I will not budge a foot.

Enter Ninnyhammer.

Nin. Here is the cash you sent me for: and, master Rash,

Here is a letter from one of your sisters.

Spend. I have the dice, set Gentlemen.

Long. From which sister?

Rash. From the mad-cap, I know by the hand.

Spend. For me, six.

Omnes. And six that.

Staines. Nine; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8: eighteen shillings.

Spend. What's yours, sir?

Scat. Mine's a baker's dozen: master Bubble tell your money.

Bub. In good faith I am but a simple gamester, and do not know what to do.

Scat. Why, you must tell your money, and he'll pay you.

Bub. My money! I do know how much my money is, but he shall not pay me, I have a better conscience than so; what for throwing the dice twice? i'faith he should have but a hard bargain of it.

Rash. Witty rascal, I must needs away.

Long. Why, what's the matter?

Rash. Why, the lovers cannot agree: thou shalt along with me, and know all.

Long.

Long. But first let me instruct thee in the condition of this gentleman : whom dost thou take him to be ?

Rash. Nay, he's a stranger, I know him not.

Long. By this light but you do, if his beard were off : 'tis Staines.

Rash. The devil it is as soon : and what's his purpose in this disguise ?

Long. Why, cheating ; do you not see how he plays upon his worshipful master, and the rest ?

Rash. By my faith he draws apace.

Spend. A pox upon these dice, give's a fresh bale.

Bub. Ha, ha, the dice are not to be blamed : a man may perceive this is no gentlemanly gamester, by his chafing.—Do you hear, my friend, fill me a glass of beer, and there's a shilling for your pains.

Dra. Your worship shall, sir.

Rash. Why, how now Frank, what hast lost ?

Spend. Fifteen pounds and upwards : is there never an honest fellow ?

Amb. What, do you lack money, sir ?

Spend. Yes, can't furnish me ?

Amb. Upon a sufficient pawn, sir.

Spend. You know my shop, bid my man deliver you a piece of three-pile velvet, and let me have as much money as you dare adventure upon't.

Amb. You shall, sir.

Spend. A pox of this luck, it will not last ever : Play, sir, I'll set you.

Rash. Frank, better fortune befall thee : and gentlemen, I must take my leave, for I must leave you.

Scat. Must you needs be gone ?

Rash. Indeed I must.

Bub. *Et tu quoque ?*

Long. Yes truly.

Scat. At your discretions, gentlemen.

Rash. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Rash & Long.*]

Sta. Cry you mercy, sir ; I am chanc'd with you all, Gentlemen : here I have 7, here 7, and here 10.

Spend. 'Tis right, sir, and ten that.

Bub. And nine that.

Sta. Two fives at all.

[*Draws all.*

Bub. One and five that.

Spend. Hum, and can a suit of fatten cheat so grossly? By this light, there's nought on one dye but fives and fixes. I must not be thus gull'd.

Bub. Come, master Spendall, fet.

Spend. No, sir, I have done.

Scat. Why then let us all leave, for I think dinner's near ready.

Dra. Your meat's upon the table.

Scat. On the table! come, gentlemen, we do our stomachs wrong. Mr. Bubble, what have you lost?

Bub. That's no matter, what I have lost, I have lost; nor can I chuse but smile at the foolishness of the dice.

Sta. I am but your steward, gentlemen, for after dinner I may restore it again.

Bub. Mr. Scattergood, will you walk in?

Scat. I'll wait upon you, sir; come, gentlemen, will you follow? [Exit.

Manent Spendal & Staines.

Sta. Yes, sir, I'll follow you.

Spen. Hear you, sir, a word.

Sta. Ten, if you please.

Spend. I have lost fifteen pounds.

Sta. And I have found it.

Spend. You say right, found it you have indeed, But never won it. Do you know this dye?

Sta. Not I, sir.

Spend. You seem a gentleman, and you may perceive I have some respect unto your credit, To take you thus aside; will you restore What you ha' drawn from me unlawfully?

Sta. Sirrah! by your out-side you seem a citizen, Whose cocks-comb I were apt enough to break, But for the law; go, y'are a prating jack, Nor is't your hopes of crying out for clubs, Can save you from my chastisement, if once You shall but dare to utter this again.

Spend. You lie, you dare not.

Sta. Lie! nay villain, now thou tempt'st me to thy death.

Spend.

Spend. Soft, you must buy it dearer;
The best blood flows within you is the price.

Sta. Dar'ft thou resist, thou art no citizen.

Spend. I am a citizen.

Sta. Say thou art a gentleman, and I am satisfy'd;
For then I know thou'lt answer me in field.

Spend. I'll say directly what I am, a citizen;
And I will meet thee in the field as fairly
As the best gentleman that wears a sword.

Sta. I accept it : the meeting-place ?

Spend. Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.

Sta. What weapon ?

Spend. Single rapier.

Sta. The time ?

Spend. To morrow.

Sta. The hour ?

Spend. 'Twixt nine and ten.

Sta. 'Tis good, I shall expect you : farewell.

Spend. Farewell, fir. [*Ex. omnes.*]

Enter Will Rash, Long-field, and Joice.

Rash. Why, I commend thee, girl, thou speak'ft as thou think'ft. Thy tongue and thy heart are relatives; and thou wer't not my sifter, I should at this time fall in love with thee.

Joice. You should not need, for and you were not my brother, I should fall in love with you. For I-Jove a proper man with my heart, and so does all the sex of us; let my sifter dissemble never so much. I am out of charity with these nice and squeamish tricks; we were born for men, and men for us, and we must together.

Rash. This same plain dealing is a jewel in thee.

Joice. And let me enjoy that jewel, for I love plain dealing with my heart.

Rash. Th'art a good wench, i'fath. I should never be ashamed to call thee sifter, though thou shouldst marry a broom-man : but your lover methinks is over tedious.

Enter Geraldine.

Joice. No, look ye, fir, could you wish a man to come better upon his cue ?—— Let us withdraw.

Rash. Close, close, for the prosecution of the plot,
wench.

See, he prepares.

Voice. Silence.

Gerald. The sun is yet wrapt in Aurora's arms,
And lull'd with her delight, forgets his creatures.

Awake, thou god of heat,

I call thee up, and task thee for thy slowness ;

Point all thy beams through yonder flaring glass,

And raise a beauty brighter than thyself.

[*Musick.*

Musicians, give each instrument a tongue,

To breathe sweet musick in the ears of her

To whom I send it as a messenger.

Enter Gartred aloft.

Gart. Sir, your musick is so good, that I must say I like it ; but the bringer so ill welcome, that I could be content to lose it. If you play'd for money, there'tis ; if for love, here's none ; if for good will, I thank you, and when you will, you may be gone.

Ger. Leave me not intranc'd ; sing not my death ;
Thy voice is able to make satyrs tame,
And call rough winds to her obedience.

Gart. Sir, sir, our ears itch not for flattery. Here you besiege my window, that I dare not put forth myself to take the gentle air, but you are in the fields, and volley out your woes, your complaints, your loves, your injuries.

Ger. Since you have heard, and know them, give redress ;

True beauty never yet was mercilefs.

Gart. Sir, rest thus satisfied ; my mind was never woman, never alter'd, nor shall it now begin :

So fare you well.

[*Exit Gartred.*

Rash. Sfoot, she plays the terrible tyrannizing Tamberlain over him. This it is to turn Turk ; from a most absolute compleat gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.

Long. Oh, when a woman knows the power and authority of her eye.-----

Voice.

Joice. Fie upon her, she's good for nothing then, no more than a jade that knows his own strength. The window is clasped; now, brother, pursue your project, and deliver your friend from the tyranny of my domineering sister.

Rash. Do you hear, you drunkard in love? come in to us, and be ruled. You would little think, that the wench that talked so scurvily out of the window there, is more enamoured on thee than thou on her. — Nay, look you now, see if he turn not away slighting our good counsel. I am no Christian if she do not sigh, whine, and grow sick for thee. Look you, fir, I will bring you in good witness against her.

Joice. Sir, y'are my brother's friend, and I'll be plain with you. You do not take the course to win my sister, but indirectly go about the bush: you come and fiddle here, and keep a coil in verse; hold off your hat, and beg to kiss her hand; which makes her proud. But to be short, in two lines, thus it is:
Who most doth love, must seem most to neglect it;
For those that shew most love, are least respected.

Long. A good observation, by my faith.

Rash. Well, this instruction comes too late now: Stand you close, and let me prosecute my invention. — Sister, o sister, wake, arise, sister.

Enter Gartred above.

Gart. How now, brother, why call you with such terror?

Rash. How can you sleep so sound, and hear such groans,
So horrid, and so tedious to the ear,
'That I was frighted hither by the sound?
O, sister, here lies a gentleman that lov'd you too dearly,
And himself too ill, as by his death appears.
I can report no farther without tears.
Assist me now. [To Longfield.]

Long. When he came first, death startled in his eyes.
His hand had not forsook the dagger hilt,
But still he gave it strength, as if he fear'd
He had not sent it home unto his heart.

Gartred.

Gart. Enough, enough,
If you will have me live, give him no name,
Suspicion tells me 'tis my Geraldine:
But be it whom it will, I'll come to him,

To suffer death as resolute as he. [*Exit Gartred.*

Rash. Did not I tell you 'twould take? down, fir, down.

Ger. I guess what y'ould have me do.

Long. O for a little blood to besprinkle him!

Rash. No matter for blood, I'll not suffer her to come
near him, till the plot have ta'en his full height.

Ger. A scarf o'er my face, lest I betray myself.

Enter Gartred below.

Rash. Here, here, lie still, she comes:
Now, Mercury, be propitious.

Gart. Where lies this spectacle of blood?
This tragick scene?

Rash. Yonder lies Geraldine.

Gart. O let me see him with his face of death!
Why do you stay me from my Geraldine?

Rash. Because, unworthy as thou art, thou shalt not see
The man now dead, whom living thou didst scorn.
The worst part that he had, deserv'd thy best;
But yet contemn'd, deluded, mock'd, despis'd by you,
Unfit for aught, but for the general work
Which you were made for, man's creation.

Gart. Burst not my heart before I see my love:
Brother, upon my knees I beg your leave,
'That I may see the wound of Geraldine;
I will embalm his body with my tears,
And carry him unto his sepulchre;
From whence I'll never rise, but be interr'd
In the same dust he shall be buried in.

Long. I do protest she draws sad tears from me.
I pr'ythee let her see her Geraldine,

Gart. Brother, if e'er you lov'd me as a sister,
Deprive me not the sight of Geraldine.

Rash. Well, I am contented you shall touch his lips,
But neither see his face, nor yet his wound.

Gart. Not see his face?

Rash. Nay, I have sworn it to the contrary:
Nay, hark you, farther yet.

Gart.

Gart. What now ?

Rafb. But one kifs, no more.

Gart. Why then no more.

Rafb. Marry this liberty I'll give you :

If you intend to make any ſpeech of repentance

Over him, I am content, ſo it be ſhort.

Gart. What you command is law, and I obey.

Joice. Peace, give ear to the paſſion.

Gart. Before I touch thy body, I implore

Thy diſcontented gholt to be appeas'd.

Send not unto me till I come myſelf ;

Then ſhalt thou know, how much I honour'd thee.

O ſee the colour of his coral lip !

Which in deſpight of death lives full and freſh,

As when he was the beauty of his ſex.

'Twere fin worthy the worſt of plagues to leave thee ;

Not all the ſtrength and policy of man

Shall ſnatch me from thy boſom.

Long. Look, look, I think ſhe'll raviſh him.

Rafb. Why, how now ſiſter ?

Gart. Shall we have both one grave ? here I am
chain'd,

'Thunder, nor earthquakes ſhall e'er ſhake me off.

Rafb. No ? I'll try that.---Come dead man, awake, up
with your bag and baggage, and let's have no more
fooling.

Gart. And lives my Geraldine ?

Rafb. Live ? faith, ay.

Why ſhould he not ? he was never dead,

That I know on.

Ger. It is no wonder Geraldine ſhould live,

Though he had emptied all his vital ſpirits.

The lute of Orpheus ſpake not half ſo ſweet,

When he deſcended to th'infernal vaults,

To fetch again his fair Eurydice,

As did thy ſweet voice unto Geraldine.

Gart. I'll exerciſe that voice, ſince it doth pleaſe
My better ſelf, my conſtant Geraldine.

Joice. Why ſo la, here's an end of an old ſong.

Why could not this have been done before,

I pray ?

Gart.

Gart. O, y'are a goodly sifter, this is your plot.
Well, I shall live one day to requite you.

Joice. Spare me not ; for wheresoever I set my affection, although it be upon a collier if I fall back, unless it be in the right kind, bind me to a stake, and let me be burned to death with charcoal.

Rash. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to be done at this time, but as we brought you together, so to part you ; you must not lie at rack and manger : there be those within, that will forbid the banns, time must shake good fortune by the hand, before you two must be great ; specially you, sifter : come, leave swearing.

Gart. Must we then part ?

Rash. Must you part ? why, how think you ? uds foot, I do think we shall have as much to do to get her from him, as we had to bring her to him. This love of women is of strange quality, and has more tricks than a juggler.

Gart. But this, and then farewell.

Ger. Thy company is heaven, thy absence hell.

Rash. Lord, who'd think it ?

Joice. Come, wench.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Spendall and Staines.

Spend. This ground is firm and even, I'll go no farther.

Sta. This be the place then, and prepare you, sir,
You shall have fair play for your life, of me.
For look, sir, I'll be open-breasted to you.

Spend. Shame light on him that thinks his safety lieth
in a French doublet.

Nay I would strip myself, would comelines
Give sufferance to the deed, and fight with thee
As naked as a Mauritanian Moor.

Sta. Give me thy hand, by my heart I love thee,
Thou art the highest-spirited citizen,
That ever Guild-hall took notice of.

Spend. Talk not what I am until you have tried me.

Sta. Come on, sir.

[*They fight.*]

Spend. Now, sir, your life is mine.

Sta. Why then take it, for I'll not beg it of thee.

Spend.

Spend. Nobly resolv'd, I love thee for those words.
Here, take thy arms again, and if thy malice
Have spent itself like mine, then let us part
More friendly than when we met at first encounter.

Sta. Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your
friendship, until I shall recover't with my honour.

Spend. Will you fight again then?

Sta. Yes.

Spend. Faith, thou dost well then justly to whip my
folly. But come, sir.

Sta. Hold, y'are hurt, I take it.

Spend. Hurt! where? zounds, I feel it not.

Sta. You bleed I am sure.

Spend. 'Sblood, I think you wear a cat's claw upon
your rapier's point;

I am scratch'd indeed, but small as 'tis,
I must have blood for blood.

Sta. Y'are bent to kill, I see.

Spend. No, by my hopes, if I can 'scape that sin,
And keep my good name, I'll never offer't.

Sta. Well sir, your worst.

Spend. We both bleed now, I take it;
And if the motion may be equal thought,
To part with clasp'd hands, I shall first subscribe.

Sta. It were unmanliness in me to refuse
The safety of us both, my hand shall never fall
From such a charitable motion.

Spend. Then join we both, and here our malice ends.
Though foes we came to th' field, we'll depart friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter sir Lionel and a Servant.

Lion. Come, come, follow me knave, follow me, I
have the best nose i'the house; I think, either we shall
have rainy weather, or the vault's unstop'd: firrah, go
see, I would not have my guests smell out any such in-
conveniency: Do you hear, firrah, Simon?

Ser. Sir.

Lion. Bid the kitchen-maid scour the sink, and make
clean her back-side, for the wind lies just upon't.

Ser. I will, sir.

Lionel.

Lion. And bid Anthony put on his white fustian doublet, for he must wait to day. It doth me so much good to stir and talk, to place this and displace that, that I shall need no apothecaries prescriptions. I have sent my daughter this morning, as far as Pimlico, to fetch a draught of Derby ale, that it may fetch a colour in her cheeks: the paling harlotry looks so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother would say, God rest her soul, before she died. [Exit Servant.

Enter Bubble, Scattergood, and Staines.

Ser. Sir, the gentlemen are come already.

Lion. How, knave, the gentlemen!

Ser. Yes, sir, yonder they are.

Lion. Gods pretious! we are too tardy: let one be sent presently to meet the girls, and hasten their coming home quickly. How dost thou stand dreaming?---Gentlemen, I see you love me, you are careful of your hour; you may be deceived in your chear, but not in your welcome.

Bub. Thanks, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.

Scat. A pretty concise room: sir Lionel, where are your daughters?

Lion. They are at your service, sir, and forth coming.

Bub. God's will, Gervase! how shall I behave myself to the gentlewomen?

Sta. Why advance yourself toward them, with a comely step; and in your salute, be careful you strike not too high, nor too low; and afterward for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will bear you out.

Bub. Nay, and that be all, I care not, for I'll set a good face on't, that's flat; and for my nether parts, let them speak for themselves: here's a leg, and ever a baker in England shew me a better, I'll give him mine for nothing.

Sta. O, that's a special thing, that I must caution you of.

Bub. What, sweet Gervase?

Sta. Why, for commending yourself; never whilst you live, commend yourself: and then you shall have the ladies themselves commend you.

Bub.

Bub. I would they would else.

Sta. Why, they will, I'll assure you, fir; and the more vilely you speak of yourself, the more will they strive to collaud you.

Enter Gartred and Joice.

Bub. Let me alone to dispraise myself; I'll make myself the errantest coxcomb within a whole country.

Lion. Here come the gypsies, the sun-burnt girls, Whose beauties will not utter them alone; They must have bags, altho' my credit crack for't.

Bub. Is this the eldest, fir?

Lion. Yes, marry is she, fir.

Bub. I'll kiss the youngest first, because she likes me best.

Scat. Marry, fir, and whilst you are there, I'll be here:

O delicious touch! I think in conscience Her lips are lined quite through with orange tawney velvet.

Bub. They kiss exceeding well. I do not think but they have been brought up to't. I will begin to her like a gentleman, in a set speech.---Fair lady, shall I speak a word with you?

Joice. With me, fir?

Bub. With you lady,---this way, ---a little more,--- So now 'tis well, umh---

Even as a drummer,---or a pewterer.

Joice. Which of the two no matter, For one beats on a drum, t'other a platter.

Bub. In good faith, sweet lady, you say true; But pray mark me farther, I will begin again.

Joice. I pray, fir, do.

Bub. Even as a drummer, as I said before--- Or as a pewterer.

Joice. Very good, fir.

Bub. Do---do---do.

Joice. What do they do?

Bub. By my troth, lady, I do not know: for to say truth, I am a kind of an ass.

Joice.

Joice. How, fir, an afs?

Bub. Yes, indeed, lady.

Joice. Nay, that you are not.

Bub. So god ha' me, I am, lady: you never saw
An erranter afs in your life.

Joice. Why, here's a gentleman your friend, will
not say so.

Bub. I'fath; but he shall: How say you, fir,
Am not I an afs?

Scat. Yes, by my troth lady, is he: why, I'll say
any thing my brother Bubble says.

Gart. Is this the man my father chose for me,
To make a husband of? o god, how blind
Are parents in our loves! so they have wealth,
They care not to what things they marry us.

Bub. Pray look upon me, lady.

Joice. So I do, fir.

Bub. Ay, but look upon me well, and tell me if you
ever saw any man look so scurvily as I do?

Joice. The fellow sure is frantick.

Bub. You do not mark me.

Joice. Yes, indeed, fir.

Bub. Ay, but look upon me well:
Did you ever see a worse-timber'd leg?

Joice. By my faith, 'tis a pretty four square leg.

Bub. Ay, but your four-square legs are none of the
best. Oh! Jarvis, Jarvis.

Staines. Excellent well, fir.

Bub. What say you now to me, lady? can you find
E'er a good inch about me?

Joice. Yes, that I can, fir.

Bub. Find it and take it, sweet lady:
There I think I bobb'd her, Jarvis.

Joice. Well, fir, disparage not yourself so: for if
you were

The man you'd make yourself; yet out of your
Behaviour and discourse, I could find cause enough
To love you.

Bub. Ah! now she comes to me--My behaviour? alas,
alas, 'tis clownical; and my discourse is very bald, bald:

You

You shall not hear me break a good jest
In a twelve-month.

Joice. No, sir? why now you break a good jest.

Bub. No, I want the Boon jour, and the Tu quoques,

Which yonder gentleman has: there's a bob for him too:
There's a gentleman, an you talk of a gentleman.

Joice. Who, he? he's a coxcomb indeed.

Bub. We are sworn brothers, in good faith, lady.

Enter Servant.

Scat. Yes, in truth we are sworn brothers, and do mean to go both alike, and to have horses alike.

Joice. And they shall be sworn brothers too?

Scat. If it please them, lady.

Ser. Mr. Ballance the goldsmith desires to speak with you.

Lion. Bid him come, knave.

Scat. I wonder (sir Lionel) your son Will Rash is not here?

Lion. Is he of your acquaintance, sir?

Scat. O, very familiar; he struck me a box o'th' ear once, and from thence grew my love to him.

Enter Ballance.

Lion. It was a sign of virtue in you, sir; but he'll be here at dinner.—Master Ballance, what makes you so strange?

Come, you're welcome; what's the news?

Bal. Why, sir, the old news: your man Francis riots still;

And little hope of thrift there is in him.

Therefore I come to advise your worship,

To take some order whilst there's something left:

The better part of his best ware's consum'd.

Lion. Speak softly, master Ballance.

But is there no hope of his recovery?

Bal. None at all, sir; for he's already laid to be arrested by some that I know.

Lion. Well, I do suffer for him, and am loath indeed to do what I'm constrain'd to do:

Well, sir, I mean to seize on what is left.

And

And hearkye, one word more.

Joice. What heinous sin has yonder man committed,
To have so great a punishment, as wait
Upon the humours of an idle fool?

A very proper fellow; good leg, good face,
A body well-proportion'd; but his mind
Bewrays he never came of generous kind.

Enter Will Rast and Geraldine.

Lion. Go to, no more of this at this time.
What, fir, are you come?

Rast. Yes, fir, and have made bold to bring a guest
along.

Lion. Master Geraldine's son of Essex?

Ger. The same, fir.

Lion. You're welcome, fir; when will your father be
in town?

Ger. 'Twill not be long, fir.

Lion. I shall be glad to see him when he comes.

Ger. I thank you, fir.

Lion. In the mean time you're welcome; pray be not
strange.

I'll leave my son among you, gentlemen,
I have some business. Hark you, mr. Ballance,
Dinner will soon be ready. One word more —

[Exeunt Lionel and Ballance]

Rast. And how does my little Afinus and his *Tu quoque*,
here? Oh! you pretty sweet-fac'd rogues, that for your
countenances might be Alexander and Lodwick. What
says the old man to you? wil't be a match? shall we call
brothers?

Scat. Ifaith, with all my heart; if mrs. Gartred will,
we will be married to-morrow.

Bub. 'Sfoot, if mrs. Joice will, we'll be married to-
night.

Rast. Why you couragious boys, and worthy wenches,
made out of wax: but what shall's do when we have
din'd? shall's go see a play?

Scat. Yes, 'faith brother, if it please you: let's go see
a play at the Globe.

Bub.

Bub. I care not ; any whither, so the clown have a
For, ifayth, I am no body without a fool. [part;

Ger. Why then we'll go to the Red Bull : they say
Green's a good clown.

Bub. Green ! Green's an afs.

Scat. Wherefore do you say so ?

Bub. Indeed I ha' no reason ; for they say, he is as
like me as ever he can look.

Scat. Well then, to the Bull.

Rafb. A good resolution, continue it : Nay, on.

Bub. Not before the gentlewomen ; not I, never.

Rafb. O ! while you live, men before women :
Custom hath plac'd it so.

Bub. Why then custom is not so mannerly as I would be.

Rafb. Farewell, mr. Scattergood. Come lover, you're
too busy here. I must tutor ye : cast not your eye at
the table on each other, my father will spy you without
spectacles ;

He is a shrewd observer. Do you hear me ?

Ger. Very well, sir.

Rafb. Come then, go we together ; let the wenches
Do you see yonder fellow ? [alone.

Ger. Yes : pr'ythee what is he ?

Rafb. I'll give you him within ; he must not now be
thought on : but you shall know him.

[*Exit Rafb and Geraldine.*

Gart. I have observ'd my sister, and her eye
Is much inquisitive after yond' fellow ;
She has examin'd him from head to foot :
I'll stay and see the issue.

Joice. To wrestle 'gainst the stream of our affection,
Is to strike air, or buffet with the wind
That plays upon us. I have striv'd to cast
This fellow from my thoughts ; but still he grows
More comely in my sight : yet a slave
Unto one worse-condition'd than a slave.
'They are all gone ; here's none but he and I :
Now I will speak to him — and yet I will not.
Oh ! I wrong myself ; I will suppress
That insurrection Love hath train'd in me,

And

And leave him as he is. Once my bold spirit
Had vow'd to utter all my thoughts to him,
On whom I settled my affection:
And why retires it now?

Sta. Fight love on both sides; for on me thou strik'st
Strokes that have beat my heart into a flame.
She hath sent amorous glances from her eye,
Which I have back return'd as faithfully.
I would make to her, but these servile robes
Curb that suggestion, till some fitter time
Shall bring me more persuadingly unto her.

Joice. I wonder why he stays; I fear he notes me,
For I have publickly betray'd myself,
By too much gazing on him. I will leave him.

Gart. But you shall not: I'll make you speak to him
Before you go. — Do you hear, sir?

Joice. What mean you, sister?

Gart. To fit you in your kind, sister. Do you re-
member

How you once tyranniz'd over me?

Joice. Nay, pr'ythee leave this jesting;
I am out of the vein.

Gart. Ay, but I am in. Go and speak to your lover.

Joice. I'll first be buried quick.

Gart. How! asham'd? 'Sfoot, I trow, if I had set my
affection on a collier, I'd ne'er fall back, unless it were
in the right kind: if I did, let me be ty'd to a stake, and
burnt to death with charcoal.

Joice. Nay then, we shall have't.

Gart. Yes, marry shall you, sister: will you speak
to him?

Joice. No.

Gart. Do you hear, sir? here's a gentlewoman would
speak with you.

Joice. Why, sister, I pray, sister.

Gart. One that loves you with all her heart,
Yet is asham'd to confess it.

Staines. Did you call, ladies?

Joice. No, sir, here's no one called.

Gart. Ycs, sir, 'twas I, I call'd to speak with you:

Joice.

Joice. My sister's somewhat frantick ; there's no regard to be had unto her clamours.--Will you yet leave ? I'faith you'll anger me.

Gart. Passion : come back fool, lover, turn again and kiss your belly full, here's one will stand ye.

Staines. What does this mean, trow ?

Joice. Yet is your humour spent ?

Gart. Come, let me go : birds that want the use of Reason and of speech, can couple together in one day ; And yet you that have both, cannot conclude in twenty. Now, sister, I am even with you, my venom is spit ; As much happiness may you enjoy with your lover as I with mine.

And droop not, wench, nor never be ashamed of him ; The man will serve the turn, tho' he be wrapt

In a blue coat, I'll warrant him ; come.

Joice. You are merrily dispos'd, sister.

[*Exeunt wenches.*]

Sta. I needs must prosper, fortune and love work for me.

Be moderate, my joys ; for as you grow

To your full height, so Bubble's waxeth low. [Exit.]

Enter Spendall, Sweatman, and Tickleman.

Tick. Will my sweet Spendall be gone then ?

Spend. I must upon promise ; but I'll be here at supper :

Therefore, mrs. Sweatman, provide us some good cheer.

Sweat. The best the market will yield.

Spend. Here's twenty shillings ; I protest I have left myself but a crown for my spending money : for indeed I intend to be frugal, and turn good husband.

Tick. Ay, marry will you, you'll to play again, and lose your money, and fall to fighting ; my very heart trembles to think on it ; how if you had been kill'd in the quarrel ? of my faith, I had been but a dead woman.

Spend. Come, come, no more of this ; thou dost but dissemble.

Tick. Dissemble ? do not you say so ; for if you do, God's my judge, I'll give myself a gash.

Spend. Away, away, prythee no more ; farewell.

Tick. Nay, but first: Well,
There's no adversity in the world shall part us.

Enter Serjeants.

Spend. Thou art a loving rascal; farewell.

Sweat. You will not fail supper?

Spend. You have my word; farewell.

1. *Serj.* Sir, we arrest you.

Spend. Arrest me! at whose suit?

2. *Serj.* Marry, there's suit enough against you,
I'll warrant you.

1. *Serj.* Come, away with him.

Spend. Stay, hear me a word.

2. *Serj.* What do you say?

Enter Purfenet.

Tick. How now, Purfenet? why com'st in such haste?

Purf. Shut up your doors, and bar young Spendall
out:

And let him be cashier'd your company;

He is turn'd banquerout, his wares are seiz'd on,

And his shop shut up.

Tick. How, his ware seiz'd on? thou dost but jest, I
hope.

Purse. What this tongue doth report, these eyes have
seen;

It is no Æsop's fable that I tell,

But it is true, as I am a faithful pander.

Sweat. Nay, I did ever think the prodigal would
prove

A banquerout; but hang him, let him rot

In prison, he comes no more within these doors

I warrant him.

Tick. Come hither! I would he wou'd but offer it,
We'll fire him out, with a pox to him.

Spend. Will you do it?

To carry me to prison, but undoes me.

1. *Serj.* What say you, fellow Gripe, shall we take
his forty shillings?

2. *Serj.* Yes faith, we shall have him again within
this week.

Serj. Well, fir, your forty shillings; and we'll have some compassion on you.

Spend. Will you but walk with me unto that house, And there you shall receive it.

Serj. What, where the women are?

Spend. Yes, fir.

Sweat. Look yonder, if the ungracious rascal be not coming hither

Betwixt two Serjeants: he thinks, belike, That we'll relieve him; let us go in, And clap the doors against him.

Purse. It is the best course, mistress Tickleman.

Tickle. But I say no, you shall not stir a foot, For I will talk with him.

Spend. Nan, I am come Even in the minute that thou didst profess Kindness unto me, to make trial of it. Adversity, thou seest, lays hands upon me; But forty shillings will deliver me.

Tickle. Why, you impudent rogue, do you come to me for money?

Or do I know you? what acquaintance, pray, Hath ever past betwixt yourself and me?

Serj. Zounds, do you mock us, to bring us to these women that do not know you?

Sweat. Yes, in good sooth, (officers I take't you are) He's a meer stranger here; only in charity, Sometimes we have reliev'd him with a meal.

Spend. This is not earnest in you? come, I know My gifts and bounty cannot so soon be buried: Go pr'ythee, fetch forty shillings.

Tickle. Talk not to me (you slave) of forty shillings; For by this light that shines, ask it again, I'll send my knife of an errand in your guts. A shameless rogue, to come to me for money.

Sweat. Is he your prisoner, gentlemen?

Serj. Yes, marry is he.

Sweat. Pray carry him then to prison, let him smart for't;

Perhaps 'twill tame the wildness of his youth,

And teach him how to lead a better life.
He had good counfel here, I can assure you,
And if he would ha' took it.

Purse. I told him still myself, what would ensue.

Spend. Furies, break loose in me : serjeants, let me go,
I'll give you all I have to purchase freedom but for a
light'ning while, to tear yon whore, bawd, pander, and
in them the devil ; for there's his hell, his habitation ;
nor has he any other local place.

[*Takes Spendall's cloak.*

Serj. No, fir, we'll take no bribes.

Spend. Honest serjeants, give me leave to unlade
A heart o'ercharg'd with grief. As I have a soul,
I'll not break from you.

Thou strumpet, that wer't born to ruin me,
My fame, and fortune. Be subject to my curse,
And hear me speak it : may'st thou in thy youth
Feel the sharp-whip, and in thy beldame age
The cart : when thou art grown to be
An old upholster unto venery,
(A bawd I mean, to live by feather-beds)
May'st thou be driven to sell all thou hast,
Unto thy Aqua vitæ bottle (that's the last
A bawd will part withall) and live so poor,
That being turn'd forth thy house, may'st die at door.

Serj. Come, fir, ha' you done ?

Spend. A little farther give me leave, I pray,
I have a charitable prayer to end with.

May the French cannibal eat into thy flesh,
And pick thy bones so clean, that the report
Of thy calamity may draw resort
Of all the common sinners in the town,
To see thy mangl'd carcass ; and that then,
They may upon't turn honest ; bawd, say Amen.

[*Exit.*

Sweat. Out upon him, wicked villain, how he blas-
phemes !

Purse. He will be damn'd for turning hypocrite.

Tickle. Hang him, bankrupt rascal, let him talk in
prison,

The whilst we'll spend his goods ; for I did never
Hear, that men took example by each other.

Sweat. Well, if men did rightly consider't, they
should find

That whores and bawds are profitable members
In a common-wealth ; for indeed, tho' we somewhat
Impair their bodies, yet we do good to their souls ;
For I am sure, we still bring them to repentance.

Purse. By Dis, and so we do.

Sweat. Come, come, will you dis before ? thou art
one of them, that I warrant thee will be hang'd before
thou wilt repent. [Exeunt.

Enter Rash, Staines, and Geraldine.

Rash. Well, this love is a troublesome thing. Jupi-
ter bless

Me out of his fingers ; there's no estate can rest for him :
He runs thro' all countries, will travel thro' the
Isle of Man in a minute ; but never is quiet till he come
into

Middlesex, and there keeps his christmas ;
'Tis his habitation, his mansion, from whence
He'll never out, till he be fir'd.

Ger. Well, do not tyrannize too much, lest one day
he make you know his deity, by sending a shaft out of a
sparkling eye, shall strike so deep into your heart, that
it shall make you fetch your breath short again.

Rash. And make me cry, *O eyes, no eyes, but two cele-
stial stars !* A pox on't, I'd as live hear a fellow sing
thro' the nose.----How now, wench ?

Enter Gartred.

Gart. Keep your station ; you stand as well for the
encounter as may be : she is coming on ; but as me-
lancholy, as a bas-viol in consort.

Rash. Which makes thee as sprightly as the treble.
Now dost thou play thy prize : here's the honourable
science one against another. — Do you hear, lover,
the thing is done you wot off ; you shall have your
wench alone without any disturbance : now if you can
do any good, why so ; the silver game be yours, we'll
stand by and give aim, and holloo if you hit the clout.

Staines. 'Tis all the assistance I request of you.
Bring me but opportunely to her presence,
And I desire no more ; and if I cannot win her,
Let me lose her.

Gart. Well, sir, let me tell you, perhaps you under-
take
A harder task than yet you do imagine.

Staines. A task ! what to win a woman, and have op-
portunity ? I would that were a task i'faith, for any
man that wears his wits about him. Give me but half
an hour's

Conference with the coldest creature of them all,
And if I bring her not into a fool's paradise,
I'll pull out my tongue, and hang it at her door for a
draw-latch.

Udsfoot, I'd ne'er stand thrumming of caps for the matter,
I'll quickly make trial of her. If she love
To have her beauty praised, I'll praise it : if her wit,
I'll commend it ; if her good parts, I'll exalt them.
No course shall 'scape me ; for to whatsoever I saw her
inclin'd to, to that would I fit her.

Rash. But you must not do thus to her; for she's a
subtile flouting rogue, that will laugh you out of
countenance, if you sollicit her seriously : No, talk me
to her wantonly, slightly and carelessly, and perhaps so
you may prevail as much with her, as wind does with
a sail, carry her whither thou wilt, bully.

Enter Joice.

Staines. Well, sir, I'll follow your instruction.

Rash. Do so.---And see, she appears : fall you two off
from us,

Let us two walk together.

Joice. Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,
And let him down so easy to my heart ;
Where like a conqueror he seizes on it,
And beats all other men out of my bosom ?

Rash. Sister, you're well met ;
Here's a gentleman desires to be acquainted with you.

Joice. See, the serving-man is turn'd a gentleman,
That villainous wench, my sister, has no mercy,

She

She and my brother have conspir'd together to play upon me ; but I'll prevent their sport ; for rather than my tongue shall have scope to speak matter to give them mirth, my heart shall break.

Rash. You have your desire, sir, I'll leave you ; Grapple with her as you can.

Staines. Lady, god save you.----She turns back upon the motion,

There's no good to be done by praying for her, I see that ; I must plunge into a passion : now for a piece of Hero and Leander ; 'twere excellent, and praise be to my memory, It has reach'd half a dozen lines for the purpose : Well, she shall have them.

One is no number ; maids are nothing then, Without the sweet society of men.

Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be, Tho' never singling Hymen couple thee.

Wild savages that drink of running springs,

Think water far excells all other things ;

But they that daily taste neat wine, despise it.

Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,

Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,

Differs as much as wine and water doth.——No ?

Why then have at you in another kind.

By the faith of a soldier (lady) I do reverence the ground that you walk upon : I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair : stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger pierce a vein, to drink a full health to you ; but it shall be on this condition, that you shall speak first.

Udsfoot, if I could but get her to talk once, half my labour were over : but I'll try her in another vein.

What an excellent creature is a woman without a tongue ! but what a more excellent creature is a woman that has a tongue, and can hold her peace ! but how much more excellent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that woman to his wife !

This cannot chuse but mad her ;

And if any thing make a woman talk, 'tis this.---It will not do tho' yet. I pray god, they have not gull'd me :

But I'll try once again.

When will that tongue take liberty to talk?

Speak but one word, and I'm satisfy'd:

Or do but say but mum, and I am answer'd.

No found? no accent? is there no noise in women?

Nay then, without direction, I ha' done.

I must go call for help.

Rash. How, not speak?

Staines. Not a syllable: night nor sleep is not more silent.

She's as dumb as Westminster-hall in the long vacation.

Rash. Well, and what would you have me do?

Staines. Why, make her speak.

Rash. And what then?

Staines. Why, let me alone with her.

Rash. Ay, so you said before; give you but opportunity,

And let you alone, you'd desire no more. But come, I'll try my cunning for you: see what I can do.—

How do you, sister? I am sorry to hear you are not well.

This gentleman tells me you have lost your tongue; I pray let's see,

If you can but make signs whereabout you lost it,

We'll go and look for't. In good faith, sister, you look very pale,

In my conscience 'tis for grief; will you have

Any comfortable drinks sent for?—This is not the way;

Come walk, seem earnest in discourse, cast not an eye

Towards her, and you shall see weakness work itself.

Joice. My heart is swol'n so big, that it must vent, Or it will burst.—Are you a brother?

Rash. Look to yourself, sir,

The brazen head has spoke, and I must leave you.

Joice. Has shame that power in him, to make him fly;

And dare you be so impudent to stand

Just in the face of my incens'd anger?

What are you? why do you stay? who sent for you?

You were in garments yesterday, befitting

A fellow of your fashion; has a crown

Purchas'd that shining fatten of the brokers?
Or is't a cast suit of your goodly master's.

Staines. A cast suit, lady?

Joice. You think it does become you: faith it does not.

A blue coat with a badge does better with you.
Go, untruss your master's points, and do not dare
To stop your nose, when as his worship stinks:
'Tas been your breeding.

Staines. Uds'life, this is excellent: now she talks.

Joice. Nay, were you a gentleman, and which is more,
Well landed, I should hardly love you:
For, for your face, I never saw a worse,
It looks as if it were drawn with yellow oaker
Upon black buckram: and that hair
That's on your chin, looks not like beard,
But as if't had been smear'd with shoemakers wax.

Staines. Udsfoot, she'll make me out of love with myself.

Joice. How dares your baseness once aspire unto
So high a fortune, as to reach at me?
Because you have heard, that some have run away
With butlers, horsekeepers, and their father's clerks;
You forsooth, cocker'd with your own suggestion,
Take heart upon't, and think me, (that am meat,
And set up for your master) fit for you.

Staines. I would I could get her now to hold her tongue.

Joice. Or 'cause sometimes as I have past along,
And have return'd a court'sie for your hat,
You (as the common trick is) straight suppose
'Tis love, (sir reverence, which makes the word more
beastly.)

Sta. Why, this is worse than silence.

Joice. But we are fools, and in our reputations
We find the smart on't:
Kindness is termed lightness in our sex;
And when we give a favour, or a kiss,
We give our good names too.

Sta. Will you be dumb again?

Joice. Men you are call'd, but you're a viperous brood
Whom we in charity take into our bosoms,
And cherish with our heart; for which you sting us.

Sta. Udsfoot, I'll fetch him that wak'd your tongue,
To lay it down again.

Rash. Why, how now man?

Sta. O relieve me, or I shall lose my hearing,
You have rais'd a fury up into her tongue;
A parliament of women could not make
Such a confused noise as that she utters.

Rash. Well, what would you have me do?

Sta. Why, make her hold her tongue.

Rash. And what then?

Sta. Why then let me alone again.

Rash. This is very good i'faith; first give thee but opportunity,
and let thee alone: then make her but speak,
and let

Thee alone: now make her hold her tongue, and then
Let thee alone. Ey my troth, I think I were best to let
Thee alone indeed: but come, follow me,
The wild cat shall not carry it so away.
Walk, walk, as we did.

Joice. What, have you fetcht your champion? what
can he do?

Not have you, nor himself from out the storm
Of my incens'd rage; I will thunder into your ears,
The wrongs that you have done an innocent maid:
Oh you're a couple of sweet — What shall I call you?
Men you are not; for if you were,
You would not offer this unto a maid.

Wherein have I deserv'd it at your hands? Have I not
been always a kind sister to you, and in signs and tokens
shewed it? Did I not send money to you at Cambridge,
when you were but a freshman? wrought you purses and
bands; and, since you came to th'inns o' court, a fair
pair of hangers? Have you not taken rings from me,
which I have been fain to say I have lost, when you had
pawn'd them; and yet was never beholden to you for a
pair of gloves?

Rash.

Rash. A Woman's tongue, I see, is like a bell,
That once being set a going, goes itself.

Joice. And yet you, to join with my sifter against me,
Send one here to play upon me, whilst you laugh and
leer,

And make a pastime on me : is this brotherly done ?

No, it is barbarous, and a Turk would blush to offer it to
a Christian.

But I will think on't, and have it written in my heart,
when it hath slipt your memories.

Rash. When will your tongue be weary ?

Joice. Never.

Rash. How, never ? Come talk, and I'll talk with you,
I'll try the nimble footmanship of your tongue ;
And if you can out-talk me, yours be the victory.

*Here they two talk and rail what they list ; and
then Rash speaks to Staines.*

All speak. Udsfoot, dost thou stand by, and do nothing ?
Come talk, and drown her clamours.

*Here they all three talk, and Joice gives over, weep-
ing, and Exit.*

Gerald. Alas, she's spent, i'faith : now the storm's over.

Rash. Udsfoot, I'll follow her as long as I have any
breath.

Gart. Nay, no more now, brother, you have no
compassion,
You see, she cries.

Sta. If I do not wonder she could talk so long, I am
a villain.

She eats no nuts, I warrant her : 'sfoot, I am almost
out of breath

With that little I talkt : well, gentlebrothers, I might say ;
For she and I must clap hands upon't : a match for
all this.

Pray, go in ; and, sifter, salve the matter, colloque
with her

Again, and all shall be well : I have a little business

That must be thought upon, and 'tis partly for your
mirth,

Therefore let me not (tho' absent) be forgotten :
Farewell.

Rafb. We will be mindful of you, fir, fare you well.

Ger. How now man ! what tir'd, tir'd ?

Rafb. Zounds, and you had talkt as much as I did, you would be tir'd, I warrant : What, is she gone in ? I'll to her again whilst my tongue is warm : and if I thought I should be used to this exercife, I would eat every morning an ounce of lickorish. [*Exit.*

*Enter Lodge, the master of the prison, and Holdfast
his man.*

Lodge. Have you summ'd up those reckonings ?

Hold. Yes, fir.

Lodge. And what is owing me ?

Hold. Thirty-seven pound odd money.

Lodge. How much owes the Frenchman ?

Hold. A fortnight's commons.

Lodge. Has Spendall any money ?

Hold. Not any, fir : and he has sold all his cloaths.

Enter Spendall.

Lodge. That fellow would waste millions, if he had 'em ;
Whilst he has money, no man spends a penny.

Ask him money, and if he say he has none,

Be plain with him, and turn him out o'th'ward. [*Ex. Lodge.*

Hold. I will, fir. — Master Spendall,
My master has sent to you for money.

Spend. Money ! why does he send to me ? does he think
I have the philosopher's stone, or I can clip or coin ?
How does he think I can come by money ?

Hold. Faith, fir, his occasions are so great, that he must
have money, or else he can buy no victuals.

Spend. Then we must starve, belike : Udsfoot, thou see'st
I have nothing left, that will yield me two shillings.

Hold. If you have no money,
You'd best remove into some cheaper ward.

Spend. What ward should I remove in ?

Hold. Why to the two-penny ward, it's likeliest to
hold out with your means : or if you will, you may go
into the hole, and there you may feed for nothing.

Spend.

Spend. Ay, out of the alms-basket, where charity appears

In likeness of a piece of stinking fish,
Such as they beat bawds with when they are carted.

Hold. Why, sir, do not scorn it; as good men as yourself

Have been glad to eat scraps out of the alms-basket.

Spend. And yet, slave, thou in pride wilt stop thy nose,
Scruce and make faces, talk contemptibly of it,
And of the feeders, surly groom.

Enter Fox.

Hold. Well, sir, your malapertness will get you nothing.——Fox!

Fox. Here.

Hold. A prisoner to the hole, take charge of him, and use him as scurvily as thou canst.——You shall be taught your duty, sir, I warrant you.

Spend. Hence, slavish tyrants, instruments of torture,
There is more kindness yet in whores than you;
For when a man hath spent all, he may go
And seek his way, they'll kick him out of doors;
Not keep him in as you do, and enforce him
To be the subject of their cruelty.
You have no mercy; but be this your comfort,
The punishment and tortures which you do
Inflict on men, the devils shall on you.

Hold. Well, sir, you may talk, but you shall see the end,

And who shall have the worst of it. [*Exit Hold.*]

Spend. Why, villain, I shall have the worst, I know it,
And am prepar'd to suffer like a Stoick,
Or else (to speak more properly) like a stock;
For I have no sense left: dost thou think I have?

Fox. Zounds, I think he's mad.

Spend. Why, thou art in the right; for I am mad indeed,

And have been mad this two years. Dost thou think
I could have spent so much as I have done
In wares and credit, had I not been mad?
Why, thou must know, I had a fair estate,

Which

Which through my riot, I have torne in pieces,
 And scatter'd amongst bawds, buffoons, and whores,
 That fawn'd on me, and by their flatteries
 Rockt all my understanding faculties
 Into a pleasant slumber ; where I dreamt
 Of nought but joy and pleasure : never felt
 How I was lull'd in sensuality,
 Until at last, affliction waked me,
 And lighting up the taper of my soul,
 Led me unto myself, where I might see
 A mind and body rent with misery. [*A prisoner within.*]

Pris. Harry Fox, Harry Fox.

Fox. Who calls ?

Enter Prisoners.

Pris. Here's the bread and meat-man come.

Fox. Well, the bread and meat-man may stay a little.

Pris. Yes, indeed Harry, the bread and meat-man
 may stay :

But you know our stomachs cannot stay.

Enter Gathercrap with the basket.

Fox. Indeed your stomach is always first up.

Pris. And therefore by right should be first served :
 I have a stomach like aqua fortis, it will eat any thing :
 O father Gathercrap, here are excellent bits in the basket.

Fox. Will you hold your chops farther ? by and by
 you'll drivel into the basket.

Pris. Perhaps it may do some good ; for there may be
 a piece of powder'd beef that wants watering.

Fox. Here, sir, here's your share.

Pris. Here's a bit, indeed : what's this to a Gargantua
 stomach ?

Fox. Thou art ever grumbling.

Pris. Zounds, it would make a dog grumble, to want
 his victuals : I pray give Spendall none, he came into the
 hole but yester-night.

Fox. What, do you refuse it ?

Spend. I cannot eat, I thank you.

Pris. No, no, give it me, he's not yet season'd for
 our company.

Fox.

Fox. Divide it then amongst you.

[*Ex. Fox and Prisoners.*

Spend. To such a one as these are, must I come?

Hunger will draw me into their fellowship,
To fight and scramble for unfavoury scraps,
That come from unknown hands, perhaps unwash'd:
And would that were the worst; for I have noted,
That nought goes to the prisoners, but such food
As either by the weather has been tainted,
Or children, nay sometimes full-paunch'd dogs,
Have overlickt; as if men had determin'd
That the worst sustenance, which is God's creatures,
However they're abus'd, are good enough
For such vile creatures as abuse themselves.

O, what a slave was I unto my pleasures!
How drown'd in sin, and overwhelm'd in lust!
That I could write my repentance to the world,
And force th'impression of it in the hearts
Of you, and my acquaintance; I might teach them
By my example to look home to thrift;
And not to range abroad to seek out ruin.
Experience shews, his purse shall soon grow light,
Whom dice wastes in the day, drabs in the night.
Let all avoid false strumpets, dice, and drink;
For he that leaps i'th' mud, shall quickly sink.

Enter Fox and Longfield.

Fox. Yonder's the man.

Long. I thank you.

How is it with you, fir? What, on the ground?

Look up, there's comfort towards you.

Spend. Belike some charitable friend has sent a shilling.
What is your business?

Long. Liberty.

Spend. There's virtue in that word; I'll rise up to you,
Pray let me hear that chearful word again.

Long. The able and well-minded widow Rayfb,
Whose hand is still upon the poor man's box,
Hath in her charity remember'd you;
And being by your master seconded,
Hath taken order with your creditors.

For day and payment ; and freely from her purse,
By me her deputy, she hath discharg'd
All duties in the house : Besides, to your necessities,
This is bequeath'd, to furnish you with cloaths.

Spend. Speak you this seriously ?

Long. 'Tis not my practice to mock misery.

Spend. Be ever praised that divinity,
That has to my oppressed state rais'd friends.
Still be his blessings pour'd upon their heads :
Your hand, I pray,
Th'at have so faithfully perform'd their wills.
If e'er my industry, join'd with their loves,
Shall raise me to a competent estate,
Your name shall ever be to me a friend.

Long. In your good wishes, you requite me amply.

Spend. All fees, you say, are pay'd?---There's for
your love.

Fox. I thank you, sir, and am glad you are releas'd. [*Ex.*
Enter Bubble gallanted.

Bub. How apparel makes a man respected ! the very
children in the street do adore me : for if a boy that is
throwing at his jackalent chance to hit me on the
shins ; why, I say nothing but *Tu quoque*, smile, and
forgive the child with a beck of my hand, or some such
like token ; so by that means, I do seldom go without
broken shins.

Enter Staines like an Italian.

Staines. The blessings of your mistress fall upon you,
And may the heat and spirit of her lip
Endue her with matter above her understanding,
That she may only live to admire you, or, as the Italian
says :

Que que dell fogo Ginni coxcombie.

Bub. I do wonder what language he speaks.

Do you hear, my friend, are not you a conjurer ?

Staines. I am, sir, a perfect traveller, that have
trampled over

The face of the universe, and can speak Greek and
Latin as promptly, as my own natural language.
I have compos'd a book, wherein I have set down

All the wonders of the world that I have seen,
And the whole scope of my journies, together with the
Miseries and lousy fortunes I have endur'd therein.

Bub. O lord, sir, are you the man? give me your
hand:

How do ye? in good faith, I think I have heard of you.

Sta. No, sir, you never heard of me, I set this day
footing

Upon the wharf; I came in with the last peal of
ordnance,

And din'd this day in the Exchange amongst the
merchants.

But this is frivolous, and from the matter: you do seem
To be one of your gentile spirits, that do affect generosity:
Pleaseth you to be instituted in the nature, garb, and habit
Of the most exactest nation in the world, the Italian?

Whose language is sweetest, cloaths neatest, and behaviour
Most accomplish'd. I am one that have spent much
money,

And time, which to me is more dear than money, in the
Observation of these things: and now I am come,
I will sit me down and rest, and make no doubt,
But to purchase and build, by professing this art,
Or human science (as I may term it) to such honourable
And worshipful personages as mean to be peculiar.

Bub. This fellow has his tongue at his finger's ends—
But harkye, sir, is your Italian the finest gentleman?

Staines. In the world, Signor; your Spaniard is a
meer Bumbard to him: he will bounce indeed; but he
will burst. But your Italian is smooth and lofty, and his
language is cousin-german to the Latin.

Bub. Why then he has his *Tu quoque* in his salute?

Staines. Yes, sir, for it is an Italian word as well as a
Latin,

And infolds a double sence; for one way spoken,
It includes a fine gentleman, like yourself;
And another way, it imports an ass, like whom you will.

Bub. I would my man Jarvis were here, for he un-
derstands these things better than I.—You will not
serve?

Staines.

Staines. Serve, no fir; I have talk'd with the great Sophy.

Bub. I pray, fir, what's the lowest price of being Italianated?

Staines. Sir, if it please you, I will stand to your bounty:

And mark me, I will set your face like a grand Signor's,
And you shall march a whole day, until you come
opunctly to your mistress,
And not disfrank one hair of your physiognomy.

Bub. I would you would do it, fir; if you will stand to my bounty, I will pay you, as I am an Italian *Tu quoque.*

Staines. Then, fir, I will first disburthen you of your cloak,
You will be the nimbler to practise. Now, fir, observe me,
Go you directly to the lady to whom you devote yourself.

Bub. Yes, fir.

Staines. You shall set a good stay'd face upon the matter then.

Your band is not to your shirt, is it?

Bub. No, fir, 'tis loose.

Staines. It is the fitter for my purpose.

I will first remove your hat. It has been the fashion (as I have heard) in *England*, to wear your hat thus, in your eyes; but it is gross, naught, inconvenient, and proclaims with a loud voice, that he that brought it up first, stood in in fear of serjeants. Your Italian is contrary, he doth advance his hat, and sets it thus.

Bub. Excellent well: I would you would set it on my head so.

Staines. Soft; I will first remove your band, and set it out of the reach of your eyes; it must lie altogether backward: So, your band is well.

Bub. Is it as you would have it?

Staines. It is as I would wish; only, fir, this I must caution you of, in your affront or salute never to move your hat; but here, here is your courtesy.

Bub.

Bub. Nay, I warrant you ; let me alone, if I perceive a thing once, I'll carry it away. Now, pray, sir, reach my cloak.

Staines. Never whilst you live, sir.

Bub. No ! what do you Italians wear no cloaks ?

Staines. Your signors never : you see I am unfurnish'd myself.

Enter Sir Lionel, Will Rash, Geraldine, Widow, Gartred, and Joice.

Bub. Sa'ye so ? pr'ythee keep it then.---See ! yonder's the company that I look for ; therefore, if you will set my face of any fashion, pray do it quickly.

Staines. You carry your face as well as e'er an Italian in the world, only enrich it with a smile, and 'tis incomparable : and thus much more, at your first appearance, you shall perhaps strike your acquaintance into an extasy, or perhaps a laughter : but 'tis ignorance in them, which will soon be overcome if you persevere.

Bub. I will persevere, I warrant thee ; only do thou stand aloof, and be not seen ; because I would not have them think but I fetch it out of my own practice.

Staines. Do not you fear ; I'll not be seen, I warrant you. [Exit.

Lionel. Now, widow, you are welcome to my house ; And to your own house too, so you may call it ; For what is mine is yours : you may command here As at home, and be as soon obey'd.

Widow. May I deserve this kindness of you, sir ?

Bub. Save you, gentlemen. I salute you after the Italian fashion.

Rash. How ! the Italian fashion ? Zounds ! he has dress'd him rarely.

Lionel. My son Bubble, I take it ?

Rash. The nether part of him I think is he, But what the upper part is, I know not.

Bub. By my troth he's a rare fellow, he said true : They are all in an extasy.

Gart. I think he's mad.

Joice. Nay, that cannot be ; for they say, they that are mad lose their wits ; and I am sure he had none to lose.

Enter

Enter Scattergood.

Lionel. How now, son Bubble, how come you thus
attir'd?

What! do you mean to make yourself a laughing
stock, ha?

Bub. Um! Ignorance, ignorance.

Ger. For the love of laughter, look yonder:
Another herring in the same pickle.

Rash. T'other hobby-horse I perceive is not forgotten.

Bub. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Scat. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Bub. Who has made him such a coxcomb, trow?
An Italian *tu quoque*?

Scat. I salute you according to the Italian fashion.

Bub. Puh! the Italian fashion! the tatter'd-de-malian
fashion he means.

Scat. Save you, sweet bloods, save you.

Lionel. Why, but what gigg is this?

Scat. Nay, if I know, father, would I were hanged,
I am e'en as innocent as the child new born.

Lionel. Ay, but son Bubble, where did you two buy
your felts?

Scat. Felts! By this light, mine is a good beaver:
It cost me three pounds this morning, upon trust.

Lionel. Nay, I think you had it upon trust; for no
man that has any shame in him, would take money for it.
Behold, sir.

Scat. Ha, ha, ha!

Lionel. Nay, never do you laugh; for you're i'th'
same block.

Bub. Is this the Italian fashion?

Scat. No, it is the fool's fashion;
And we two are the first that follow it.

Bub. Et tu quoque, are we both cozen'd?
Then let's shew ourselves brothers in adversity, and
embrace.

Lionel. What was he that cheated you?

Bub. Marry, sir, he was a knave that cheated me.

Scat. And I think he was no honest man that cheated
me.

Lionel.

Lionel. Do you know him again, if you see him?

Enter Staines.

Bub. Yes, I know him again, if I see him :
But I do not know how I should come to see him.
O Gervase, Gervase! do you see us two, Gervase?

Staines. Yes, sir, very well.

Bub. No, you do not see us very well ;
For we have been horribly abused :
Never were Englishmen so gull'd in Italian, as we have
been.

Staines. Why, sir, you have not lost your cloak and
hat?

Bub. Gervase, you lie, I have lost my cloak and hat ;
And therefore you must use your credit for another.

Scat. I think my old cloak and hat must be glad to
serve me till next quarter-day.

Lionel. Come, take no care for cloaks, I'll furnish you :
To-night you lodge with me, to-morrow morn,
Before the sun be up, prepare for church ;
The widow and I have so concluded on't.
The wenches understand not yet so much,
Nor shall not until bed-time : then will they
Not sleep a wink all night, for very joy.

Scat. And I'll promise, the next night
They shall not sleep for joy neither.

Lionel. O! mr. Geraldine, I saw you not before :
Your father now is come to town, I hear.

Ger. Yes, sir.

Lionel. Were not my business earnest, I would see him :
But pray intreat him break an hour's sleep
To-morrow morn, t'accompany me to church ;
And come yourself I pray along with him.

Enter Spendall.

Ger. Sir, I thank you.

Lionel. But look, here comes one,
That has but lately shook off his shackles. ———
How now, sirrah! wherefore come you?

Spend. I come to crave a pardon, sir, of you,
And with hearty and zealous thanks
Unto this worthy lady, that hath given me

More than I e'er could hope for, liberty.

Wid. Be thankful unto heaven, and your master :
Nor let your heart grow bigger than your purse,
But live within a limit, lest you burst out
To riot, and to misery again :

For then 'twould lose the benefit I mean it.

Lionel. O! you do graciously; 'tis good advice :
Let it take root, firrah, let it take root.

But come, Widow, come, and see your chamber:
Nay, your company too, for I must speak with you.

[*Exit.*]

Spend. 'Tis bound unto you, fir.

Bub. And I have to talk with you too, mistress *Joice*.
Pray, a word.

Joice. What would you, fir?

Bob. Pray let me see your hand : the line of your
maidenhood is out. Now for your fingers ; upon which
finger will you wear your wedding-ring?

Joice. Upon no finger.

Bub. Then I perceive you mean to wear it on your
thumb. Well, the time is come, sweet *Joice*, the time is
come.

Joice. What to do, fir?

Bub. For me to tickle thy *Tu quoque* ; to do the act of
our forefather : therefore prepare, provide,
To-morrow morn to meet me as my bride.

[*Exit.*]

Joice. I'll meet thee like a ghost first.

Gart. How now, what matter have you fish'd out of
that fool?

Joice. Matter as poisoning as corruption,
That will without some antidote strike home
Like blue infection to the very heart.

Rash. As how, for God's sake?

Joice. To-morrow is the appointed wedding-day.

Gart. The day of doom it is?

Ger. 'Twould be a dismal day indeed to some of us.

Joice. Sir, I do know you love me ; and the time
Will not be dallied with : be what you seem,
Or not the same ; I am your wife, your mistress,
Or your servant ; indeed what you will make me.

Let

Let us no longer wrangle with our wits,
Or dally with our fortunes ; lead me hence,
And carry me into a wilderneck :
I'll fast with you rather than feast with him.

Sta. What can be welcomer unto these arms ?
Not my estate recover'd is more sweet,
Nor strikes more joy in me, than does your love.

Rafb. Will you both kifs then upon the bargain ?
Here's two couple on you, God give you joy ;
I wish well to you, and I see 'tis all the good that I can
do you :

And so to your shifts I leave you.

Joice. Nay, brother, you will not leave us thus, I hope.

Rafb. Why what would you have me do ? you mean
to run away together ; would you ha' me run with you,
and so lose my inheritance ? no, trudge, trudge with
your backs to me, and your bellies to them : away.

Ger. Nay, I pr'ythee be not thus unseasonable :
Without thee we are nothing.

Rafb. By my troth, and I think so too. You love one
another in the way of matrimony, do you not ?

Ger. What else, man ?

Rafb. What else, man ? why 'tis a question to be ask'd ;
For I can assure you, there is another kind of love.
But come, follow me, I must be your good angel still :
'Tis in this brain how to prevent my father, and his brace
Of beagles : you shall none of you be bid to night :
Follow but my direction, if I bring you not,
To have and to hold, for better for worse, let me be held an
Eunuch in wit, and one that was never father to a good
jest.

Gart. We'll be instructed by you.

Rafb. Well, if you be, it will be your own another
day. Come, follow me.

*Spendall meets them, and they look strangely upon him,
and go off.*

Spend. How ruthless men are to adverfity !
My acquaintance scarce will know me ; when we meet
They cannot stay to talk, they must be gone ;
And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them :

A man

A man must trust unto himself, I see ;
 For if he once but halt in his estate,
 Friendship will prove but broken crutches to him.
 Well, I will lean to none of them, but stand
 Free of myself : and if I had a spirit
 Daring to act what I am prompted to,
 I might thrust out into the world again,
 Full blossom'd with a sweet and golden spring.
 It was an argument of love in her
 To fetch me out of prison, and this night,
 She clasp'd my hand in her's, as who should say,
 Thou art my purchase, and I hold thee thus.
 The worst is but repulse, if I attempt it.
 I am resolv'd, my genius whispers to me,
 Go on and win her, thou art young and active,
 Which she is apt to catch at, for there's nought
 That's more unstedfast; than a woman's thought.

*Enter Sir Lionel, Will Rash, Scattergood, Bubble;
 Widow, Gartred, Joice, Phillis, and Servant.*

Lionel. Here's ill lodging, Widow : but you must
 know,

If we had better, we could afford it you.

Widow. The lodging, sir, might serve better guests.

Lionel. Not better, Widow, nor yet welcomer :

But we will leave you to it, and the rest.

Phillis, pray let your mistress not want any thing.

Once more good-night ; I'll leave a kiss with you,
 As earnest of a better gift to-morrow.

Sirrah, a light.

Widow. Good rest to all.

Bub. *Et tu quoque,* forsooth.

Scat. God give you good-night, forsooth,
 And send you an early resurrection.

Widow. Good-night to both.

Lionel. Come, come away, each bird unto his nest,
 To-morrow night's a time of little rest. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Widow, and Phillis.

Widow. Here, unty : soft, let it alone,
 I have no disposition to sleep yet :

Give

Give me a book and leave me for a while,
Some half hour hence look into me.

Phillis. I shall, forsooth.

[*Exit Phillis.*]

Enter Spendall.

Widow. How now, what makes this bold intrusion?

Spend. Pardon me, lady, I have business to you.

Widow. Business! from whom? is it of such importance
That it craves present hearing?

Spend. It does.

Widow. Then speak it, and be brief.

Spend. Nay, gentle Widow, be more pliant to me.
My suit is soft and courteous; full of love.

Widow. Of love?

Spend. Of love.

Widow. Why sure the man is mad? bethink thyself,
Thou hast forgot thy errand.

Spend. I have indeed, fair lady; for my errand
Should first have been deliver'd on your lips.

Widow. Why, thou impudent fellow, unthrift of
shame,
As well as of thy purse. What has mov'd thee
To prosecute thy ruin? hath my bounty,
For which thy master was an orator,
Importun'd thee to pay me with abuse?
Sirrah, retire, or I will to your shame,
With clamours raise the house, and make your master,
For this attempt, return you to the dungeon
From whence you came.

Spend. Nay, then I must be desperate:
Widow, hold your clappish; fasten your tongue
Unto your roof, and do not dare to call,
But give me audience, with fear and silence.
Come kiss me —— no?

This dagger has a point, do you see it?
And be unto my suit obedient,
Or you shall feel it too:

For I will rather totter, hang in clean linnen,
Than live to scrub it out in lousy linings.

Go to, kiss: you will; why so: again, the third time?
Good, 'tis a sufficient charm: now hear me,

You are rich in money, lands, and lordships,
 Manors, and fair possessions, and I have not so much
 As one poor copyhold to thrust my head in.
 Why should you not then have compassion
 Upon a reasonable handsome fellow,
 That has both youth and liveness upon him ;
 And can at midnight quicken and refresh
 Pleasures decay'd in you ? You want children,
 And I am strong, lusty, and have a back
 Like Hercules ; able to get them
 Without the help of muscadine and eggs.
 And will you then, that have enough,
 Take to your bed a bundle of diseases,
 Wrapt up in threescore years, to lie a hawking,
 Spitting and coughing backwards and forwards,
 That you shall not sleep ; but thrusting forth
 Your face out of the bed, be glad to draw
 The curtains, such a steam shall reek
 Out of this dunghill ? Now, what say you ?
 Shall we without farther wrangling clap it up,
 And go to bed together ?

Widow. Will you hear me ?

Spend. Yes, with all my heart,
 So the first word may be, untruss your points. —
 Zounds, one knocks : do not stir, I charge you,
[Knock within.

Nor speak, but what I bid you :
 For by these lips, which now in love I kiss,
 If you but struggle, or raise your voice,
 My arm shall rise with it, and strike you dead.
 Go to, come on with me, and ask who's there ?

Widow. It is my maid.

Spend. No matter, do as I bid you : say, who's there ?

Widow. Who's there ?

Within Phillis. 'Tis I, forsooth.

Spend. If it be you, forsooth, then pray stay
 Till I shall call upon you.

Widow. If it be you forsooth, then pray you stay
 Till I shall call upon you.

Spend.

Spend. Very well, why now I see
Thou'lt prove an obedient wife ; come, let's undress.

Widow. Will you put up your naked weapon, sir ?

Spend. You shall pardon me (widow) I must have
you grant first.

Widow. You will not put it up.

Spend. Not till I have some token of your love.

Widow. If this may be a testimony, take it. [*Kisses him.*
By all my hopes I love thee, thou art worthy
Of the best widow living, thou tak'st the course ;
And those that will win widows must do thus.

Spend. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with
my naked weapon in my hand ; but come, unlace.

Widow. Nay, my dear love, know that I will not yield
My body unto lust, until the priest
Shall join us in Hymen's sacred nuptial rites.

Spend. Then set your hand to this : nay, 'tis a contract
Strong and sufficient, and will hold in law.
Here, here's pen and ink, you see I come provided.

Widow. Give me the pen.

Spend. Why here's some comfort,
Yet write your name fair, I pray,
And at large. — Why now 'tis very well.
Now widow you may admit your maid,
For i'th' next room I'll go fetch a nap.

Widow. Thou shalt not leave me so, come pr'ythee sit,
We'll talk a while, for thou hast made my heart
Dance in my bosom, I receive such joy.

Spend. Thou art a good wench i' faith, come kiss upon't.

Widow. But will you be a loving husband to me,
Avoid all naughty company, and be true
To me, and to my bed ?

Spend. As true to thee, as steel to adamant.

[*Binds him to the post.*

Widow. I'll bind you to your word, see that you be,
Or I'll conceal my bags : I have kinfolks,
To whom I'll mak't over, you shall not have a penny.

Spend. Pish, pr'ythee do not doubt me.
How now, what means this ?

Widow. It means my vengeance ; nay, fir, you are
faft,

Nor do not dare to struggle, I have liberty
Both of my tongue and feet ; I'll call my maid.

Enter Phillis.

Phillis, come in, and help to triumph
Over this bold intruder. Wonder not, wench,
But go unto him, and ransack all his pockets,
And take from thence a contract which he forc'd
From my unwilling fingers.

Spend. Is this according to your oath ?

Phil. Come, fir, I must search you.

Spend. I prythee do.

And when thou tak'st that from me, take my life too.

Widow. Haft thou it, girl ?

Phil. I have a paper here.

Wid. It is the same, give it me. — Look you, fir,
Thus your new-fancied hopes I tear afunder.

Poor wretched man, thou'ft had a golden dream,
Which gilded over thy calamity ;

But being awake thou find'ft it ill laid on,

For with one finger I have wip'd it off.

Go fetch me hither the casket that contains

My choicest jewels, and spread them here before him.

Look you, fir :

Here's gold, pearls, rubies, saphires, diamonds ;

These would be goodly things for you to pawn,

Or revel with amongst your courtezans,

Whilst I and mine did starve : why dost not curse,

And utter all the mischiefs of thy heart,

Which I know swells within thee ? pour it out,

And let me hear thy fury.

Spend. Never, never :

Whene'er my tongue shall speak but well of thee,

It proves no faithful servant to my heart.

Widow. False traitor to thy master, and to me,

'Thou liest, there's no such thing within thee.

Spend. May I be burn'd to ugliness, to that

Which you and all men hate, but I speak truth.

Widow. May I be turn'd a monster, and the shame
Of all my sex, — and if I not believe thee.
Take me unto thee, these and all that's mine,
Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all.
And do not blame this trial, 'cause it shews
I give myself unto thee, am not forc'd,
And with it love, that ne'er shall be divorc'd.

Spend. I am glad 'tis come to this; yet, by this light,
Thou putt'st me into a horrible fear.
But this is my excuse: know that my thoughts
Were not so desperate as my actions seem'd,
For 'fore my dagger should ha' drawn one drop
Of thy chaste blood, it should have sluic'd out mine,
And the cold point stuck deep into my heart:
Nor better be my fate, if I shall move
To any other pleasure but my love.

Widow. It shall be in my creed: but let's away,
For night with her black steeds draws up the day.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Rash, Staines, Geraldine, Gartred, Joice, and a
boy with a lanthorn.*

Rash. Softly, boy, softly; you think you are upon
firm ground, but it is dangerous. You'll never make a
good thief, you rogue, till you learn to creep upon all
four. If I do not sweat with going this pace; every
thing I see, methinks, should be my father in his white
beard.

Staines. It is the property of that passion; for fear
Still shapes all things we see to that we fear.

Rash. Well said, logick: sister, I pray lay hold of him,
For the man, I see, is able to give the watch an answer,

Enter Spendall, Widow and Phillis.

if they should come upon him with interrogatories.
Zounds, we are discover'd! boy, come up close, and
use the property of your lanthorn: what dumb shew
should this be?

Gerald. They take their way directly, intend nothing
against us.

Staines. Can you not discern who they are?

Joice. One is Spendall.

Gart. The other is the widow, as I take it.

Staines. 'Tis true, and that's her maid before her.

Rash. What a night of conspiracy is here! more villainy? there's another goodly mutton going; my father is fleec'd of all, grief will give him a box, i'faith.---but 'tis no great matter; I shall inherit the sooner. Nay, soft, fir, you shall not pass so current with the matter, I'll shake you a little: who goes there?

Spend. Out with the candle; who's that asks the question?

Rash. One that has some reason for't.

Spend. It should be by the voice, young Rash.

Why, we are honest folks.

Rash. Pray, where do you dwell? not in town I hope?

Spend. Why we dwell,---zounds! where do we dwell? I know not where.

Rash. And you'll be married you know not when---zounds, it were a christian deed to stop thee in thy journey: hast thou no more spirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee? Suppose I had been a constable, you had been in a fine taking, had you not?

Spend. But my still worthy friend,
Is there no worse face of ill bent towards me,
Than that thou merrily put'st on?

Rash. Yes, here's four or five faces more, but ne'er an ill one, tho' never an excellent good one.---Boy, up with your lanthorn of light, and shew him his associates, all running away with the flesh as thou art. Go yoak together, you may be oxen one day, and draw all together in a plough; go march together, the Parson stays for you; pay him royally. Come, give me the lanthorn, for you have light sufficient, for night has put off his black cap, and salutes the morn; now farewell, my little children of Cupid, that walk by two and two; as if you went a feasting: let me hear no more words, but be gone.

Spend. & *Staines.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Gart. & *Joice.* Farewell, brother.

[*Manet Rash.*
Rash.

Rash. Ay, you may cry farewell; but if my father should know of my villainy, how should I fare then? But all's one, I ha' done my sisters good, my friends, good, and myself good; and a general good is always to be respected before a particular. There's eight score pounds a year saved, by the conveyance of this widow. ---I hear footsteps; now darkness take me into thy arms, and deliver me from discovery. [Exit.

Enter Sir Lionel.

Lionel. Lord, lord, what a careless world is this! neither bride nor bridegroom ready; time to go to church, and not a man unroofed; this age has not seen a young gallant rise with a candle; we live drown'd in feather-beds, and dream of no other felicity. This was not the life when I was a young man. What makes us so weak as we are now? a feather-bed. What so unapt for exercise? a feather-bed. What breeds such pains and aches in our bones? why, a feather-bed, or a wench, or at least a wench in a feather-bed. Is it not a shame, that an old man as I am should be up first, and in a wedding-day? I think in my conscience, there's more metal in lads of threescore, than in boys of one and twenty.

Enter Baskethilt.

Why, Baskethilt?

Bask. Here, sir.

Lion. Shall I not be trussed to-day?

Bask. Yes, sir, but I went for water.

Lion. Is Will Rash up yet?

Bask. I think not, sir, for I heard nobody stirring in the house.

Lion. Knock, firrah, at his chamber.

[Knock within.

The house might be pluck'd down and builded again
Before he'd wake with the noise.

[Rash aloft.

Rash. Who's that keeps such a knocking, are you mad?

Lion. Rather thou art drunk, thou lazy slouch,
That mak'st thy bed thy grave, and in it buriest
All thy youth and vigour: up for shame.

Rash. Why, 'tis not two a clock yet.

Lion. Out, sluggish knave, 'tis nearer unto five ;
The whole house has out-slept themselves, as if they
had drunk wild poppy.---Sirrah, go you and raise the
maids, and let them call upon their mistresses.

Bask. Well, fir, I shall. [Exit.

Enter Scattergood and Bubble.

Scat. Did I eat any lettuce to supper last night, that I
am so sleepy ? I think it be day-light, brother Bubble.

Bub. What say'st thou, brother ? heigh ho !

Lion. Fie, fie, not ready yet ? what sluggishness
Hath seiz'd upon you ? why thine eyes are close still.

Bub. As fast as a Kentish oyster : surely I was begot-
ten in a

Plumb-tree,

I ha' such a deal of gum about mine eyes. [Ent. Servant.

Lion. Lord, how you stand ! I am asham'd to see
The sun should be a witness of your sloth.

Now, fir, your haste ?

Bask. Marry, fir, there are guests coming to accom-
pany you to church.

Lion. Why, this is excellent, men whom it not concerns
Are more respective, than we that are main actors.

Bub. Father Rash, be not so outrageous, we will go in
and buckle ourselves, all in good time. How now !
what's this about my shins ?

Enter old Geraldine, and Longfield.

Scatt. Methought our shanks were not fellows ; we
have metamorphosed our stockings for want of splendor.

Bub. Pray, what's that, Splendor ?

Scatt. Why, 'tis the Latin word for a Christmas
candle. [Exit.

Lion. O, gentlemen, you love, you honour me. Wel-
come, welcome, good master Geraldine, you have taken
pains

To accompany an undeserving friend. [Enter Phillis.

Old Ger. You put us to a needless labour, fir,

To run and wind about for circumstance,

When the plain word, I thank you, would have serv'd.

Lionel.

Lion. How now, wench, are the females ready yet?
The time comes on upon us, and we run backward:
We are so untoward in our business,
We think not what we have to do, nor what we do.

Phil. I know not, fir, whether they know what to do,
but I am sure they have been at church well nigh an
hour; they were afraid you had got the start of them,
which made them make such haste.

Lion. Is't possible? what think you, gentlemen,
Are not these wenches forward? is there not vertue in a
man

Can make young virgins leave their beds so soon?
But is the Widow gone along with them?

Phil. Yes, fir; why, she was the ring-leader.

Lion. I thought as much, for she knows what be-
longs to't.

Come, gentlemen, methinks 'tis sport to see
Young wenches run to church before their husbands.

Enter Rash.

Faith we shall make them blush for this e'er night.
Ah, firrah, are you come? why, that's well said;
I marl'd indeed that all things are so quiet,
Which made me think th'ad not unwrapt their sheets;

Enter Servant, with a cloak.

And then were they at church, I hold my life:
Maids think it long 'til each be made a wife.

Enter Spend. Sta. Geraldine, Widow, Gartred, and Joice.

Hast thou my cloak, knave? well said, put it on;
We'll after them; let me go, hasten both,
Both the bridegrooms forward; we'll walk a little
Softly on afore. — But, see, see, if they be not come
To fetch us now. — We come, we come:
Bid them return, and save themselves this labour.

Rash. Now have I a quartan ague upon me.

Lion. Why, how now! why, come you from church
to kneel thus publickly? what's the matter?

Ger. We kneel, fir, for your blessing.

Lion. How, my blessing! master Geraldine, is not that
your son?

Old Ger. Yes, fir, and that, I take it, is your daughter.

Lion. I suspect knavery: what are you?
Why do you kneel hand in hand with her?

Sta. For a fatherly blessing too, fir.

Lion. Hey day! 'tis palpable, I am gull'd, and my
son Scattergood and Bubble fool'd: you are married?

Spend. Yes, fir, we are married.

Lion. More villainy! every thing goes the wrong way.

Spend. We shall go the right way anon, I hope.

Lion. Yes, marry shall you, you shall e'en to the
Counter again, and that's the right way for you.

Widow. O, you are wrong,

The prison that shall hold him are these arms.

Lion. I do fear that I shall turn stinckard, I do smell
such a matter: you are married then?

Enter Scattergood and Bubble.

Spend. Ecce signum! here's the wedding-ring t'affirm it.

Lion. I believe the knave has drunk ipocras,
He is so pleasant.

Scatt. Good morrow, gentlemen.

Bub. Tu quoque to all: what, shall we go to church?
Come, I long to be about this gear.

Lion. Do you hear me, will you two go sleep again?
take out the t'other nap, for you are both made cox-
combs, and so am I.

Scatt. How, coxcombs!

Lion. Yes, coxcombs.

Scatt. Father, that word coxcomb goes against my
stomach.

Bub. And against mine, a man might ha' digested a
woodcock better.

Lion. You two come now to go to church to be
married,

And they two come from church and are married.

Bub. How, married! I would see that man durst
marry her.

Ger. Why, fir, what would you do?

Bub. Why, fir, I would forbid the bans.

Scat. And so would I.

Lion. Do you know that youth in sattin? he's the pen
that belongs to that inkhorn.

Bub.

Bub. How, let me see, are not you my man Gervase?

Sta. Yes, fir. [Enter a Serjeant.]

Bub. And have you married her?

Sta. Yes, fir.

Bub. And do you think you have us'd me well?

Sta. Yes, fir,

Bub. O intolerable rascal! I will presently be made a justice of peace, and have thee whip'd.—Go, fetch a constable.

Sta. Come, y'are a flourishing ass; Serjeant, take him to thee, he has had a long time of his pageantry.

Lion. Sirrah, let him go, I'll be his bail for all debts which come against him.

Sta. Reverend fir, to whom I owe the duty of a son, Which I shall ever pay in my obedience:

Know that which made him gracious in your eyes,
And gilded over his imperfections,

Is wasted and consumed even like ice,
Which by the vehemence of heat dissolves,

And glides to many rivers; so his wealth,
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expence,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers
Ran like a violent stream to other mens;

What was my own, I catch'd at.

Lion. Have you your mortgage in?

Sta. Yes, fir.

Lion. Stand up, the matter is well amended.

Master Geraldine, give you sufferance to this match?

Old Ger. Yes, marry do I, fir; for since they love,
I'll not have the crime lie on my head,

To divide man and wife.

Lion. Why, you say well; my blessing fall upon you.

Widow. And upon us that love, fir Lionel.

Lion. By my troth, since thou hast ta'en the young
knave,

God give thee joy of him, and may he prove
A wiser man than his master.

Sta. Serjeant, why dost not carry him to prison?

Serj. Sir Lionel Rash will bail him.

Lion. I bail him, knave! wherefore should I bail him?

No, carry him away, I'll relieve no prodigals.

Bub. Good fir Lionel, I beseech you, fir; gentlemen, I pray, make a purse for me.

Serj. Come, fir, come, are you begging?

Bub. Why, that does you no harm. Gervase, master, I should say; some compassion.

Sta. Serjeants, come back with him.--Look, fir, here is Your livery;

If you can put off all your former pride,

And put on this with that humility

That you first wore it, I will pay your debts,

Free you of all incumbrances,

And take you again into my service.

Bub. Tenterhook, let me go, I will take his worship's offer without wages, rather than come into your clutches again; a man in a blue coat may have some colour for his knavery, in the Counter he can have none.

Lion. But now, mr. Scattergood, what say you to this?

Scat. Marry, I say 'tis scarce honest dealing for any man to coneycatch another man's wife. I protest we'll not put it up.

Sta. No, which we?

Scat. Why, Gartred and I.

Sta. Gartred, why, she'll put it up.

Scat. Will she?

Ger. Ay, that she will, and so must you.

Scat. Must I?

Ger. Yes, that you must.

Scat. Well, if I must, I must; but I protest I would not,

But that I must: So *vale, vale: Et tu quoque.* [*Exit.*]

Lion. Why, that's well said,

Then I perceive we shall wind up all wrong.

Come, gentlemen, and all our other guests;

Let our well-temper'd bloods taste Bacchu's feasts;

But let us know first, how these sports delight,

And to these gentlemen each bid good-night.

Rash. Gentles, I hope, that well my labour ends,
All that I did, was but to please my friends.

Ger. A kind enamoret I did strive to prove,
But now I leave that, and pursue your love.

Gart. My part I have performd with the rest,
And though I have not, yet I would do best.

Sta. That I have cheated through the play, 'tis true;
But yet I hope I have not cheated you.

Joice. If with my clamours I have done you wrong;
Ever hereafter I will hold my tongue.

Spend. If through my riot I have offensive been,
Henceforth I'll play the civil citizen.

Widow. Faith, all that I say, is, how e'er it hap,
Widows like maids sometimes may catch a clap.

Bub. To mirth and laughter henceforth I'll provoke ye,
If you but please to like of Green's *Tu Quoque.*



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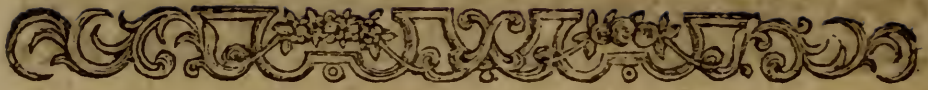


THE
Honest Whore:
A
COMEDY.

WITH
The HUMOURS of the
PATIENT MAN and the
LONGING WIFE.

Written by *THO. DECKER.*



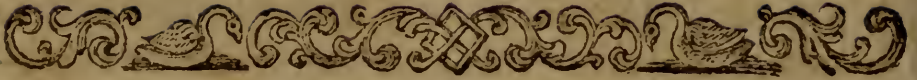


THIS Author was cotemporary with Ben Johnson, and at the Death of Samuel Daniel was Competitor with him for the Bays, but lost it. As I have this Opportunity, I will just mention the Succession of these Poetical Monarchs from the Reign of Spencer the Great, to his present Majesty Colley Cibber : In which it is observable, that for the space of about 150 Years, there have been exactly the same Number of Poetical and Political Monarchs. Spencer was Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth, and died in 1598, about four Years before her ; he was succeeded by Daniel, who died in 1619, and left the Bays to Ben Johnson, who held it eighteen Years, and then resigned it to Sir William Davenant, who dying in 1668, after he had enjoyed it thirty-one Years, it was plac'd on the Head of Dryden ; but at the Revolution he was deposed, and his Bays adorn'd the Brow of Shadwel, who dying in 1692, after he had worn it four Years, it descended to Tate ; this Monarch held it twenty-four Years, but dying in 1716, it fell to the Reverend Mr. Eusden, who enjoyed it till the Year 1730, when it was handed down to Mr. Cibber, on whose Majestic Brow it still remains. But to return to our Author. On account of his Competition with Johnson for the Bays, a Quarrel grew betwixt them : Ben was very severe on him in his Poetafter, and Decker returned the Lash as smartly as he could in his Satyromastix, or the Untrussing of the humorous Poet ; but it must be confess'd he was not equal to his Opponent. The rest of our Author's Plays are, The second Part of the Honest Whore, Fortunatus, If this be not a good Play, the Devil's in it, Satyromastix, Northward,

ward, ho, and Westward, ho, *Comedies*; Match me in London, a *Tragi-Comedy*; Wyat's History, and the Whore of Babylon, a History. The Design of this last Play is to set forth the Virtues of Queen Elizabeth, and the Danger she escap'd by the Discovery of some Plots form'd against her by the Jesuits. The Queen is shadow'd under the Name of Titania, Rome under that of Babylon, Campion the Jesuit is represented by the Name of Campeius, and Dr. Parry by Paridel.



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

GAsparo Trebatzi, duke of Milan.
 Castruchio.
 Sinezi.

Piorctto Fluello.

Hipolito.

Matheo.

Fustigo, brother to *Viola*.

Candido, the Patient Man.

George, his Servant.

Dr. Benedict.

Friar Anselmo.

Crambo.

Puff.

Roger, Servant to *Bellafront*

W O M E N.

Viola, wife to *Candido*.

Infelicia.

Bellafront, the Honest Whore.

A Barwd.






THE

Honest Whore, &c.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter at one door a funeral, a coronet lying on the hearse, 'scutcheons and garlands hanging on the sides ; attended by Gasparo Trebatzi, duke of Milan, Castruchio, Sinezzi ; Pioratto Fluello, and others at another door.

Enter Hipolito in discontented appearance : Matheo, a gentleman, his friend, labouring to hold him back.

Duke.  Enhold, yon comet shews his head again ;
Twice hath he thus at cross-turns
thrown on us
Prodigious looks : twice hath he
troubled

The waters of our eyes. See, he's turn'd wild ;
Go on in God's name.

All. On afore there, ho.

Duke.

Duke. Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly
sides

Your weapons, to keep back the desperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito. I pr'ythee, dear Matheo.

Matheo. Come, y'are mad.

Hip. I do arrest thee, murderer: set down;
Villains, set down that sorrow, 'tis all mine.

Duke. I do beseech you all, for my blood's sake,
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Join in confederacy with your weapons points;
If he proceed to vex us, let your swords
Seek out his bowels: funeral grief loaths words.

All. Set on.

Hip. Set down the body.

Mat. O! my lord,

Y'are wrong: i'th' open street? you see she's dead.

Hip. I know she is not dead.

Duke. Frantick young man,
Wilt thou believe these gentlemen? pray speak.
Thou dost abuse my child, and mock'st the tears
That here are shed for her: if to behold
Those roses wither'd that set out her cheeks;
That pair of stars that gave her body light,
Darken'd and dim for ever; all those rivers
That fed her veins with warm and crimson streams,
Frozen and dried up: If these be signs of death,
Then is she dead. Thou, unreligious youth,
Art not ashamed to empty all these eyes
Of funeral tears (a debt due to the dead,
As mirth is to the living :) sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee?--Hark, thou art curs'd
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speak.

Hip. My lord.

Duke. What would'st thou have? is she not dead?

Hip. Oh, you ha' kill'd her by your cruelty.

Duke. Admit I had, thou kill'st her now again;
And art more savage than a barbarous Moor.

Hip. Let me but kiss her pale and bloodless lip.

Duke. O fie, fie, fie!

Hip.

Hip. Or, if not touch her, let me look on her.

Matb. As you regard your honour.

Hip. Honour! smoak.

Matb. Or if you lov'd her living, spare her now.

Duke. Ay, well done, fir; you play the gentleman;

Steal hence; 'tis nobly done; away; I'll join

My force to your's, to stop this violent torrent.

Pass on.

[*Exeunt with funeral.*]

Hip. Matheo, thou do'st wound me more.

Matb. I give you physick, noble friend, not wounds.

Duke. Oh, well said, well done, a true gentleman:

Alack! I know the sea of lovers rage

Comes rushing with so strong a tide, it beats

And bears down all respects of life, of honour,

Of friends, of foes.—Forget her, gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her?

Duke. Nay, nay, but be patient:

For why, death's hand hath sued a strict divorce

'Twixt her and thee. What's beauty but a corse?

What but fair sand-dust are earth's purest forms?

Queens bodies are but trunks to put in worms.

Mat. Speak no more sentences, my good lord, but

slip hence; you see they are but fits; I'll rule him, I

warrant ye.—Ay, so, tread gingerly, your grace is here

somewhat too long already. 'Sblood, the jest were now,

if, having ta'en some knocks o'the pate already, he

should get loose again, and, like a mad ox, toss my new

black cloaks into the kennel. I must humour his lord-

ship.—My lord Hipolito, is it in your stomach to go

to dinner?

Hip. Where is the body?

Mat. The body, as the duke spoke very wisely, is gone to be worm'd.

Hip. I cannot rest; I'll meet it at next turn.

I'll see how my love looks. [*Matheo holds him in's arms.*]

Mat. How your love looks? worse than a scare-

crow. Wrestle not with me: the great fellow gives the

fall for a ducat.

Hip. I shall forget myself.

Mat. Pray do so; leave yourself behind yourself, and

go whither you will. 'Sfoot, do you long to have base rogues that maintain a faint Anthony's fire in their noses, (by nothing but two-peny ale) make ballads of you? If the duke had but so much metal in him, as is in a cobbler's awl, he would ha' been a vex'd thing; he and his train had blown you up, but that their powder has taken the wet of cowards: you'll blood three pottles of Alicant, by this light, if you follow 'em; and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have surgeons roll thee up, like a baby in swaddling clouts.

Hip. What day is to-day, Matheo?

Mat. Yea, marry, this is an easy question: why to-day is, let me see, Thursday.

Hip. Oh, Thursday!

Mat. Here's a coil for a dead commodity! 'sfoot, women, when they are alive, are but dead commodities; for you shall have one woman lie upon many mens hands.

Hip. She died on Monday then.

Mat. And that's the most villainous day of all the week to die in: and she was well, and eat a mess of water-gruel on Monday morning.

Hip. Ay? it cannot be
Such a bright taper should burn out so soon.

Mat. O! yes, my lord, so soon. Why, I ha' known them at dinner have been as well, and had so much health, that they were glad to pledge it; yet, before three o'clock, have been found dead drunk.

Hip. On Thursday buried! and on Monday died!
Quick haste, by'r lady: sure her winding sheet
Was laid out 'fore her body; and the worms,
That now must feast with her, were even bespoke,
And solemnly invited, like strange guests.

Mat. Strange feeders they are, indeed, my lord, and like your jester, or young courtier, will enter upon any man's trencher without bidding.

Hip. Curs'd be that day for ever, that robb'd her
Of breath, and me of blifs: henceforth let it stand
Within the wizard's book (the kalendar)
Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen
By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,

As the best day for them to labour in.
 If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
 Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,
 Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,
 Slander, (the beggars sin) lyes, (the sin of fools)
 Or any other damn'd impieties,
 On Monday let 'em be delivered.
 I swear to thee, Matheo, by my soul,
 Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glew
 Mine eye-lids down, because they shall not gaze
 On any female cheek: and being lock'd up
 In my close chamber, there I'll meditate
 On nothing but my Infelicia's end,
 Or on a dead man's scull draw out mine own.

Mat. You'll do all these good works now every
 Monday, because it is so bad: but I hope upon Tuesday
 morning I shall take you with a wench.

Hip. If ever whilst frail blood through my veins run,
 On woman's beams I throw affection,
 Save her that's dead: or that I loosely fly
 To th' shore of any other waisting eye,
 Let me not prosper, heaven. I will be true,
 Even to her dust and ashes: could her tomb
 Stand, whilst I liv'd so long, that it might rot,
 That should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

Mat. If you have this strange monster, honesty, in
 your belly, why so jig-makers and chroniclers shall pick
 something out of you: but and I smell not you and a
 bawdy-house out within these ten days, let my nose be as
 big as an English bag-pudding. I'll follow your lordship,
 though it be to the place aforenamed. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Enter Fustigo in some fantastick sea-suit at one door,
a Porter meets him at another.*

Fustigo. **H**OW now, Porter, will she come?

Porter. If I may trust a woman, sir, she will come.

Fust. There's for thy pains; Godamercy, if ever I stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, Porter, thou shalt earn my money before any Clarissimo in Milan; yet so, God sa' me, she's mine own sister, body and soul, as I am a christian gentleman. Farewel, I'll ponder till she come: thou hast been no bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

Porter. No matter if I had, sir; better men than Porters are bawds.

Fust. O God, sir, many that have born offices. But, Porter, art sure thou went'st into a true house?

Porter. I think so, for I met with no thieves.

Fust. Nay, but art sure it was my sister Viola?

Porter. I am sure by all superscriptions it was the party you cypher'd.

Fust. Not very tall?

Porter. Nor very low, a middling woman.

Fust. 'Twas she, faith, 'twas she; a pretty plump cheek, like mine.

Porter. At a blush, a little very much like you.

Fust. Godso, I would not for a ducat she had kick'd up her heels, for I ha' spent an abomination this voyage, marry, I did it amongst sailors and gentlemen.--There's a little modicum more, Porter, for making thee stay: fare-well honest Porter.

Porter. I am in your debt, sir, God preserve you.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Viola.

Fust. Not so neither, good Porter; godslid, yonder she comes. — Sister Viola, I am glad to see you stirring: 'tis news to have me here, is't not, sister?

Viola.

Viola. Yes, trust me : I wonder'd who should be so bold to send for me.—You are welcome to Milan, brother.

Fust. Troth, sifter, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff, and I was very sorry for it, that I had no better cloaths, and that made me send : for you know we Milaners love to strut upon Spanish leather.—And how does all our friends ?

Viola. Very well ; you ha' travelled enough now, I trow, to sow your wild oaths.

Fust. A pox on 'em ; wild oats ! I ha' not an oat to throw at a horse. Troth, sifter, I ha' sow'd my oats, and reap'd two hundred ducats, if I had 'em here. Marry, I must entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty, till the ship come : by this hand, I'll discharge at my day, by this hand.

Viola. These are your old oaths.

Fust. Why, sifter, do you think I'll forswear my hand ?

Viola. Well, well, you shall have them. Put yourself into better fashion, because I must imploy you in a ferious matter.

Fust. I'll sweat like a horse, if I like the matter.

Viola. You ha' cast off all your old swaggering humours ?

Fust. I had not fail'd a league in that great fish-pond (the sea) but I cast up my very gall.

Viola. I am the more sorry, for I must employ a true swaggerer.

Fust. Nay, by this iron, sifter, they shall find I am powder and touch-box, if they put fire once into me.

Viola. Then lend me your ears.

Fust. Mine ears are your's, dear sifter.

Viola. I am married to a man that has wealth enough, and wit enough.

Fust. A linnen draper, I was told, sifter.

Viola. Very true, a grave citizen ; I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband : but here's the spite, he has not all things belonging to a man.

Fust. Gods my life, he's a very mandrake ; or else (God blefs us) one o'these whiblins, and that's worfe ; and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, fifter, are bastards by a statute.

Viola. O, you run over me too fast, brother. I have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry, is no man. I am fure my husband is a man in print for all things else, save only in this, no tempest can move him.

Fust. 'Slid, would he had been at sea with us, he should ha' been mov'd and mov'd again ; for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reel'd like a Dutchman.

Viola. No loss of goods can increase in him a wrinkle ; no crabbed language make his countenance fowr ; the stubbornness of no servant shake him ; he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant ; musician will he never be, (yet I find much musick in him) but he loves no frets, and is so free from anger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that virtue which all womens tongues have, to anger their husbands : Brother, mine can by no thunder turn him into a sharpness.

Fust. Belike his blood, fifter, is well brew'd then.

Viola. I protest to thee, Fustigo, I love him most affectionately ; but I know not——I ha' such a tickling within me——such a strange longing ; nay, verily, I do long.

Fust. Then y'are with child, fifter, by all signs and tokens ; nay, I am partly a phyfician, and partly something else. I ha' read Albertus Magnus, and Aristotle's problems.

Viola. Y'are wide o'the bow-hand still, brother : my longings are not wanton, but wayward : I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole porcupine, to the intent, the bristling quills may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustachio, and be shot at me : I shall be leaner than the new moon, unless I can make him horn-mad.

Fust. 'Sfoot, half a quarter of an hour does that : make him a cuckold.

Viola. Poh, he would count such a cut no unkindness

Fust.

Fust. The honefter citizen he. Then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

Viola. Fie, fie; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little scal'd hair. No, brother, thus it shall be; you must be secret.

Fust. As your midwife, I protest sifter, or a barber-furgeon.

Viola. Repair to the Tortoise here in St. Christopher's street, I will send you money; turn yourself into a brave man: instead of the arms of your mistress, let your sword and your military scarf hang about your neck.

Fust. I must have a great horseman's French feather too, sifter.

Viola. O, by any means, to shew your light head, else your hat will fit like a coxcomb: to be brief, you must be in all points a most terrible wide-mouth'd swaggerer.

Fust. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Viola. Resort then to our shop, and (in my husband's presence) kiss me, snatch rings, jewels, or any thing; so you give it back again, brother, in secret.

Fust. By this hand, sifter.

Viola. Swear as if you came but new from knight-ing.

Fust. Nay, I'll swear after 400 a year.

Viola. Swagger worse than a lieutenant among fresh-water soldiers; call me your love, your ingle, your cousin, or so; but sifter, at no hand.

Fust. No, no, it shall be cousin; or rather cuz, that's the gulling word between the citizens wives and their old dames, that man 'em to the garden; to call you one o'mine aunts, sifter, were as good as call you errant whore: no, no, let me alone to couzen you rarely.

Viola. He has heard I have no brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fust. The best in Milan, I warrant.

Viola. Take up wares, but pay nothing; rifle my bosom, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for money to

dice withall ; but, brother, you must give all back again in secret.

Fust. By this welkin that here roars, I will, or else let me never know what a secret is. Why, sister, do you think I'll coney-catch you, when you are my cousin ? god's my life, then I were a stark afs. If I fret not his guts, beg me for a fool.

Viola. Be circumspect, and do so then. Farewell.

Fust. The Tortoise, sister ? I'll stay there ; forty ducats. [Exit.

Viola. Thither I'll send : this law can none deny,
Women must have their longings, or they die. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Gasparo the Duke, Doctor Benedict, two servants.

Duke. **G** I V E charge that none do enter, lock the doors ;

And fellows, what your eyes and ears receive,
Upon your lives trust not the gadding air
To carry the least part of it.—The glass, the hour-glass.

Doctor. Here, my lord.

Duke. Ah, 'tis near spent.

But doctor Benedict, does your art speak truth ?
Art sure the soporiferous stream will ebb,
And leave the crystal banks of her white body
Pure as they were at first, just at the hour ?

Doctor. Just at the hour, my lord.

Duke. Uncurtain her.

Softly, sweet Doctor. What a coldish heat
Spreads over all her body !

Doctor. Now it works :

The vital spirits that by a sleepy charm
Were bound up fast, and threw an icy rust
On her exterior parts, now 'gin to break :
Trouble her not, my lord.

Duke. Some fools. You call'd

For musick, did you not? oh, oh, it speaks,
 It speaks. Watch, sirs, her waking, note those sands.
 Doctor, sit down: a dukedom that should weigh mine
 Own down twice, being put into one scale,
 And that fond desperate boy Hipolito
 Making the weight up, should not (at my hands)
 Buy her i'th' t'other, were her state more light
 Than her's, who makes a dowry up with alms.
 Doctor, I'll starve her on the Appennine,
 E'er he shall marry her. I must confess,
 Hipolito is nobly born: A man,
 Did not mine enemies blood boil in his veins,
 Whom I would court to be my son-in-law;
 But Princes, whose high spleens for empire swell,
 Are not with easy art made parallel.

2. *Servant*. She wakes, my lord!

Duke. Look, Doctor Benedict.

I charge you, on your lives, maintain for truth
 What e'er the Doctor or myself aver;
 For you shall bear her hence to Bergamo.

Infelicia. Oh god, what fearful dreams!

Doctor. Lady.

Infe. Ha!

Duke. Girl!

Why, Infelicia! How is't now? ha, speak.

Infe. I'm well. — What makes this Doctor here? —
 I'm well.

Duke. Thou wert not so e'en now. Sickneſs's pale
 hand

Laid hold on thee even in the dead't of feasting;
 And when a cup, crown'd with thy lover's health,
 Had touch'd thy lips, a sensible cold dew
 Stood on thy cheeks, as if that death had wept
 To see such beauties alter'd.

Infe. I remember

I sat at banquet; but felt no such change.

Duke. Thou hast forgot then how a messenger
 Came wildly in, with this unfavoury news,
 That he was dead.

Infe. What messenger! Who's dead!

Duke. Hipolito. Alack, wring not thy hands!

Infe. I saw no messenger; heard no such news.

Doctor. Trust me you did, sweet lady.

Duke. La' you now.

2. Serv. Yes, indeed, madam.

Duke. La' you now; 'tis well, God knows.

Infe. You ha' slain him, and now you'll murder me.

Duke. Good Infelicia, vex not thus thyself:
Of this the bad report before did strike
So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen up —

Infe. It is untrue,

'Tis most untrue. O most unnatural father!

Duke. And we had much ado, by art's best cunning,
To fetch life back again.

Doctor. Most certain, lady.

Duke. Why la' you now; you'll not believe me.
Friends,

Sweat we not all? had we not much to do?

2. Serv. Yes indeed, my lord, much.

Duke. Death drew such fearful pictures in thy face,
That were Hipolito alive again,
I'd kneel and woo the noble gentleman
To be thy husband. Now I fore repent
My sharpness to him, and his family.

Nay, do not weep for him: we all must die.

Doctor. this place where she so oft hath seen
His lively presence, haunts her: Does it not?

Doctor. Doubtless, my lord, it does.

Duke. It does, it does.

Therefore, sweet girl, thou shalt to Bergamo.

Infe. Even where you will: in any place there's woe.

Duke. A coach is ready; Bergamo doth stand
In a most wholesome air; sweet walks; there's deer.

Ay, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,

Which, like some Goddess in the Cyprian groves,

Thine own fair hand shall strike.—Sirs, you shall teach
To stand, and how to shoot: Ay, she shall hunt. [her

Cast off this sorrow. In, girl, and prepare

This night to ride away to Bergamo.

Infe.

Inse. O most unhappy maid !

[*Exit.*

Duke. Follow it close.

No words that she was buried, on your lives,
Or that her ghost walks now after she is dead ;
I'll hang you if you name a funeral.

1. *Serv.* I'll speak Greek, my lord, e'er I speak that
deadly word.

2. *Serv.* And I'll speak Welch, which is harder than
Greek. [*Exeunt.*

Duke. Away, look to her.—Doctor Benedict,
Did you observe how her complexion alter'd
Upon his name and death? O! would 'twere true.

Doctor. It may, my lord.

Duke. May! How? I wish his death.

Doctor. And you may have your wish: say but the
And 'tis a strong spell to rip up his grave. [word,
I have good knowledge with Hipolito:
He calls me friend; I'll creep into his bosom,
And sting him there to death: poison can do't.

Duke. Perform it; I'll create thee half mine heir.

Doctor. It shall be done, altho' the fact be foul.

Duke. Greatness hides sin; the guilt upon my soul.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Castruchio, Pioratto, and Fluello.

Cast. Signior Pioratto, signior Fluello, shall's be mer-
ry? shall's play the wag now?

Fluello. Ay, any thing that may beget the child
laughter.

Cast. Truth, I have a pretty sportive conceit new
crept into my brain, will move excellent mirth.

Pio. Let's ha't, let's ha't; and where shall the scene
of mirth lie?

Cast. At signior Candido's house, the patient man;
nay, the monstrous patient man: they say his blood is im-
moveable; that he has taken all patience from a man,
and all constancy from a woman.

Flu. That makes so many whores now-a-days.

Cast. Ay, and so many knaves too.

Pio. Well, fir.

Cast. To conclude; the report goes, he's so mild, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can move him. Now, do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as mad as an English cuckold.

Flu. O! 'twere admirable mirth, that: but how wil't be done, signior?

Cast. Let me alone; I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting him, 'faith, if he have but a thimbleful of blood in's belly, or a spleen not so big as a tavern token.

Pio. Thou stir him! thou move him! thou anger him! Alas! I know his approved temper. Thou vex him! why he has a patience above man's injuries: thou may'st sooner raise a spleen in an angel than rough humour in him. Why, I'll give you instance for it: this wonderfully temper'd signior Candido upon a time invited home to his house certain Neapolitan lords, of curious taste, and no mean palates; conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheer fitting for such honourable trencher-men. She (just of a woman's nature, covetous to try the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnish'd not only of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He (according to the mildness of his breast) entertain'd the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time, as much as a citizen might do. To conclude; they were hungry lords, for there came no meat in; their stomachs were plainly gull'd, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could have seized a man) there was matter enough, 'faith, to vex any citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a fool by his wife.

Flu. Ay, I'll swear for't: 'sfoot, had it been my case I should have ha' play'd mad tricks with my wife and family; first, I would ha' spitted the men, stew'd the maids, and bak'd the mistress, and so served them in.

Pio.

Pio. Why, 'twould ha' temper'd any blood but his ;
And thou to vex him ! thou to anger him
With some poor shallow jest !

Cast. S'blood, signior Pioratto (you that disparage my
conceit) I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't,
that it moves, frets him, and galls him.

Pio. Done : 'tis a lay ; join golls on't. Witness sig-
nior Fluello.

Cast. Witness : 'tis done.
Come follow me : the house is not far off.
I'll thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win an hundred ducats by one jest. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Candido's wife, George, and two 'Prentices in
the shop.*

Wife. COME you, put up your wares in good order
here : do you not think, you, one piece cast
this way, another that way, you had need have a patient
master indeed ?

George. Ay, I'll be sworn, for we have a curst mistress.

Wife. You mumble ! Do you mumble ? I would your
master or I could be a note more angry : for two patient
folks in a house spoil all the servants that ever shall come
under them.

1. 'Prentice. You patient ! Ay, so is the devil when
he is horn-mad.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, and Pioratto.

All three. Gentlemen, what do you lack ? what is't
you buy ? See fine hollands, fine cambricks, fine lawns.

George. What is't you lack ?

2. 'Prentice. What is't you buy ?

Cast. Where's signior Candido, thy master ?

George. Faith, signior, he's a little negotiated ; he'll
appear presently.

Cast. Fellow, let's see a lawn, a choice one, sirrah.

George. The best in all Milan, gentlemen, and this is the piece. I can fit you, gentlemen, with fine callicoes too for doublets; the only sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly: a meek gentle calico, cut upon two double affable taffatas: ah, most neat, feat, and unmatchable.

Flu. A notable voluble-tongu'd villain.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

Cast. What, and is this she, say'st thou?

George. Ay, and the purest she that ever you finger'd since you were a gentleman: look how even she is; look how clean she is; ha! as even as the brow of Cynthia, and as clean as your sons-and-heirs when they ha' spent all.

Cast. Puh! thou talk'st — Pox on't, 'tis rough.

George. How! Is she rough? But if you bid pox on't, sir, 'twill take away the roughness presently.

Flu. Ha, signior, has he fitted your French curse?

George. Look you, gentlemen, here's another; compare them, I pray: *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare virgins with harlots.

Cast. Puh! I ha' seen better; and as you term them, evener and cleaner.

George. You may see farther for your mind, but trust me you shall not find better for your body.

Enter Candido.

Cast. O! here he comes; let's make as tho' we pass. Come, come, we'll try in some other shop.

Cand. How now? what's the matter?

George. The gentlemen find fault with this lawn; fall out with it, and without a cause too.

Cand. Without a cause!

And that makes you to let 'em pass away.

Ah, may I crave a word with you, gentlemen?

Flu. He calls us.

Cast. Makes the better for the jest.

Cand. I pray come near. Y'are very welcome, gallants;

Pray pardon my man's rudeness, for I fear me

He's

He's talk'd above a 'prentice with you. — Lawns!
 Look you, kind gentlemen --- this! --- no: --- Ay, this:
 Take this, upon my honest-dealing faith,
 To be a true weave; not too hard, nor slack,
 But e'en as far from falshood, as from black.

Cast. Well, how do you rate it?

Cand. Very conscionably; eighteen shillings a yard.

Cast. That's too dear. How many yards does the whole piece contain, think you?

Cand. Why, some seventeen yards, I think, or thereabouts. How much would serve your turn, I pray?

Cast. Why, let me see — would it were better too.

Cand. Truth, 'tis the best in Milan, at few words.

Cast. Well; let me have then --- a whole penny-worth.

Cand. Ha, ha! y'are a merry Gentleman.

Cast. A penn'orth, I say.

Cand. Of lawn!

Cast. Of lawn; ay, of lawn, a penn'orth. 'Sblood do'ft not hear? a whole penn'orth: are you deaf?

Cand. Deaf! no, fir: but I must tell you, Our wares do seldom meet such customers.

Cast. Nay, and you and your lawns be so squeamish, fare you well.

Cand. Pray stay; a word, pray signior! for what purpose is it, I beseech you?

Cast. 'Sblood, what's that to you? I'll have a penn'orth.

Cand. A penny-worth! why you shall: I'll serve you presently.

2. 'Prentice. 'Sfoot, a penny-worth, mistress!

Mist. A penny-worth! call you these gentlemen?

Cast. No, no; not there.

Cand. What then, kind gentleman? what at this corner here?

Cast. No, nor there neither; I'll have it just in the middle, or else not.

Cand. Just in the middle! --- ha -- you shall too: what, Have you a single penny?

Cast. Yes, here's one.

Cand. Lend it me, I pray.

Flu. An excellent followed jest.

Wife. What, will he spoil the lawn now?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. Ay, that patience makes a fool of you. Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other citizen to have made a kind gull on, besides my husband.

Cand. Pray gentlemen take her to be a woman; Do not regard her language — O! kind soul, Such words will drive away my customers.

Wife. Customers with a murrain! Call you these customers?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. Pox o' your patience!

Geor. 'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are some cheating companions.

Cand. Look you, gentlemen, there's your ware; I thank you, I have your money here; pray know my shop, and let me have your custom.

Wife. Custom, quoth-a!

Cand. Let me take more of your money.

Wife. You had need so.

Pio. Hark in thine ear; thou'st lost an hundred ducats.

Cast. Well, well, I know't: is't possible that Homo should be nor man, nor woman? not once mov'd; No, not at such an injury, not at all! Sure he's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Flu. Come, come, you're angry, tho' you smother it; Y'are vex'd, i'faith — confess.

Cand. Why, gentlemen, Should you conceit me to be vex'd or mov'd? He has my ware, I have his money for't, And that's no argument I am angry: no, The best logician cannot prove me so.

Flu. Oh! but the hateful name of a pennyworth of lawn,

And then cut out i'th' middle of the piece.

Puh! I guess it by myself; t'would move a lamb, Were he a linen-draper; t'would, i'faith.

Cand. Well, give me leave to answer you for that, We're set here to please all customers,

Their

Their humours and their fancies — offend none :
We get by many, if we lose by one.

May be his mind stood to no more than that ;
A penn'orth serves him : and 'mongst trades 'tis found,
Deny a penn'orth, it may cross a pound.

Oh ! he that means to thrive, with patient eye
Must please the devil, if he come to buy.

Flu. O wond'rous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe !
How blest were men, if women could be so !

Cand. And to express how well my breast is pleas'd,
And satisfied in all ----- George, fill a beaker. [*Ex. Geor.*]
I'll drink unto that gentleman who lately
Bestowed his money with me.

Wife. God's my life,
We shall have all our gains drunk out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawn.

Enter George.

Cand. Here, wife, begin you to the gentleman.

Wife. I begin to him !

Cand. George, fill up again :
'Twas my fault, my hand shook. [*Exit George.*]

Pio. How strangely this doth show !
A patient man link'd with a waspish shrew.

Flu. A silver and gilt beaker ! I have a trick to work
upon that beaker ; sure 'twill fret him : it cannot choose
but vex him. *Sig.* Castruchio, in pity to thee, I have
a conceit will save thy hundred ducats : 'twill do't, and
work him to impatience.

Cast. Sweet Fluello, I should be bountiful to that
conceit.

Flu. Well, 'tis enough.

Enter George.

Cand. Here, gentleman, to you,
I wish your custom ; y'are exceeding welcome.

Cast. I pledge you, sig. Candido — Here you, that
must receive an hundred ducats.

Pio. I'll pledge them deep, i'faith, Castruchio.
Signior Fluello.

Flu. Come ; play't off : to me,
I am your last man.

Cand.

Cand. George, supply the cup.

Flu. So, so, good honest George!

Here, Signior Candido, all this to you.

Cand. Oh, you must pardon me, I use it not.

Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Cand. Yes, but not that:

Great love is shown in little.

Flu. Blurt on your sentences — 'Sfoot, you shall pledge me all.

Cand. Indeed I shall not.

Flu. Not pledge me? 'Sblood I'll carry away the beaker then.

Cand. The beaker! Oh, that at your pleasure, sir.

Flu. Now by this drink I will.

Cast. Pledge him, he'll do't else.

Flu. So: I ha' done you right on my thumb nail.

What, will you pledge me now?

Cand. You know me, sir, I am not of that sin.

Flo. Why, then farewell:

I'll bear away the beaker, by this light.

Cand. 'That's as you please, 'tis very good.

Flu. Nay it doth please me; and as you say, 'tis a very good one: farewell, signior Candido.

Pio. Farewell, Candido.

Cand. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen.

Cast. Heart not mov'd yet?

I think his patience is above our wit. [*Exeunt.*

Geor. I told you before, mistress, they were all cheaters.

Wife. Why, fool! why, husband! why, madman! I hope you will not let them sneak away so with a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the house too: go, fellows, make hue and cry after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lie still, all will be well: Come hither, George, hie to the constable, And in calm order wish him to attack them; Make no great stir, because they're gentlemen, And a thing partly done in merriment: 'Tis but a size above a jest, thou knowest; Therefore pursue it mildly. Go, begone;

The Constable's hard by, bring him along; —make haste again.

Wife. O y'are a goodly patient woodcock; are you not now? [Exit George.]

See what your patience comes too. Every one saddles you, and rides you; you'll be shortly the common stone-horse of Milan: a woman's well help'd up with such a meacock. I had rather have a husband, that would swaddle me thrice a day; than such a one, that will be gull'd twice in half an hour. Oh, I could burn all the wares in my shop for anger!

Cand. Pray wear a peaceful temper; be my wife, That is, be patient: for a wife and husband Share but one soul between them: this being known, Why should not one soul then agree in one? [Exit.]

Wife. Hang your agreements: —But if my beaker be gone —

S C E N E VI.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cand. O H! here they come.

Geor. O The Constable, sir; let 'em come along with me, because there should be no wond'ring he stays at door.

Cast. Constable, Goodman Abram.

Flu. Now signior Candido, 'sblood, why do you attack us?

Cast. 'Sheart! attack us!

Cand. Nay, swear not gallants; Your oaths may move your souls, but not move me; You have a silver beaker of my wife's.

Flu. You say not true: 'tis gilt.

Cand. Then you say true.

And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.

Cast. I hope y'are not angry, sir.

Cand. Then you hope right; for I am not angry.

Pio.

Pio. No, but a little mov'd.

Cand. I mov'd! 'twas you were mov'd, you were brought hither.

Cast. But you (out of your anger and impatience,) Caus'd us to be attach'd.

Cand. Nay, you misplace it.
Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
And not any wrath. Had I shown anger,
I should have then persued you with the law,
And hunted you to shame; as many wordlings
Do build their anger upon feebler grounds.
The more's the pity! Many lose their lives
For scarce so much coin, as will hide their palms:
Which is most cruel. Those have vexed spirits
That pursue lives. In this opinion rest,
The loss of millions could not move my breast.

Flu. Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost deal;
Such a meek spirit can bless a commonweal.

Cand. Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time;
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.

Cast. I never heard a carter yet say nay
To such a motion. I'll not be the first.

Pio. Nor I.

Flu. Nor I.

Cand. The constable shall bear you company;
George, call him in; let the world say what it can,
Nothing can drive me from a patient man. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Roger with a stool, cushion, looking-glass, and chafing-dish. Those being set down, he pulls out of his pocket, a viol with white colour in it. And two boxes, one with white, another red painting; he places all things in order, and a candle by them, singing with the ends of old ballads as he does it. At last Bellafront, as he rubs his cheek with the colours, whistles within.

Roger. Anon, forsooth.

Bell. What are you playing the rogue about?

Roger. About you, forsooth: I'm drawing up a hole
in your white silk stocking.

Bell.

Bell. Is my glafs there? and my boxes of complexion?

Roger. Yes, forsooth; your boxes of complexion are here, I think; yes 'tis here; here's your two complexions.---And if I had all the four complexions, I should ne'er set a good face upon't. Some men, I see, are born under hard-favour'd planets, as well as women. Zounds, I look worse now than I did before: and it makes her face glister most damnably. There's knavery in daubing, I hold my life; or else this is only female Pomatum.

Enter Bellafront, not full ready, without a gown; she sits down; with her bodkin curls her hair, then colours her lips.

Bell. Where's my ruff and poker, you blockhead?

Roger. Your ruff, your poker are ingend'ring together on the cup-board of the court, or the court cup-board.

Bell. Fetch e'm: is the pox in your hams, you can go no faster?

Roger. Wou'd the pox were in your fingers, unless you could leave flinging; catch—— [Exit.

Bell. I'll catch you, you dog, by and by: do you grumble? [She sings.

Cupid is a god, as naked as my nail,

I'll whip him with a rod, if he my true love fail.

Roger. There's your ruff, shall I poke it?

Bell. Yes, honest Roger: no, stay; pr'ythee, good boy, hold here.

Down, down, down, down, I fall down and arise; down, I never shall arise.

Roger. Troth, madam, then leave off the trade, if you shall never rise.

Bell. What trade, goodman Abram?

Roger. Why, that of down and arise, or the falling trade.

Bell. I'll fall with you by and by.

Roger. If you do, I know who shall smart for't: Troth, mistress, what do I look like now?

Bell.

Bell. Like what you are ; a panderly sixpenny rascal.

Roger. I may thank you for that : in faith I look like an old Proverb, *Hold the candle before the devil.*

Bell. Ud's life, I'll stick my knife in your guts and you prat to me so : What ? [*She sings.*]

Well met, pug, the pearl of beauty: umb, umb,

How now, sir knave, you forget your duty, umb, umb.

Marrymuff, sir, are you grown so dainty; fa, la, la, &c.

Is it you, sir? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leera la.

Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glafs ?

Roger. Why, as I hold your door, with my fingers.

Bell. Nay, pray thee, sweet honey Roger, hold up handsomely :

Sing *Pretty wantons warble, &c.* we shall ha' guests to-day,

I'll lay my little maidenhead, my nose itches so.

Roger. I said so too last night, when our fleas twing'd me so.

Bell. So, poke my ruff now. My gown, my gown! have I my fall ?

Where's my fall, Roger ? [*One knocks.*]

Roger. Your fall, forsooth, is behind.

Bell. Gods my pittikins, some fool or other knocks.

Roger. Shall I open to the fool, mistress ?

Bell. And all these baubles lying thus ? Away with it quickly.---Ay, ay, knock and be damn'd, whosoever you be.---So ; give the fresh salmon line now : let him come ashore. He shall serve for my breakfast, tho' he go against my stomach.

Roger fetches in Fluello, Casiruchio and Pioratto.

Flu. Morrow, cuz.

Cast. How does my sweet acquaintance ?

Pio. Save thee, little marmoset : how dost thou, good pretty rogue ?

Bell. Well, Godamercy, good pretty rascal.

Flu. Roger, some light, I pr'ythee.

Roger. You shall, signior ; for we that live here in this vale of misery, are as dark as hell. [*Exit for a candle.*]

Cast. Good tobacco, Fluello ?

Flu. Smell.

Enter

Enter Roger.

Pio. It may be tickling geer: for it plays with my nose already.

Roger. Here's another light angel, signior.

Bell. What, you pied curtal, what's that you are a neighing?

Roger. I say, God send us the light of heaven, or some more angels.

Bell. Go fetch some wine, and drink half of it.

Roger. I must fetch some wine, gentlemen, and drink half of it.

Flu. Here, Roger!

Cast. No, let me send pr'ythee.

Flu. Hold, you canker-worm.

Roger. You shall send both, if you please, signiors.

Pio. Stay, what's best to drink a mornings?

Roger. Ipocras, sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most dear to her.

Flu. Ipocras! there then, here's a teston for you, you snake.

Roger. Right, sir; here's three shillings and six pence for a pottle and a manchet. [Exit.

Cast. Here's most hierculanian tobacco! ha' some, acquaintance?

Bell. Foh, not I; makes your breath stink, like the piss of a fox.---Acquaintance, where suppd you last night?

Cast. At a place, sweet acquaintance, where your health danc'd the canaries i'faith; you should ha' been there.

Bell. I there among your punks? marry foh, hang'em: I scorn't: will you never leave sucking of eggs in other folk's hens nests?

Cast. Why in good troth, if you'll trust me, acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board, ask Fuello.

Flu. No faith, cuz; none but cocks; signior Malavella drunk to thee.

Bell. O, a poor beagle; that horse-leach there?

Flu. And the knight, sir Oliver Lollilo, swore he would

would bestow a taffata petticoat on thee, but to break his fast with thee.

Bel. With me! I'll choak him then; hang him mole-catcher, it is the dreamingest snotty-nose.

Pio. Well, many took that Lollilo for a fool, but he's a subtil fool.

Bell. Ay, and he has fellows: of all filthy dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Cast. Why, wench, is he scabbed?

Bel. Hang him, he'll not live to be so honest, nor to the credit to have scabs about him. His betters have 'em: but I hate to wear out any of his coarse knight-hood, because he's made like an alderman's night-gown, fac'd all with coney before, and with nothing but fox behind: this sweet Oliver will eat mutton till he be ready to burst, but the lean-jaw'd slave will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

Pio. Plague him; set him beneath the salt; and let him not touch a bit, till every one has had his full cut.

Flu. Lord Ello, the gentleman-usher came into us too; marry 'twas in our cheefe, for he had been to borrow money for his lord of a citizen.

Cast. What an afs is that lord to borrow money of a citizen?

Bell. Nay, god's my pity, what an afs is that citizen to lend money to a lord.

Enter Matheo and Hipolito; Hipolito saluting the company as a stranger, walks off. Roger comes in sadly behind them with a pottle-pot, and stands aloof off.

Mat. Save you, gallants. Signior Fluello, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

Flu. Signior Matheo, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Mat. And how fares my little pretty mistress?

Bell. Even as my little pretty servant sees, three court-dishes before her, and not one good bit in them.---How now? why the devil stand'st thou so? art in a trance?

Roger. Yes, forsooth.

Bell. Why dost not fill out their wine?

Roger.

Roger. Forsooth, 'tis fill'd out already : all the wine that the signior has bestowed upon you is cast away, a porter ran a little at me, and so fac'd me down that I had not a drop.

Bell. I'm acurst to let such a withered artichoke-fac'd rascal grow under my nose : now you look like an old he-cat going to the gallows : I'll be hang'd if he ha' not put up the money to coney-catch us all.

Roger. No truly, forsooth, 'tis not put up yet.

Bell. How many gentlemen hast thou served thus ?

Roger. None but five hundred, besides apprentices and serving-men.

Bell. Dost think I'll pocket it up at thy hands ?

Roger. Yes forsooth, I fear you will pocket it up.

Bell. Fie, fie, cut my lace, good servant, I shall ha' the mother presently I'm so vex'd at this horse-plumb.

Flu. Plague, not for a scald pottle of wine.

Mat. Nay, sweet Bellafront, for a little pig's wash.

Cast. Here, Roger, fetch more ; a mischance i'faith, acquaintance.

Bell. Out of my sight, thou ungodly puritanical creature.

Roger. For the t'other pottle ? yes, forsooth.

[*Exit Roger, and enter Hipolito.*]

Bell. Spill that too : what gentleman is that servant, your friend ?

Mat. Gods so, a stool, a stool ! If you love me, mistress, entertain this gentleman respectfully, and bid him welcome.

Bell. He's very welcome ; pray, sir, sit.

Hip. Thanks, lady.

Flu. Count Hipolito, is't not ? Cry your mercy, signior ; you walk here all this while, and we not hear you ! Let me bestow a stool upon you, beseech you ; you are a stranger here, we know the fashions o'th'house.

Cast. Please you, be here, my lord ? [Tobacco.]

Hip. No, good Castruchio.

Flu. You have abandon'd the court, I see, my lord, since the death of your mistress. Well, she's a delicate piece—Beseech you, sweet Count, let us serve under the colours

colours of your acquaintance still--For all that. Please you to meet here at the lodging of my cuz, I shall bestow a banquet upon you.

Hip. I never can deserve this kindness, sir.

What may this lady be, whom you call cuz?

Flu. Faith, sir, a poor gentlewoman, of passing carriage; one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an attorney's house.

Hip. Is she married?

Flu. Hah, as all your punks are! a captain's wife, or so: I never saw her before, my lord.

Hip. Never trust me, a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad, when you know her, as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching, honest ape, under the pole. A skin, your fattin is not more soft, nor your lawn whiter.

Hip. Belike then, she's some false courtezan.

Flu. Troth, as all your best faces are, a good wench.

Hip. Great pity that she's a good wench.

Mat. Thou shalt i'faith, mistress. — How, now, signiors? what, whispering? did not I lay a wager I should take you, within seven days, in a house of vanity?

Hip. You did, and I beshrew your heart, you have won.

Mat. How do you like my mistress?

Hip. Well, for such a mistress: better, if your mistress be not your master.

I must break manners, gentlemen, fare you well.

Mat. 'Sfoot, you shall not leave us.

Bell. The gentleman likes not the taste of our company.

Omnes. Beseech you, stay.

Hip. Trust me, my affairs beckon for me; pardon me.

Mat. Will you call for me half an hour hence here?

Hip. Perhaps I shall.

Mat. Perhaps! fah! I know you can swear to me you will.

Hip. Since you will press me, on my word I will.

[Exit.
Bell.

Bell. What fullen picture is this servant ?

Mat. 'Tis count Hipolito, the brave count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit as any in Milan, you sweet Jew.

Flu. Oh he's a most essential gentleman, cuz.

Cast. Did you never hear of count Hipolito's acquaintance ?

Bell. Marry, muff a' your counts, and there be no more life in 'em.

Mat. He's so malcontent ! — Sirrah, Bellafronta and you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the count with us : thou shalt sit at the upper end, punck.

Bell. Punck, you fous'd gurnet !

Mat. King's truce : come, I'll bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

Cast. He betrays his youth too grossly to that tyrant melancholy.

Mat. All this for a woman ?

Bell. A woman ! some whore ! what sweet jewel is't ?

Pio. Wou'd she heard you.

Flu. Troth so wou'd I.

Cast. And I, by heaven.

Bell. Nay, good servant, what woman ?

Mat. Pah.

Bell. Pr'ythee tell me, a bufs, and tell me : I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench : Good rogue, who ?

Mat. By th'lord I will not, must not, faith, mistress : is't a match, firs ? this night, at th'Antilope ; ay, for there's best wine, and good boys.

Omnes. 'Tis done, at th'Antilope.

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Mat. Cannot ? by th'lord you shall.

Bell. By the lady, I will not : shall ?

Flu. Why, then put it off till Friday : wo't come then, cuz ?

Bell. Well.

Enter Roger.

Mat. Y'are the waspishest ape. ---- Roger, put your mistress in mind to sup with us on Friday next : you'd best come

come like a madwoman, without a band in your waist-coat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging.

Bell. Go, go, hang yourself.

Cast. It's dinner time, Matheo; shall's hence?

Omnes. Yes, yes: farewell, wench.

Bell. Farewell, boys.—Roger, what wine sent they for?

Roger. Bastard wine; for if it had been truly begotten, it would not ha' been asham'd to come in. Here's four shillings, to pay for nursing the bastard.

Bell. A company of rooks! O good, sweet Roger, run to the Poulter's and buy me some fine larks.

Roger. No woodcocks?

Bell. Yes, faith, a couple, if they be not dear.

Roger. I'll buy but one; there's one already here.

[Exit Roger.]

Enter Hipolito.

Hipo. Is the gentleman, my friend, departed, mistress?

Bell. His back is but new-turn'd, sir.

Hipo. Fare you well.

Bell. I can direct you to him.

Hipo. Can you, pray?

Bell. If you please stay, he'll not be absent long.

Hipo. I care not much.

Bell. Pray sit, forsooth.

Hipo. I'm hot.

If I may use your room, I'd rather walk.

Bell. At your best pleasure --- Whew --- some rubbers there.

Hipo. Indeed, I'll ha'none: indeed I will not. Thanks. — Pretty fine lodging. I perceive my friend Is old in your acquaintance.

Bell. Troth, sir, he comes As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours: If yourself like our roof, such as it is, Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hipo. Say I did like; what welcome should I find?

Bell. Such as my present fortune can afford.

Hipo.

Hipo. But would you let me play Matheo's part?

Bell. What part?

Hipo. Why embrace you; dally with you; kiss.
Faith, tell me; will you leave him and love me?

Bell. I am in bonds to no man, fir.

Hipo. Why then,

Y'are free for any man: if any, me.

But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,

You should be all mine. I could brook no sharers;

I should be covetous, and sweep up all:

I should be pleasure's usurer; faith I should.

Bell. O fate!

Hipo. Why sigh you, lady? may I know?

Bell. 'Twas never been my fortune yet to single
Out that one man, whose love could fellow mine,

As I have ever wish'd it. O my stars!

Had I but met with one kind gentleman,

That would have purchas'd sin alone to himself,

For his own private use; altho' scarce proper,

Indifferent handsome, meetly legg'd and thigh'd,

And my allowance reasonable —— i'faith,

According to my body, by my troth,

I would have been as true unto his pleasures,

Yea, and as loyal to his afternoons,

As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.

Hipo. This were well, now, to one but newly fledg'd,

And scarce a day old in this subtil world:

'Twere pretty art, good bird-lime, cunning net.

But come, come, faith, confess: how many men

Have drunk this self-same protestation,

From that red ticing lip?

Bell. Indeed, not any.

Hipo. Indeed, and blush not!

Bell. No, in truth, not any.

Hipo. Indeed! in truth! —— how warily you swear?

'Tis well, if ill it be not: yet had I

The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you

But in right colours, I do know indeed,

You would not swear indeed, but thunder oaths

That should shake heaven, drown the harmonious spheres,

And pierce a soul (that lov'd her maker's honour)
With horror and amazement.

Bell. Shall I swear?

Will you believe me then?

Hipo. Worst then of all:

Our sins by custom seem at last but small.

Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man,

And after him a next, and then a fourth,

Should have this golden hook, and luscious bait,

Thrown out to the full length. Why, let me tell you,

I've seen letters, sent from that white hand,

Tuning such musick to Matheo's ear.

Bell. Matheo! that's true; but believe it, I

No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,

But straight mine eyes convey'd you to mine heart.

Hipo. Oh! you cannot feign with me. Why, I know,
lady,

This is the common passion of you all,

To hook in a kind gentleman, and then

Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover,

And in the end you shew him a French trick,

And so you leave him, that a coach may run

Between his legs for breadth.

Bell. O, by my soul,

Not I: therein I'll prove an honest whore,

In being true to one, and to no more.

Hipo. If any be dispos'd to trust your oath,

Let him: I'll not be he. I know you feign

All that you speak. Ay, for a mingled harlot

Is true in nothing but in being false.

What! shall I teach you how to loath yourself?

And mildly too, not without sense and reason.

Bell. I am content; I would fain loath myself,

If you not love me:

Hipo. Then if your gracious blood be not all wasted,

I shall assay to do't.

Lend me your silence and attention. You have no soul,

That makes you weigh so light. Heaven's treasure

bought it,

And half a crown hath sold it: ——— for your body

Is like the common-shore, that still receives
 All the town's filth. The sin of many men
 Is within you; and thus much I suppose,
 That if all your committers stood in rank,
 They'd make a lane, in which your shame might dwell,
 And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.

Nay, should I urge it more, there has been known,
 As many by one harlot maim'd and dismember'd,
 As would ha' stuff'd an hospital: this I might
 Apply to you, and perhaps do you right.

O! y'are as base as any beast that bears;
 Your body is e'en hir'd, and so are theirs.

For gold and sparkling jewels (if he can)

You'll let a Jew get you with Christian:

Be he a Moor, a Tartar, tho' his face

Look'd uglier than a dead man's skull,

Could the devil put on a human shape,

If his purse shake out crowns, up then he gets:

Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.

So that you're crueller than Turks; for they

Sell Christians only, you sell yourselves away.

Why, those that love you, hate you: and will term you

Liquorish damnation; wish themselves half sunk

After the sin is laid out, and e'en curse

Their fruitless riot; for what one begets,

Another poisons. Lust and murder hit;

A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?

Bell. O me unhappy!

Hipo. I can vex you more:

A harlot is like Dunkirk; true to none:

Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,

Back-door'd Italian; last of all, the French,

And he sticks to you, faith! gives you your diet,

Brings you acquainted first with monsieur doctor,

And then, you know what follows.

Bell. Misery,

Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery.

Hipo. Methinks a toad is happier than a whore,

That with one poison swells; with thousands more

The other stocks her veins. Harlot! fie! fie!

You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
 The very slaves of nature ; mark me else :
 You put on rich attires, others eyes wear them ;
 You eat, but to supply your blood with sin ;
 And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your graves.
 From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves :
 Like bears and apes, y'are baited and shew tricks
 For money ; but your bawd the sweetness licks.
 Indeed you are their journey-women, and do
 All base and damn'd works they list set you to :
 So that you ne'er are rich ; for do but shew me,
 In present memory, or in ages past,
 The fairest and most famous courtezan,
 Whose flesh was dear't ; that rais'd the price of sin,
 And held it up ; to whose intemperate bosom,
 Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a knight,
 The mean't a gentleman, have offer'd up
 Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showers
 Handfuls of gold ; yet for all this, at last
 Diseases suckt her marrow ; then grew so poor,
 That she has begg'd, e'en at a begger's door.
 And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this idol,
 From coast to coast has leap'd on foreign shores,
 And had more worship, than th' outlandish whores ;
 When several nations have gone over her ;
 When for each several city she has seen,
 Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold dear ;
 Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknown,
 And undefam'd, back comes she to her own ;
 And there both miserably lives and dyes,
 Scorn'd even of those, that once ador'd her eyes ;
 As if her fatal-circled life thus ran,
 Her pride should end there where it first began.
 What, do you weep to hear your story read ?
 Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no more.

Bell. O, yes, I pray proceed ;

Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep, indeed !

Hipo. To give those tears a relish, this I add,
 Y'are like the Jews, scatter'd ; in no place certain ;
 Your days are tedious, your hours burdensome :

And

And wer't not for full suppers, midnight revels,
 Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drown
 And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts,
 And on your eye-lids hang so heavily,
 They have no power to look so high as heaven,
 You'd sit and muse on nothing, but despair;
 Curse that devil lust, that so burns up your blood;
 And in ten thousand shivers break your glass
 For his temptation. Say, you taste delight,
 To have a golden gull from rife to fet
 To meet you in his hot luxurious arms,
 Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dream
 Of warrants, whips, and beadels; and then start
 At a door's windy creak; think ev'ry weazle
 To be a constable; and every rat
 A long-tail'd officer: Are you now not slaves?
 Oh! you have damnation without pleasure for it!
 Such is the state of harlots. To conclude,
 When you are old, and can well paint no more,
 You turn bawd, and are then worse than before.
 Make use of this. Farewell.

Bel. Oh, I pray stay.

Hip. See, Matheo comes not: time hath barr'd me.
 Would all the harlots in the town had heard me.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. Stay yet a little longer!—no; quite gone?
 Curs'd be that minute, for it was no more,
 (So soon a maid is chang'd into a whore)
 Wherein I first fell! be it for ever black!
 Yet why should sweet Hipolito shun mine eyes;
 For whose true love I would become pure honest;
 Hate the world's mixtures, and the smiles of gold.
 Am I not fair? why should he fly me then?
 Fair creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men.
 How many gallants have drank healths to me,
 Out of their dagger'd arms, and thought them blest,
 Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigal feasts!
 And does Hipolito detest my love?
 Oh, sure their heedless lusts but flatter'd me;
 I am not pleasing, beautiful, nor young.

Hipolito hath spied some ugly blemish,
 Eclipsing all my beauties. I am foul !
 Harlot ! ay, that's the spot that taints my soul ;
 What ! has he left his weapon here behind him,
 And gone forgetful ? O fit instrument
 To let forth all the poison of my flesh !
 Thy master hates me, 'cause my blood hath rang'd :
 But when 'tis forth, then he'll believe I'm chang'd,

Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing ?

Bel. Either love me,

Or split my heart upon thy rapier's point.
 Yet do not neither ; for thou then destroy'st
 That which I love thee for, thy virtues. Here, here,
 Th'art crueller, and kill'st me with disdain :
 To die so sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse pain.

[Exit Hipol.]

Not speak to me ! not bid farewell ! a scorn !
 Hated ! this must not be ; some means I'll try ;
 Would all whores were as honest now, as I.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Candido, his Wife, George, and two 'Prentices
 in the shop ; Fustigo enters, walking by.*

Geor. **S**EE, gentlemen, what you lack ; a fine hol-
 land, a fine cambrick : see what you buy.

i. 'Pren. Holland for shirts, cambrick for bands ;
 What is't you lack ?

Fust. 'Sfoot, I lack 'em all ; nay, more, I lack mo-
 ney to buy 'em. Let me see, let me look again : 'mass,
 this is the shop — What cuz ! sweet cuz ! how do'st,
 i'faith, since last night after candle-light ? We had good
 sport, faith ; had we not ? And when shall's laugh a-
 gain ?

Wife. When you will, cousin.

Fust. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian. I see yon-
 der's thy husband.

Wife.

Wife. Ay, there's the sweet youth, God blefs him.

Fust. And how is't, cousin? and how, how is't, thou squall?

Wife. Well, cousin, how fare you?

Fust. How fare I? troth, for sixpence a meal, wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves chaldrons and chitterlings; besides I have a punk after supper, as good as a roasted apple.

Can. Are you my wife's cousin?

Fust. I am, fir, what hast thou to do with that?

Can. O nothing, but y'are welcome.

Fust. The devil's dung in thy teeth: I'll be welcome whether thou wilt or no: ay, what ring's this, cuz? very pretty and fantastical i'faith, let's see it.

Wife. Puh! nay you wrench my finger.

Fust. I ha' sworn I'll ha' it, and I hope you will not let my oaths be crack'd in the ring, will you? I hope, fir, you are not melancholy at this: for all your great looks, are you angry?

Can. Angry! not I, fir: nay, if she can part so easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

Geo. Suffer this, fir, and suffer all: a whoreson gull, to—

Can. Peace, George; when she has reap'd what I have sown,

She'll say, one grain tastes better of her own,
Than whole sheaves gather'd from another's land:
Wit's never good till bought at a dear hand.

George. But in the mean time she makes an ass of somebody.

2. *Pren.* See, see, see, fir, as you turn your back, they do nothing but kifs.

Can. No matter, let 'em: when I touch her lip, I shall not feel his kiffes, no nor miss Any of her lip: no harm in kissing is. Look to your business, pray, make up your wares.

Fust. Troth, cuz, and well remember'd! I would thou wouldst give me five yards of lawn, to make my punk some falling bands o'th'fashion, three falling one upon another; for that's the new edition now: she's out

of linnen horribly too ; troth, she's never a good smock to her back neither, but one that has a great many patches in't, and that I'm fain to wear myself for want of shift too : pr'ythee put me into wholesome napery, and bestow some clean commodities upon us.

Wife. Reach me those cambricks and the lawns hither.

Can. What to do, wife ? to lavish out my goods upon a fool ?

Fust. Fool ! Snails eat the fool, or I'll so batter your crown, that it shall scarce go for five shillings.

2. Pren. Do you hear, sir ? y'are best be quiet, and say a fool tells you so.

Fust. Nails, I think so, for thou tell'st me.

Can. Are you angry, sir, because I nam'd thee fool ? Trust me, you are not wise, in mine own house And to my face to play the antick thus : If you'll needs play the madman, chuse a stage Of lesser compass, where few eyes may note Your action's error ; but if still you miss, As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiss.

Fust. Zounds, coulin, he talks to me, as if I were a scurvy tragedian.

2. Pren. Sirrah, George, I ha' thought upon a device, how to break his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

George. Do it.

2. Pren. I'll go in, pass through the house, give some of our fellow prentices the watch word when they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgel the cull out of his coxcomb.

George. Do't, away, do't.

Wife. Must I call twice for these cambricks and lawns ?

Can. Nay see, you anger her, George, pr'ythee dispatch.

2. Pren. Two of the choicest pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

Can. Go fetch them presently. [Exit. 1. Prentice.

Fust.

Fust. Ay, do, -make haste, firrah.

Can. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wife's cousin?

Fust. Stranger! no, fir, I'm a natural Milaner born.

Can. I perceive still it is your natural guise to mistake me; but you are welcome, fir, I much wish your acquaintance.

Fust. My acquaintance! I scorn that i'faith, I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold three and fifty times double: you know who I mean, cuz, the posts of his gate are a painting too.

Enter the second Prentice.

2. *Pren.* Signor Pandulfo the merchant desires conference with you.

Can. Signor Pandulfo? I'll be with him straight.

Attend your mistress and the gentleman. [Exit.]

Wife. When do you shew those pieces?

Fust. Ay, when do you shew those pieces?

Omnes. Presently, fir, presently, we are but charging them.

Fust. Come, firrah, you flat-cap, where be those whites?

George. Flat-cap? hark in your ear, fir, y'are a flat fool, an afs, a gull, and I'll thrumb you: do you see this cambrick, fir?

Fust. 'Sfoot, cuz, a good jest, did you hear him? he told me in my ear, I was a flat fool, an afs, a gull, and I'll thrumb you: do you see this cambrick, fir?

Wife. What, not my men, I hope?

Fust. No, not your men, but one of your men, i'faith.

1. *Pren.* I pray, fir, come hither, what say you to this? here's an excellent good one.

Fust. Ay marry, this likes me well; cut me off some half score yards.

2. *Pren.* Let your whores cut, y'are an impudent coxcomb, you get none, and yet I'll thrumb you.---A very good cambrick, fir.

Fust. Again, again, as God judge me: 'sfoot, cuz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

1. *Pren.* A word I pray, fir, you must not be angry, prentices have hot blood, young fellows.—What say you to this piece? look you, 'tis so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thread, that a lady may wear it.

Fust. 'Sfoot I think so, if a knight marry my punk, a lady shall wear it: cut me off twenty yards; thou art an honest lad.

1. *Pren.* Not without money, gull, and I'll thrumb you too.

Omnes. Gull, we'll thrumb you.

Fust. O lord, sifter, did you not hear something cry thrumb? zounds, your men here make a plain ass of me.

Wife. What to my face so impudent?

George. Ay, in a cause so honest; we'll not suffer Our master's goods to vanish moneyless.

Wife. You will not suffer them!

2. *Pren.* No, and you may blush,
In going about to vex so mild a breast,
As is our master's.

Wife. Take away those pieces,
Cousin; I give them freely.

Fust. Mass, and I'll take 'em as freely.

Omnes. We'll make you lay 'em down again more freely.

Wife. Help! help! my brother will be murder'd.

Enter Candido.

Cand. How now, what coil is here? forbear, I say.

George. He calls us flat-caps, and abuses us.

Can. Why, sirs, do such examples flow from me?

Wife. They are of your keeping, fir: alas poor brother!

Fust. I'faith they ha' pepper'd me, sifter! look, does it not spin? call you these prentices? I'll ne'er play at cards more when clubs is trump. I have a goodly coxcomb, sifter, have I not?

Can. Sister, and brother! brother to my wife?

Fust. If you have any skill in heraldry, you may soon know that; break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

Can. A surgeon! run, a surgeon! Why then who're you that forg'd the name of cousin?

Fust. Because its a common thing to call cuz, and mingle now a-days all the world over.

Can. Cousin! a name of much deceit, lie and sin;
For under that common abused word,
Many an honest temper'd citizen
Is made a monster, and his wife train'd out
To foul adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word a city's bawd.

Fust. Troth, brother, my sifter would needs ha'me take upon me to gull your patience a little: but it has made double gulls on my coxcomb.

Wife. What, playing the woman? blabbing now, you fool?

Can. O, my wife did but exercise a jest upon your wit.

Fust. 'Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, methinks.

Can. Then let this warning more of sense afford;
The name of cousin is a bloody word.

Fust. I'll ne'er call cuz again whilst I live, to have such a coil about it: this should be a coronation-day; for my head runs claret lustily. [Exit.]

Enter an Officer.

Can. Go, with the surgeon to have great respect.
How now, my friend! what, do they sit to-day?

Officer. Yes, sir, they expect you at the senate-house.

Can. I thank your pains, I'll not be last man there.

[Exit Officer.]

My gown, George, go, my gown. A happy land,
Where grave men meet each cause to understand,
Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes,
To gull the poor man's right; but in even scales
Poize rich and poor, without corruption's veils.
Come, where's the gown?

George. I cannot find the key, sir.

Can. Request it of your mistress.

Wife. Come not to me for any key ;
I'll not be troubled to deliver it.

Can. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needful trouble ;
But for my gown.

Wife. Moths swallow down your gown :
You set my teeth an edge with talking on't.

Can. Nay pr'ythee, sweet, I cannot meet without it ;
I should have a great fine set on my head.

Wife. Set on your coxcomb : tush, fine me no fines.

Can. Believe me (sweet) none greets the senate-house
without his robe of reverence, that's his gown.

Wife. Well, then y'are like to cross that custom once,
You get nor key, nor gown ; and so depart.

This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart. [*Exit.*

Can. Stay, let me see, I must have some device,
My cloak's too short : fie, fie, no cloak will do't ;
It must be something fashion'd like a gown,
With my arms out.--Oh, George, come hither George,
I pr'ythee lend me thine advice.

George. Troth, sir, were it any but you, they would
break open the chest.

Can. O no, break open chest! that's a thief's office ;
Therein you counsel me against my blood :
'Twould shew impatience that. Any meek means
I would be glad to embrace. Mass, I have got it :
Go, step up, fetch me down one of the carpets,
The saddest colour'd carpet, honest George ;
Cut thou a hole i'th' middle for my neck,
'Two for mine arms,---Nay, pr'ythee look not strange.

George. I hope you do not think, sir, as you mean.

Can. Pr'ythee about it quickly, the hour chides me :
Warily George, softly, take heed of eyes.

[*Exit George.*

Out of two evils he's accounted wise,
That can pick out the least ; the fine impos'd
For an ungown'd senator, is about
Forty cruzadoes, the carpet not 'bove four.
Thus have I chosen the lesser evil yet ;
Preserv'd my patience, foil'd her desperate wit.

Enter

Enter George.

George. Here, fir, here's the carpet.

Cand. O, well done, George, we'll cut it just i'th' midst.

'Tis very well, I thank thee; help it on.

George. It must come over your head, fir, like a wench's petticoat.

Cand. Th'art in the right, good George; it must, indeed.

Fetch me a night-cap; for I'll gird it close,
As if my health were queasy: 'twill show well
For a rude careless night-gown; wil't not, think'ft?

George. Indifferent well, fir, for a night-gown, being girt and plaited.

Cand. Ay, and a night-cap on my head.

George. That's true, fir; I'll run and fetch one, and a staff. [*Exit George.*]

Cand. For thus, they cannot chuse but construe it:
One that is out of health takes no delight,
Wears his apparel without appetite,
And puts on heedless raiment without form.

Enter George.

So, so, kind George, be secret now; and, pr'ythee, do not laugh at me, till I'm out of sight.

George. I laugh! not I, fir.

Cand. Now to the senate-house:
Methinks I'd rather wear, without a frown,
A patient carpet than an angry gown. [*Exit.*]

George. Now looks my master just like one of our carpet knights, only he's somewhat the honestest of the two.

Enter Candido's wife.

Wife. What, is your master gone?

George. Yes, forsooth, his back is but new turn'd.

Wife. And in his cloak? Did he not vex and swear?

George. No; but he'll make you swear anon: no, indeed, he went away like a lamb.

Wife. Key, sink to hell: still patient, patient still!
I am with child to vex him. Pr'ythee George,
If e'er thou look'ft for favour at my hands,
Uphold one jest for me.

George.

George. Against my master?

Wife. 'Tis a mere jest, in faith : say, wilt thou do't?

George. Well, what is't?

Wife. Here, take this key ; thou know'st where all things lie ;

Put on thy master's best apparel, gown,

Chain, cap, ruff, every thing ; be like himself ;

And, 'gainst his coming home, walk in the shop :

Feign the same carriage, and his patient look ;

'Twill breed but a jest, thou know'st : speak, wilt thou ?

George. 'Twill wrong my master's patience.

Wife. Pr'ythee, *George.*

George. Well, if you'll save me harmless, and put me under covert baron, I am content to please you ; provided it may breed no wrong against him.

Wife. No wrong at all : here, take the key, be gone : If any vex him, this ; if not this, none. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter a Bawd and Roger.

Bawd. **O** Roger, Roger, where's your mistress ? where's your mistress ? there's the finest, neatest gentleman at my house, but newly come over : O where is she, where is she, where is she ?

Roger. My mistress is abroad, but not amongst 'em : my mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

Bawd. How ! is she not a whore ? do you go about to take away her good name, Roger ? you are a fine pander, indeed.

Roger. I tell you, *Madona Finger-lock*, I am not sad for nothing ; I ha' not eaten one good meal this three and thirty days : I had wont to get sixteen pence by fetching a pottle of *Ipocras* ; but now those days are past : we had as good doings, *Madona Finger-lock*, she within doors, and I without, as any poor couple in *Milan*.

Bawd,

Bawd. God's my life, and is she chang'd now?

Roger. I ha' lost by her squeamishness more than would have builded twelve bawdy houses.

Bawd. And had she no time to turn honest but now? what a vile woman is this! twenty pound a night, I'll be sworn, Roger, in gold and silver: why, here was a time! if she should ha' pick'd out a time, it could not be better! gold enough stirring; choice of men, choice of hair, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, every thing: it cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an ass. Roger, I'll never believe it.

Roger. Here she comes now. [Enter *Bellafront.*

Bawd. O sweet Madona, on with your loose gown, your felt and your feather! there's the sweetest, prop'rest, gallantest gentleman at my house; he smells all of musk and ambergrise, his pocket full of crowns, flame-colour'd doublet, red sattin hose, carnation silk stockings, and a leg, and a body, oh!—

Bell. Hence thou, our sex's monster, poisonous bawd, Lust's factor, and damnation's orator!

Gossip of hell, were all the harlots sins,
Which the whole world contains, number'd together,
Thine far exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art basest.

What serpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is detestable: for thou liv'st

Upon the dregs of harlots; guard'st the door,
Whilst couples go to dancing. O, coarse devil!

Thou art the bastard's curse, thou brand'st his birth;
The lecher's French disease; for thou dry-suck'st him:
The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

Bawd. Marry come up, with a pox! have you nobody to rail against, but your bawd, now?

Bell. And you, knave, pander, kinsman to a bawd!

Roger. You and I, Madona, are cousins.

Bell. Of the same blood and making, near allied;
Thou that art slave to six-pence; base-metal'd villain!

Roger. Six-pence! nay, that's not so; I never took under two shillings and four pence. I hope, I know my fee.

Bell.

Bell. I know not against which most to inveigh;
For both of you are damn'd so equally.

Thou ne'er spar'st for oaths; swear'st any thing,
As if thy soul were made of shoe-leather,
God damn me, gentlemen, if she be within,
When, in the next room, she's found dallying.

Roger. If it be my vocation to swear, every man in
his vocation: I hope my betters swear, and damn them-
selves; and why should not I?

Bell. Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen.

Roger. The more gulls they.

Bell. Slave, I cashier thee.

Bawd. And you do cashier him, he shall be enter-
tain'd.

Roger. Shall I? then blurt o' your service.

Bell. As hell would have it, entertain'd by you!
I dare the devil-himself to match those two. [*Exit.*

Bawd. Marry go up, are you grown so holy, so pure,
so honest, with a pox?

Rog. Scurvy, honest punk!---But stay, Madona, how
must our agreement be now? for, you know, I am to
have all the comings-in at the hall-door, and you at the
chamber-door.

Bawd. True, Roger, except my vails.

Roger. Vails, what vails?

Bawd. Why, as thus; if a couple come in a coach,
and light, to lie down a little, then, Roger, that's my
fee, and you may walk abroad; for the coachman him-
self is their pander.

Roger. Is he so? In truth, I have almost forgot, for
want of experience. But how if I fetch this citizen's
wife to that gull, and that Madona to that gallant; how
then?

Bawd. Why then, Roger, you are to have six-pence a
lane; so many lanes, so many six-pences.

Roger. Is't so? then I see we two shall agree, and
live together.

Bawd. Ay, Roger, so long as there be any taverns and
bawdy-houses in Milan. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bellafront, with a lute; pen, ink, and paper being placed before her.

S O N G.

THE courtier's flattering jewels,
 (Temptation's only fewels)
 The lawyer's ill-got moneys,
 That suck up poor bees honeys :
 The citizen's son's riot,
 The gallant's costly diet :
 Silks and velvets, pearls and ambers,
 Shall not draw me to their chambers.
 Silks and velvets, &c.

[*She writes.*]

Oh, 'tis in vain to write : it will not please.
 Ink, on this paper, would ha' but presented
 The foul black spots that stick upon my foul ;
 And rather make me loathsomer, than wrought
 My love's impressiion in Hipolito's thought.
 No, I must turn the chaste leaves of my breast,
 And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
 Hipolito, believe me, I will be
 As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee ;
 And hate all men, their gifts, and company.

Enter Matheo, Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto.

Mat. You, goody punk, *subaudi* cockatrice, O, y'are a sweet whore of your promise ; are you not, think you ? How well you came to supper to us last night ! Mew, a whore, and break her word ! nay, you may blush, and hold down your head at it well enough : 'sfoot, ask these gallants if we staid not till we were as hungry as serjeants.

Flu. Ay, and their yeomen too.

Cast. Nay, faith, acquaintance, let me tell you, you forgot yourself too much : we had excellent cheer, rare vintage, and were drunk after supper.

Pior.

Pior. And, when we were in our wood-cocks, (sweet rogue) a brace of gulls, dwelling here in the city, came in, and paid all the shot.

Mat. Pox on her, let her alone.

Bell. O, I pray do ; if you be gentlemen, I pray depart the house. Beshrew the door For being so easily intreated : faith, I lent but little ear unto your talk ; My mind was busied otherwise, in troth, And so your words did unregarded pass : Let this suffice ; I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was ! no, I'll be sworn thou art not ; for thou wert honest at five, and now th'art a punk at fifteen : thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now th'art a cunning coney-catching baggage to-day.

Bell. I'll fly. I'm worse ; I pray forsake me, then ; I do desire you leave me, gentlemen, And leave yourselves : O, be not what you are, (Spendthrifts of soul and body :) Let me persuade you to forsake all harlots, Worse than the deadliest poisons : they are worse ; For o'er their souls hangs an eternal curse. In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish ; Th'are seldom blest with fruit ; for, e'er it blossoms, Many a worm confounds it. They have no issue, but foul ugly ones, That run along with them, e'en to their graves ; For, 'stead of children, they breed rank diseases ; And all you gallants can bestow on them, Is that French infant, which ne'er acts, but speaks. What shallow son and heir, then, foolish gallant, Would waste all his inheritance to purchase A filthy loath'd disease, and pawn his body To a dry evil ? That usury's worst of all, When th' interest will eat out the principal.

Mat. 'Sfoot, she gulls 'em, the best : this is always her fashion, when she would be rid of any company, that she cares not for, to enjoy mine alone.

Flu. What's here ? instructions, admonitions, and caveats ! come out, you scabbard of vengeance.

Mat.

Mat. Fluello, spurn your hounds when they foist :
You shall not spurn my punk, I can tell you ; my blood
is vext.

Flu. Pox o' your blood : make it a quarrel.

Mat. Y'are a slave, will that serve turn ?

Omn. S'blood, hold, hold.

Cast. Mat. Flu. For shame put up.

Mat. Spurn my sweet varlet !

Bell. O how many thus,
Mov'd with a little folly, have let out
Their souls in brothel-houses ! fell down and dy'd
Just at their harlot's foot, as 'twere in pride.

Flu. Matheo, we shall meet.

Mat. Ay, ay, any where, saving at church : pray take
heed we meet not there.

Flu. Adieu, damnation !

Cast. Cockatrice, farewell.

Pior. There's more deceit in women, than in hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mat. Ha, ha, thou dost gull 'em so rarely, so natu-
rally ! if I did not think thou hadst been in earnest.
Thou art a sweet rogue for't, i'faith.

Bell. Why are not you gone too, signior Matheo ?
I pray, depart my house : you may believe me ;
In troth, I have no part of harlot in me.

Mat. How's this ?

Bell. Indeed, I love you not ; but hate you worse
Than any man, because you were the first
Gave money for my soul. You brake the ice,
Which after turn'd a puddle : I was led
By your temptation to be miserable :
I pray, seek out some other that will fall,
Or rather (I pray) seek out none at all.

Mat. Is't possible to be ? Impossible ! An honest
whore ! I have heard many honest wenches turn strum-
pets with a wet finger ; but for a harlot to turn honest,
is one of Hercules's labours. It was more easy for him
in one night to make fifty queans, than to make one of
them honest again in fifty years. Come, I hope, thou
dost but jest.

Bell.

Bell. 'Tis time to leave off jesting, I had almost
Jested away salvation : I shall love you,
If you will soon forsake me.

Mat. God be with thee.

Bell. Oh, tempt no more women ; shun their weighty
curse !

Women (at best) are bad, make them not worse.
You gladly seek our sex's overthrow,
But not to raise our states. For all your wrongs,
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompence ?
Marry with me ?

Mat. How, marry with a punk, a cockatrice, a har-
lot ? marry, so ; I'll be burnt thorough the nose first.

Bell. Why lah ? these are your oaths : you love to
undo us,
To put heav'n from us, whilst our best hours waste :
You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

Mat. I'll hear no more of this : this ground upon,
Th'art damn'd for alt'ring thy religion. [Exit.

Bell. Thy lust and sin speak so much : go thou, my
ruin !

The first fall my soul took. By my example,
I hope few maidens now will put their heads
Under men's girdles : who least trusts, is most wise :
Men's oaths do cast a mist before our eyes.
My best of wit be ready : now I go,
By some device to greet Hipolito.

S C E N E X.

*Enter a Servant, setting out a table ; on which he places
a skull, a picture, a book, and a taper.*

Serv. **S**O, this is Monday morning ; and now must I
to my housewifery. Would I had been created
a shoemaker ; for all the gentle craft are gentlemen every
Monday by their copy, and scorn (then) to work one
true stitch. My master means sure to turn me into a
student ;

student ; for here's my book, here my desk, here my light ; this my close chamber, and here my punk : so that this dull drowzy first day of the week, makes me half a priest, half a chandler, half a painter, half a sexton, ay and half a bawd : for all this day, my office is to do nothing but keep the door. To prove it, look you, this good face, and yonder gentleman, so soon as ever my back's turn'd, will be naught together.

Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Are all the windows shut ?

Serv. Close, sir, as the fist of a courtier that hath stood in three reigns.

Hip. Thou art a faithful servant, and observ'st
The calendar both of my solemn vows
And ceremonious sorrow : Get thee gone ;
I charge thee on thy life, let not the found
Of any woman's voice pierce through that door.

Serv. If they do, my lord, I'll pierce some of them.
What will your lordship have to breakfast ?

Hip. Sighs.

Ser. What to dinner ?

Hip. Tears.

Ser. The one of them, my lord, will fill you too full of wind ; the other wet you too much. What to supper ?

Hip. That which, now, thou canst not get me ; the constancy of a woman.

Serv. Indeed, that's harder to come by, than ever was ostend.

Hip. Pr'ythee, away.

Ser. I'll make away myself presently, which few servants will do for their lords ; but rather help to make them away.--Now to my door-keeping ; I hope to pick something out of it. [Exit.

Hip. My Infelicia's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek : and such sweet skill,
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own ;
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las ! now I see,
The reason why fond women love to buy

Adulterate complexion ; here 'tis read ;
 False colours last after the true be dead.
 Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
 Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
 Of all the musick set upon her tongue,
 Of all that was past woman's excellence
 In her white bosom ; look, a painted board,
 Circumscribes all ! Earth can no bliss afford :
 Nothing of her, but this ! This cannot speak ;
 It has no lap for me to rest upon ;
 No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
 As in her coffin. Hence then, idle art !
 True love's best pictur'd in a true-love's heart.
 Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead !
 So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
 Thou figure of my friend, lye there. What's here ?
 Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's.
 'Las ! say it were ; I need not fear him now :
 For all his braves, his contumelious breath ;
 His frowns, tho' dagger-pointed ; all his plot,
 Tho' ne'er so mischievous, his Italian pills,
 His quarrels, and that common fence, his law ;
 See, see, they're all eat out ; here's not left one ;
 How clean they're pickt away to the bare bone !
 How mad are mortals then to rear great names
 On tops of swelling houses ! or to wear out
 Their fingers ends in dirt, to scrape up gold !
 Not caring, so that sumpter-horse, the back,
 Be hung with gawdy trappings, with what coarse,
 Yea rags most beggerly, they cloath the soul ;
 Yet, after all, their gayness looks thus foul.
 What fools are men, to build a garish tomb,
 Only to save the carcass whilst it rots ;
 To maintain't long in stinking, make good carion,
 But leave no good deeds to preserve them sound ;
 For good deeds keep men sweet, long above ground.
 And must all come to this ? fools, wise, all hither ?
 Must all heads thus at last be laid together ?
 Draw me my picture then, thou grave neat workman,
 After this fashion, not like this ; these colours,

In time, kissing but air, will be kiss'd off ;
 But here's a fellow, that which he lays on,
 Till doom's day alters not complexion.
 Death's the best painter then. They that draw shapes,
 And live by wicked faces, are but God's apes ;
 They come but near the life, and there they stay ;
 This fellow draws life too ; his art is fuller,
 The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his Servant.

Serv. Here's a parson would speak with you, fir.

Hip. Hah !

Serv. A parson, fir, would speak with you.

Hip. Vicar ?

Serv. Vicar ! no fir, has too good a face to be a vicar yet ; a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth ? of man or woman ? lock the doors.

Serv. If it be woman, marrow-bones and potato-pies keep me from meddling with her, for the thing has got the breeches ; 'tis a male-varlet, sure my lord, for a woman's taylor ne'er measur'd him.

Hip. Let him give thee his message, and be gone.

Serv. He says he's signor Matheo's man ; but I know he lyes.

Hip. How dost thou know it ?

Serv. 'Cause he has ne'er a beard : 'tis his boy, I think, fir, whosoe'er paid for his nursing.

Hip. Send him in, and keep the door.

[*Reads.*

Fata si liceat mihi,

Fingere arbitrio meo,

Temperem Zephyro levi vela.

I'd sail, were I to choose, not in the Ocean ;
 Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feel no bruise,

Enter Bellafront like a Page.

How ! from Matheo ?

Bell. Yes, my lord.

Hip. Art sick ?

Bell. Not all in health, my lord.

Hip. Keep off.

Bell. I do :

Hard fate, when women are compell'd to woe. [*Aside.*

Hip.

Hip. This paper does speak nothing.

Bell. Yes, my lord,

Matter of life it speaks, and therefore writ
In hidden characters ; to me instruction
My master gives, and ('less you please to stay
Till you both meet) I can the text display.

Hip. Do so : read out.

Bell. I am already out :

Look on my face, and read the strangest story !

Hip. What, villain, ho ? [Enter his Servant.

Serv. Call you, my lord ?

Hip. Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil.

Serv. Lord bless us, where ? he's not cloven, my lord,
that I can see : besides, the devil goes more like a gen-
tleman than a page : good my lord, *boon couragio.*

Hip. Thou hast let in a woman in man's shape,
And thou art damn'd for't.

Serv. Not damn'd, I hope, for putting in a woman to
a lord.

Hip. Fetch me my rapier,---do not : I shall kill thee.
Purge this infected chamber of that plague,
That runs upon me thus : Slave, thrust her hence.

Serv. Alas ! my lord, I shall never be able to thrust
her hence without help.—Come, mermaid, you must
to sea again.

Bell. Hear me but speak, my words shall be all
musick :

Hear me but speak.

Hip. Another beats the door,
T'other she-devil, look.

Serv. Why, then hell's broke loose, if so many devils
are abroad.

Hip. Hence, guard the chamber : let no more come on,
One woman serves for man's damnation.
Beshrew thee, thou do'st make me violate,
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow,
That e'er was enter'd in the court of heav'n :
I was on meditation's spotless wings,
Upon my journey thither ; like a storm
Thou beats my rip'ned cogitations

Flat to the ground ; and like a thief dost stand,
To steal devotion from the holy land.

Bell. If woman were thy mother ; if thy heart
Be not all marble ; or if 't marble be,
Let my tears soften it, to pity me.
I do beseech thee, do not thus with scorn
Destroy a woman.

Hip. Woman, I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suit, this fits thee not ;
I would not grant it to a kneeling queen.
I cannot love thee, nor I must not : See
The copy of that obligation,
Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties.

Bel. She's dead you told me, she'll let fall her suit.

Hip. My vows to her, fled after her to heav'n :
Were thine eyes clear as mine, thou might'st behold her,
Watching upon yon battlements of stars,
How I observe them : should I break my bond,
This board would rive in twain, these wooden lips
Call me most perjur'd villain. Let it suffice,
I ha' set thee in the path ; is't not a sign
I love thee, when with one so most most dear,
I'll have thee fellows ? all are fellows there.

Bell. Be greater than a king ; save not a body,
But from eternal shipwrack keep a soul ;
If not, and that again sin's path I tread,
The grief be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hip. Stay, and take physick for it ; read this book ;
Ask counsel of this head, what's to be done,
He'll strike it dead that 'tis damnation,
If you turn Turk again. Oh, do it not !
Tho' heav'n cannot allure you to do well,
From doing ill let hell fright you : and learn this,
The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,
Is God's fair bride ; and maidens souls are such :
The soul that leaving chastity's white shore,
Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's whore.

How now ! who comes ? [Enter his Servant.

Serv. No more knaves, my lord, that wear smocks :
here's a letter from doctor Benedict ; I would not enter

his man, tho' he had hairs at his mouth, for fear he should be a woman, for some women have beards; marry, they are half witches. 'Slid, you are a sweet youth to wear a codpiece, and have no pins to stick upon't.

Hip. I'll meet the doctor; tell him, yet to night I cannot: but at morrow rising sun

I will not fail: go, woman, fare thee well. [Exit.

Bell. The lowest fall can be but into hell.

It does not move him. I must therefore fly

From this undoing city, and with tears

Wash off all anger from my father's brow.

He cannot sure but joy, seeing me new born.

A woman honest first, and then turn whore,

Is (as with me) common to thousands more;

But from a strumpet to turn chaste; that sound

Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found. [Exit.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Fustigo, Crambo, and Puff.

Fust. **H**OLD up your hands, gentlemen: here's one, two, three. — Nay, I warrant they are found pistols, and without flaws; I had them of my sifter, and I know she uses to put nothing that's crackt.-- Three, four, five, six, seven, eight and nine; by this hand bring me but a piece of his blood, and you shall have nine more. I'll lurk in a tavern not far off, and provide supper to close up the end of the tragedy. The linnen-drapers, remember. Stand to't, I beseech you; and play your parts perfectly.

Crambo. Look you, signior, 'tis not your gold that we weigh.

Fust. Nay, nay, weigh it, and spare not; if it lack one grain of corn,

I'll give you a bushel of wheat to make it up.

Crambo. But by your favour, signior, which of the servants is it? because we'll punish justly.

Fust.

Fust. Marry, 'tis the head-man; you shall taste him by his tongue. A pretty tall; prating fellow, with a Tuscalonian beard.

Puff. Tuscalonian! very good.

Fust. Gods life, I was ne'er so thrumb'd since I was a gentleman: my coxcomb was dry beaten, as if my hair had been hemp.

Crambo. We'll dry-beat some of them.

Fust. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cry'd out murder very manfully: I have her consent in a manner to have him pepper'd, else I'll not do't to win more than ten cheaters do at a rising: break but his pate or so, only his mazer, because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine; he's a linnen-draper, and may take enough. I could enter my action of battery against him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

Crambo. No more to do, but insconce yourself i'th' tavern; provide no great chear; a couple of capons, some pheasants, plovers, and orangado-pie, or so: but how bloody so e'er the day be, fally you not forth.

Fust. No, no; nay if I stir, somebody shall stink: I'll not budge; I'll lie like a dog in a manger.

Crambo. Well, well, to the tavern; let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough; your belly full.

Fust. That's all, so God sa' me, I thirst after; blood for blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaster for plaster, and so farewell. What shall I call your names? because I'll leave word, if any such come to the bar.

Crambo. My name is corporal Crambo.

Puff. And mine, lieutenant Puff. [*Exeunt.*

Crambo. Puff is as tall a man as ever open'd oysters: I would not be the devil to meet Puff. Farewell.

Fust. Nor I, by this light, if Puff be such a puff. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Candido's Wife, in her shop, and the two 'Prentices.

Wife. What's a clock now?

2. 'Prent. 'Tis almost twelve.

Wife. That's well.

The senate will leave wording presently :
But is George ready ?

2 *'Prent.* Yes, forsooth, he's furbisht.

Wife. Now, as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him
With the like awe, as if he were your master ;
Let not your looks betray it with a smile,
Or leering glance, to any customer.
Keep a true settled countenance ; and beware
You laugh not, whatsoever you hear or see.

2 *'Prent.* I warrant you, mistress, let us alone for keeping our countenance : for if I list, there is never a fool in all Milan shall make me laugh ; let him play the fool never so like an ass ; whether it be the fat court-fool, or the lean city-fool.

Wife. Enough then, call down George.

2 *'Prent.* I hear him coming.

Enter George.

Wife. Be ready with your legs, then let me see
How courtesy would become him. — Gallantly !
Beswore my blood, a proper seemly man ;
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

Geo. I thank you, mistress ; my back's broad enough,
now my master's gown's on.

Wife. Sure I should think it were the least of sin,
To mistake the master, and to let him in.

Geo. 'Twere a good comedy of errors that, i'faith.

2 *'Prent.* Whist, whist, my master !

Enter Candido, and exit presently.

Wife. You all know your task. — God's my life, what's
that he has got upon his back ? who can tell ?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man ! What, has he
lost his cloak too ? This is the maddest fashion that e'er
I saw.

What said he, George, when he pass'd by thee ?

Geo. Troth, mistress, nothing : not so much as a bee,
he did not hum ; not so much as a bawd, he did not
hem ; not so much as a cuckold, he did not ha ; neither
hum,

hum, hem, not ha : only star'd me in the face, past along, and made haste in, as if my looks had work'd with him to give him a stool.

Wife. Sure he's vext now, this trick has mov'd his spleen ;

He's anger'd now, because he utter'd nothing :
And wordless wrath breaks out more violent.

May be he'll strive for place, when he comes down ;
But if thou lov'st me, George, afford him none.

Geo. Nay, let me alone to play my master's prize, as long as my mistress warrants me : I am sure I have his best cloaths on, and I scorn to give place to any that is inferiour in apparel to me ; that's an axiom, a principle ; and is observ'd as much as the fashion ; let that persuade you then, that I'll shoulder with him for the upper-hand in the shop, as long as this chain will maintain it.

Wife. Spoke with the spirit of a master, tho' with the tongue of a 'prentice.

Enter Candido like a 'prentice.

Why, how now mad-man ? what in your trickfcoats ?

Cand. O, peace, good mistress.

Enter Crambo and Puff.

See what you lack, what is't you buy ? pure callicoës, fine hollands, choice cambricks, neat lawns : see, what you buy. Pray come near, my master will use you well, he can afford you a pennyworth.

Wife. Ay, that he can, out of a whole piece of lawn, i'faith.

Cand. Pray, see your choice here, gentlemen.

Wife. O fine fool ! what a mad-man ? a patient mad-man ? who ever heard of the like ? Well sir, I'll fit you and your humour presently : what, cross-points ? I'll untie 'em all in a trice, I'll vex you, faith. Boy, take your cloak, quick, come. [Exit.

Cand. Be covered, George ; this chain, and welted gown,

Bare to this coat ? Then the world's upside down.

Geo. Umh, umh, hum.

Crambo. That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

Puff. Ay, but the master is walking in there.

Crambo. No matter, we'll in.

Puff. 'Sblood dost long to lye in limbo ?

Cram. And limbo be in hell, I care not.

Cand. Look you, gentlemen, your choice : cambricks ?

Cram. No, fir, some shirting.

Cand. You shall.

Cram. Have you none of this strip'd canvas for doublets ?

Cand. None strip'd, fir, but plain.

2 Prout. I think there be one piece strip'd within.

Geo. Step, firrah, and fetch it ; hum, hum, hum.

Cand. Look you, gentlemen, I'll make but one spreading ; here's a piece of cloth, fine, yet shall wear like iron : 'tis without fault ; take this upon my word ; 'tis without fault.

Cram. Then 'tis better than you, firrah.

Cand. Ay, and a number more. O that each soul Were but as spotless as this innocent white, And had as few breaks in it !

Cram. 'Twould have some then : there was a fray here last day in this shop.

Cand. There was indeed a little flea-biting.

Puff. A gentleman had his pate broke, call you that but a flea-biting ?

Cand. He had so.

Cram. Zowns, do you stand in't ? [He strikes him.]

Geo. 'Sfoot, clubs ! clubs ! 'prentices, down with 'em ! ah you rogues, strike a citizen in's shop ?

Cand. None of you stir, I pray ; forbear, good George.

Cram. I beseech you, fir ; we mistook our marks ; deliver us our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds, fir ; cry, clubs.

Cand. I say you shall not, pray be patient, Give them their weapons : firs, you'd best be gone ; I-tell you, here are boys more tough than bears : Hence, lest more fists do walk about your ears.

Both. We thank you, fir.

[Exeunt.]

Can. You shall not follow them.

Let them alone pray, this did me no harm ;

Troth, I was cold, and the blow made me warm,

I thank

I thank 'em for't: besides I had decreed
To have a vain prickt, I did mean to bleed,
So that there's money fav'd: they are honest men,
Pray use 'em well, when they appear again.

Geo. Yes, fir, we'll use 'em like honest men.

Cand. Ay, well said, George, like honest men, tho'
they be arrant-knaves; for that's the praise of the city:
help to lay up these wares.

Enter his Wife, with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he stands.

Off. What, in a 'prentice-coat?

Wife. Ay, ay, mad, mad; pray take heed.

Cand. How now? what news with them? what make
they with my wife? Officers! is she attach'd? look to
your wares.

Wife. He talks to himself! Oh, he's much gone,
indeed!

Off. Pray, pluck up a good heart, be not so fearful;
Sirs, heark, we'll gather to him by degrees.

Wife. Ay, ay, by degrees, I pray: oh me! what
makes he with the lawn in his hand? he'll tear all the
ware in my shop.

Off. Fear not, we'll catch him on a sudden.

Wife. O you had need do so; pray take heed of your
warrant.

Off. I warrant, mistress.—Now, signior Candido.

Cand. Now, fir, what news with you, fir?

Wife. What news with you, he says, Oh he's far
gone!

Off. I pray, fear nothing, let's alone with him.
Signior, you look not like yourself, methinks,
(Steal you at t'other side) you are chang'd, y'are alter'd.

Cand. Chang'd, fir? why, true, fir. Is change strange?
'tis not the fashion, unless it alter: monarchs turn to
beggars; beggars creep into the nests of princes, masters
serve their prentices: ladies their serving-men; men turn
to women.

Off. And women turn to men.

Cand. Ay, and women turn to men; you say true;
ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world.

Off. Have we caught you, sir ?

Cand. Caught me ? well, well ; you have caught me.

Wife. He laughs in your faces.

Geo. A rescue, 'prentices ! my master's catch-pol'd.

Off. I charge you keep the peace, or have your legs gartered with irons. We have from the duke a warrant strong enough for what we do.

Cand. I pray, rest quiet ; I desire no rescue.

Wife. La : he desires no rescue ; 'las, poor heart !
He talks against himself.

Cand. Well, what's the matter ?

Off. Look to that arm ;

Pray make sure work ; double the cord.

Cand. Why, why ?

Wife. Look, how his head goes ! should he get but loose,

Oh 'twere as much as all our lives were worth.

Off. Fear not, we'll make sure for our own safety.

Cand. Are you at leisure now ? well, what's the matter ?

Why do I enter into bonds thus ? ha ?

Off. Because y'are mad ; put fear upon your wife.

Wife. Oh, ay ; I went in danger of my life every minute !

Cand. What ? am I mad say you, and I not know it ?

Off. That proves you mad, because you know it not.

Wife. Pray talk as little to him as you can ;

You see he's too far spent.

Cand. Bound with strong cord ?

A silver thread, i'faith, had been enough

To lead me any where. *Wife,* do you long ?

You are mad too, or else you do me wrong.

Geo. But are you mad indeed, master ?

Cand. My Wife says so ;

And what she says, George, is all truth, you know :

And whither now ? to Bethlem monast'ry ?——ha !
whither ?

Off. Faith, e'en to the madmen's pound.

Cand. A God's name : still I feel my patience found.

[*Exeunt.*

Geo.

Geo. Come, we'll see whither he goes. If the master be mad, we are his servants, and must follow his steps; we'll be mad-caps too. Farewell, mistress; you shall have us all in Bedlam. [*Exeunt.*]

Wife. I think I ha' fitted now, you and your cloaths; If this move not his patience, nothing can; I'll swear then I have a faint, and not a man. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XII.

Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluclo, Castruchio, Pioratto.

Duke. **G**.I.V.E us a little leave.—*Doctor,* your news.

Doctor. I sent for him, my lord: at last he came, And did receive all speech that went from me, As gilded pills made to prolong his health. My credit with him wrought it. For some men Swallow even empty hooks; like fools, that fear No drowning where 'tis deepest, 'cause 'tis clear. In th'end we sat, and eat: a health I drank To Infelicia's sweet departed soul; —'This train I knew would take.

Duke. 'Twas excellent.

Doctor. He fell with such devotion on his knees, To pledge the same——

Duke. Fond superstitious fool!

Doctor. That had he been inflam'd with zeal of prayer, He could not pour't out with more reverence. About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek; Kiss'd it, and swore he would adore my lips, Because they brought forth Infelicia's name.

Duke. Ha, ha, alack, alack!

Doctor. The cup he lifts up high, and thus he said, Here noble maid! drinks, and was poisoned.

Duke. And died?

Doctor. And died, my lord.

Duke. Thou, in that word
 Hast piec'd mine aged hours out with more years,
 Than thou hast taken from Hipolito.
 A noble youth he was ; but lesser branches
 Hindring the greater's growth, must be lopt off,
 And feed the fire. Doctor, w'are now all thine ;
 And use us so : be bold.

Doctor. Thanks, gracious lord :
 My honoured lord. —

Duke. Hum.

Doctor. I do beseech your grace, to bury deep
 This bloody act of mine.

Duke. Nay, nay, for that,
 Doctor, look you to't ; me it shall not move ;
 They're curst that ill do, not that ill do love.

Doctor. You throw an angry forehead on my face ;
 But be you pleas'd backward thus for to look,
 That for your good this ill I undertook.

Duke. Ay, ay, we construe so.

Doctor. And only for your love.

Duke. Confest ; 'tis true.

Doctor. Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
 To thrust me from your presence : nor believe
 (As princes have quick thoughts) that now my finger
 Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand ;
 But that for gold (as what can gold not do ?)
 I may be hir'd to work the like on you.

Duke. Which to prevent —

Doctor. 'Tis from my heart as far —

Duke. No matter, Doctor ; 'cause I'll fearless sleep,
 And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion,
 I banish thee for ever from my court.
 This principle is old, but true as fate ;
 Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate. [Exit.

Doctor. Is't so ? Nay then, Duke, your stale principle
 With one as stale, the Doctor thus shall quit ;
 He falls himself that digs another's pit.
 How now ? where is he ? will he meet me ?

Enter

Enter the Doctor's man.

Doc. man. Meet you, fir? He might have met with three fencers in this time, and have receiv'd less hurt than by meeting one doctor of physick. Why, fir, he has walk'd under the old Abby-wall yonder this hour, till he's more cold than a citizen's country-house in January. You may smell him behind, fir: la you, yonder he comes!

Doctor. Leave me.

[Enter Hipolito.

Doc. man. I'th'lurch, if you will.

[Exit.

Doctor. O, my most noble friend!

Hip. Few but yourself

Could have intic'd me thus, to trust the air
With my close sighs. You sent for me, what news?

Doctor. Come, you must d'off this black; dye that pale
cheek

Into his own colour. Go, attire yourself
Fresh as a bridegroom, when he meets his bride.
The Duke has done much treason to thy love:
'Tis now reveal'd; 'tis now to be reveng'd,
Be merry, honour'd friend; thy lady lives.

Hip. What lady?

Doctor. Infelicia, she's reviv'd.

Reviv'd! alack, death never had the heart
To take breath from her.

Hip. Umh, I thank you, fir:

Physick prolongs life, when it cannot save;
This helps not my hopes; mine are in their grave:
You do some wrong to mock me.

Doctor. By that love,

Which I have ever born you, what I speak
Is truth; the maiden lives: that funeral,
Duke's tears, the mourning was all counterfeit;
A sleepy draught cozen'd the world and you.
I was his minister; and then chamber'd up,
To stop discovery.

Hip. O treacherous Duke!

Doctor. He cannot hope so certainly for blifs,
As he believes that I have poison'd you.

He woo'd me to't ; I yielded, and confirm'd him
In his most bloody thoughts.

Hip. A very devil !

Doctor. Her did he closely coach to Bergamo ;
And thither ———

Hip. Will I ride : stood Bergamo
In the low country's of black hell, I'll to her.

Doctor. You shall to her, but not to Bergamo.
How passion makes you fly beyond yourself ! -
Much of that weary journey I ha' cut off ;
For she by letters hath intelligence
Of your supposed death, her own interment,
And all those plots which that false duke her father
Has wrought against you ; and she'll meet you.

Hip. O, when ?

Doctor. Nay, see, how covetous are your desires ?
Early to-morrow morn.

Hip. O where, good father ?

Doctor. At Bethlem monastery. Are you pleas'd now ?

Hip. At Bethlem monastery ? the place well fits,
It is the school where those that lose their wits
Practise again to get them. I am sick
Of that disease ; all love is lunatick.

Doctor. We'll steal away this night in some disguise.
Father Anselmo, a most reverend frier,
Expects our coming ; before whom we'll lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yield in bonds
Of holy wedlock to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such happiness,
That to believe it is impossible.

Doctor. Let all your joys then die in misbelief ;
I will reveal no more.

Hip. O yes, good father !
I am so well acquainted with despair,
I know not how to hope ; I believe all.

Doctor. We'll hence this night ; much must be done,
much said :

But, if the doctor fail not in his charms,
Your Lady shall e'er morning fill those arms.

Hip. Heavenly physician!—far thy fame shall spread ;
That mak'it two lovers speak, when they be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

Candido's wife, and George, Pioratto meets them.

Wife. O watch, good George, watch which way the
duke comes.

George. Here comes one of the butterflies ; ask him!

Wife. Pray, sir, comes the duke this way ?

Pio. He's upon coming, mistress. [Exit.]

Wife. I thank you, sir.---George, are there many
mad folks where thy master lies ?

George. O, yes ; of all countries some, but especially
mad Greeks ; they swarm. Troth, mistress, the world
is alter'd with you ; you had not wont to stand thus,
with a paper, humbly complaining : but you're well e-
nough serv'd. Provinder prickt you, as it does many
of our city wives besides.

Wife. Do'st think, George, we shall get him forth ?

George. Truly, mistress, I cannot tell ; I think you'll
hardly get him forth. Why, 'tis strange ! 'Sfoot, I
have known many women that have had mad rascals to
their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means
possible to keep 'em in their right wits ; but of a woman
to long to turn a tame man into a madman---why the
devil himself was never used so by his dam.

Wife. How does he talk, George ? ha, good George,
tell me.

George. Why, you'd best go see.

Wife. Alas, I'm afraid !

George. Afraid ! you had more need be asham'd : he
may rather be afraid of you.

Wife. But, George, he's not stark mad, is he ? he
does not rave ? he's not horn-mad, George, is he ?

George. Nay, I know not that ; but he talks like a
justice of peace, of a thousand matters, and to no pur-
pose.

Wife. I'll to the monastery. I shall be mad till I
enjoy him ; I shall be sick, till I see him ; yet when I do
see him, I shall weep out mine eyes.

George,

George. I'd fain see a woman weep out her eyes ; that's as true, as to say a man's cloak burns when it hangs in the water. I know you'll weep, mistress ; but what says the painted cloth ?

*Trust not a woman when she cries ;
For she'll pump water from her eyes,
With a wet finger ; and in faster showers,
Than April when he rains down flowers.*

Wife. Ay, but George, that painted cloth is worthy to be hang'd up for lying ; all women have not tears at will, unless they have good cause.

George. Ay, but mistress, how easily will they find a cause ? and as one of our cheese-trenchers says, very learnedly :

*As out of wormwood bees suck honey ;
As from poor clients lawyers firke money,
As parsley from a roasted coney.
So, tho' the day be ne'er so sunny,
If wives will have it rain, down then it drives ;
The calmest husbands make the stormyest wives.*

Wife. Tame, George ! but I ha' done storming now.

George. Why, that's well done, good mistress ; throw aside this fashion of your humour ; be not phantastical in wearing it ; storm no more, long no more. — This langing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might have had from my master. Here comes the duke !

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinezzi.

Wife. Oh, I beseech you pardon my offence ; In that I durst abuse your Grace's warrant ; Deliver forth my husband, good my lord.

Duke. Who is her husband ?

Flu. Candido, my lord.

Duke. Where is he ?

Wife. He's among the lunaticks.

He was a man made up without a gall ;
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
His meek blood into fury ; yet like a monster,
I often beat at the most constant rock

Of his unshaken patience, and did long
To vex him.—

Duke. Did you so?

Wife. And for that purpose,
Had warrant from your grace to carry him
To Bethlem-monastery; whence they will not free him
Without your grace's hand that sent him in.

Duke. You have long'd fair; 'tis you are mad, I
fear:

It's fit to fetch him thence, and keep you there.
If he be mad, why would you have him forth?

George. And please your grace, he's not stark mad;
but only talks like a young gentleman, somewhat phan-
tastical; that's all: there's a thousand about your court,
city, and country, madder than he.

Duke. Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.

George. Here's a warrant ready drawn, my lord.

Wife. Get pen and ink, get pen and ink.

Enter Castruchio.

Cast. Where is my lord the duke?

Duke. How now? more mad men!

Cast. I have strange news, my lord.

Duke. Of what? of whom?

Cast. Of Infelicia, and a marriage.

Duke. Ha! where? with whom?

Cast. Hipolito.

George. Here, my lord.

Duke. Hence with that woman! void the room!

Flu. Away, the duke's vex'd.

George. Whoop! come mistress, the duke's mad too.

[*Exeunt.*]

Duke. Who told me that Hipolito was dead?

Cast. He that can make any man dead, the Doctor.
But, my lord, he's as full of life as wild-fire, and as
quick. Hipolito, the doctor, and one more, rid hence
this evening; the inn at which they light is Bethlem-
monastery. Infelicia comes from Bergamo, and meets
them there. Hipolito is mad, for he means this day to
be married. The afternoon is the hour, and frier An-
selmo is the knitter.

Duke.

Duke. From Bergamo ! is't possible ? it cannot be,
It cannot be.

Cast. I will not swear, my lord ;
But this intelligence I took from one
Whose brain works in the plot.

Duke. What's he ?

Cast. Matheo.

Flu. Matheo knows all.

Pio. He's Hipolito's bosom.

Duke. How far stands Bethlem hence ?

Omnes. Six or seven miles.

Duke. Is't even so ? not married till the afternoon
you say ?

Stay, stay, let's work out some prevention. How
This is most strange ; can none but mad men serve
To dress their wedding dinner ? All of you
Get presently horse, disguise yourselves
Like country gentlemen,
Or riding citizens, or so ; and take
Each man a several path, but let us meet
At Bethlem-monastery, some space of time
Being spent between the arrival each of other,
As if we came to see the lunaticks.
To horse ! away ! be secret on your lives ;
Love must be punish'd, that unjustly thrives. [*Exeunt.*]

Flu. Be secret on your lives ! Castruchio
Y'are but a scurvy spaniel. Honest lord !
Good lady ! zounds, their love is just, 'tis good ;
And I'll prevent you, tho' I swim in blood. [*Exit.*]

Enter Frier Anselmo, Hipolito, Matheo, Infelicia.

Hip. Nay, nay, resolve good father, or deny.

Ans. You press me to an act, both full of danger
And full of happiness ; for I behold
Your father's frowns, his threats ; nay, perhaps death,
To him that dare do this : yet, noble lord,
Such comfortable beams break thro' these clouds
By this blest marriage, that (your honour'd word
Being pawn'd in my defence) I will tie fast
The holy wedding knot.

Hip. Tush, fear not the duke.

Ans.

Ans. O son, wisely to fear, is to be free from fear.

Hip. You have our words, and you shall have our lives

To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Mat. Ay, ay, chop 'em up and away.

Ans. Stay; when is't fit for me, safest for you,

To entertain this business?

Hip. Not till the evening.

Ans. Be't so: there's a chapel stands hard by,

Upon the west end of the abbey wall,

Thither convey yourselves, and when the sun

Hath turn'd his back upon this upper world,

I'll marry you; that done, no thund'ring voice

Can break the sacred bond; yet, lady, here you are most safe.

Inf. Father, your love's most dear.

Mat. Ay, well said; lock us into some little room by ourselves, that we may be mad for an hour or two.

Hip. O good Matheo, no; let's make no noise.

Mat. How! no noise! do you know where you are? 'sfoot, amongst all the mad-caps in Milan: so that to throw the house out at window will be the better, and no man will suspect that we lurk here to steal mutton. The more sober we are, the more scurvy 'tis; and tho' the frier tells us, that here we are safest, i'm not of his mind; for if those lay here that had lost their money, none would ever look after them; but here are none but those that have lost their wits; so that if hue and cry be made, hither they'll come, and my reason is, because none goes to be married till he be stark mad.

Hip. Muffle yourselves; yonder's Fluello.

Enter Fluello.

Mat. Zounds!

Flu. O, my lord, these cloaks are not for this rain: the tempest is too great, I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why, what's the matter?

Flu. What's the matter! you have matter'd it fair: the duke's at hand.

Omnes. The duke!

Flu.

Flu. The very duke.

Hip. Then all our plots are turn'd upon our heads ; and we are blown up with our own underminings. 'Sfoot, how, how comes he ? what villain durst betray our being here ?

Flu. Castruchio ; Castruchio told the duke, and Matteo here told Castruchio.

Hip. Would you betray me to Castruchio ?

Mat. 'Sfoot, he damn'd himself to the pit of hell, if he spake on't again.

Hip. So did you swear to me ; so were you damn'd.

Mat. Pox on 'em ! and there be no faith in men, if a man shall not believe oaths. He took bread and salt by this light, that he would never open his lips.

Hip. O god, o god !

Ans. Son, be not desperate, have patience, you shall trip your enemy down by his own sleights. How far is the duke hence ?

Flu. He's but new set out : Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi ; come along with him : you have time enough yet to prevent them, if you have but courage.

Ans. You shall steal secretly into the chapel, And presently be married. If the duke Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes, You shall 'scape hence like friers.

Hip. O blest disguise ! O happy man !

Ans. Talk not of happiness, till your clos'd hand Have her by th'forehead, like the lock of time. Be not too slow, nor hasty, now you climb Up to the tow'r of bliss ; only be wary And patient, that's all. If you like my plot, Build and dispatch ; if not, farewell.

Hip. O, yes, we do applaud it ; we'll dispute No longer, but hence and execute. Fluello, you'll stay here ; let us be gone. The ground that freighted lovers tread upon Is stuck with thorns.

Ans. Come then, away. 'Tis meet, To escape those thorns, to put on winged feet. [*Exeunt.*

Mat.

Mat. No words, I pray, Fluello; for it stands us upon.

Flu. Oh, fir, let that be your lesson.

Alas, poor lovers! on what hopes and fears
Men tofs themselves for women! when she's got,
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

Enter to Fluello the Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi, from several doors muffled.

Duke. Who's there?—

Cast. My lord!

Duke. Peace, fend that lord away;

A lordship will spoil all: let's be all fellows.

What's he?

Cast. Fluello; or Sinezi, by his little legs.

Omnes. All friends, all friends.

Duke. What! met upon the very point of time.

Is this the place?

Pio. This is the place, my lord.

Duke. Dream you on lordships! come, no more lords
pray,

You have not seen these lovers yet?

Omnes. Not yet.

Duke. Castruchio, art thou sure this wedding feat

Is not till afternoon?

Cast. So 'tis given out, my lord.

Duke. Nay, nay, 'tis like; thieves must observe
their hours:

Lovers watch minutes like astronomers.

How shall the interim hours by us be spent?

Flu. Let's all go see the mad men.

Omnes. Mafs! content.

Enter Town like a sweeper.

Duke. Oh, here comes one; question him, question
him.

Flu. How now, honest fellow? do'st thou belong to
the house?

Town. Yes, forsooth, I am one of the implements;
I sweep the mad men's rooms, and fetch straw for 'em;
and buy chains to tie 'em, and rods to whip 'em. I

Was

was a mad wag myself here once ; but I thank father Anselmo, he lash'd me into my right mind again.

Duke. Anselmo is the frier must marry them ; Question him where he is.

Cast. And where is father Anselmo, now ?

Town. Marry, he's gone but e'en now.

Duke. Ay, well done : tell me, whither is he gone ?

Town. Why, to God a'mighty.

Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow is a fool, talks idly.

Pio. Sirrah, are all the mad folks in Milan brought hither ?

Town. How, all ? there's a question, indeed ! Why, if all the mad folks in Milan should come hither, there would not be left ten men in the city.

Duke. Few gentlemen or courtiers here, ha ?

Town. Oh yes, abundance, abundance ! lands no sooner fall into their hands, but strait they run out o' their wits. Citizens sons and heirs are free of the house by their fathers copy. Farmers sons come hither like geese, in flocks ; and, when they ha' fold all their corn-fields, here they sit and pick the straws.

Sin. Methinks you should have women here, as well as men.

Town. Oh, ay : a plague on 'em, there's no ho with them ; they are madder than march-hares.

Flu. Are there no lawyers here amongst you ?

Town. Oh no, not one : never any lawyer. We dare not let a lawyer come in ; for he'll make 'em mad, faster than we can recover 'em.

Duke. And how long is't e'er you recover any of these ?

Town. Why, according to the quantity of the moon that's got into 'em. An alderman's son will be mad a great while, a very great while ; especially if his friends left him well. A whore will hardly come to her wits again. A puritan, there's no hope of him, unless he may pull down the steeple, and hang himself i'the bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceive all sorts of fish come to your net.

Town.

Town. Yes, in truth ; we have blocks for all heads ; we have good store of wild oats here. For the courtier is mad at the citizen ; the citizen is mad at the countryman ; the shoe-maker is mad at the cobbler ; the cobbler at the carman : the punk is mad, that the merchant's wife is no whore ; the merchant's wife is mad, that the punk is so common a whore.---God's-fo, here's father Anselmo ! Pray say nothing, that I tell tales out of the school. [Exit.

Omn. God bless you, father !

Enter Anselmo.

Ans. Thank you, gentlemen.

Cast. Pray may we see some of those wretched souls, That here are in your keeping ?

Ans. Yes, you shall :

But, gentlemen, I must disarm you then.
There are of madmen, as there are of tame,
All humour'd not alike. We have here some
So apish and fantastick, play with a feather ;
And, tho' 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act
Such antick, and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
Others, again, we have, like hungry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies ;
And these have oftentimes, from strangers sides,
Snatch'd rapiers suddenly, and done much harm :
Whom, if you'll see, you must be weaponless.

Omn. With all our hearts.

Ans. Here, take these weapons in.

Stand off a little, pray ; so, so, 'tis well.
I'll shew you here a man, that was sometimes
A very grave and wealthy citizen ;
Has served a 'prenticeship to this misfortune,
Been here seven years, and dwelt in Bergamo.

Duke. How fell he from his wits ?

Ans. By loss at sea.

I'll stand aside, question him you alone ;
For, if he spy me, he'll not speak a word,

Unless

Unless he's thoroughly vext.

[Discovers an old man, wrapt in a net.

Flu. Alas, poor foul!

Cast. A very old man.

Duke. God speed, father.

1. *Mad.* God speed the plough: thou shalt not speed me.

Pio. We see you, old man, for all you dance in a net.

1. *Mad.* True; but thou wilt dance in a halter, and I shall not see thee.

Ans. O, do not vex him, pray.

Cast. Are you a fisherman, father?

1. *Mad.* No, I'm neither fish nor flesh.

Flu. What do you with that net, then?

1. *Mad.* Do'st not see, fool! there's a fresh salmon in't. If you step one foot further, you'll be over shoes; for you see I'm over head and ears in the salt water: and if you fall into this whirlpool, where I am, y'are drown'd! y'are a drown'd rat!—I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught; for my net breaks still, and breaks; but I'll break some of your necks, and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay: where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind? Out, you gulls, you goose-caps, you gudgeon-eaters! Do you look for the wind in the heavens? ha, ha, ha, ha! no, no! Look there, look there, look there! the wind is always at that door. Hark, how it blows! pooff, pooff, pooff.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

1. *Mad.* Do you laugh at God's creatures? Do you mock old age, you rogues? Is this grey beard and head counterfeit, that you cry ha, ha, ha?—Sirrah, art not thou my eldest son?

Pio. Yes, indeed, father.

1. *Mad.* Then th'art a fool: for my eldest son had a polt foot, crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a pear-colour'd beard: I made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool.—Sirrah! thou there, hold out thy hand.

Duke.

Duke. My hand? well, here 'tis.

1. *Mad.* Look, look, look, look! has he not long nails, and short hair?

Flu. Yes, monstrous short hair, and abominable long nails.

1. *Mad.* Ten-peny nails, are they not?

Flu. Yes, ten-peny nails.

1. *Mad.* Such nails had my second boy. Kneel down, thou varlet, and ask thy father blessing. Such nails had my middlemost son, and I made him a promoter: and he scrap'd, and scrap'd, and scrap'd, till he got the devil and all; but he scrap'd thus, and thus, and thus, and it went under his legs; till, at length, a company of kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all, all, all, all, all!—If you love your lives, look to yourselves! see, see, see, see! the Turk's gallies are fighting with my ships! bounce goes the guns: oh! cry the men: romble, romble go the waters.—Alas! there! 'tis funk,—'tis funk: I am undone, I am undone! you are the damn'd pirates have undone me,—you are, by th' lord! you are! stop 'em; you are!

Ans. Why how now, firrah, must I fall to tame you?

1. *Mad.* Tame me? no: I'll be madder than a roasted cat: see, see! I am burnt with gunpowder! these are our close fights!

Ans. I'll whip you, if you grow unruly thus.

1. *Mad.* Whip me? out, you toad! whip me? what justice is this, to whip me because I am a begger?—Alas! I am a poor man: a very poor man: I am starved, and have had no meat, by this light, ever since the great flood: I am a poor man!

Ans. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meat.

1. *Mad.* Ay, ay, pray do; for, look you, here be my guts: these are my ribs;---you may look thro' my ribs; see how my guts come out--these are my red guts, my very guts; oh, oh!

Ans. Take him in there.

Om. A very piteous sight.

Cast. Father, I see you have a busy charge.

Ans. They must be us'd like children; pleas'd with toys, And

And anon whipt for their unruliness.

I'll shew you now a pair quite different

From him that's gone; he was all words: and these,
Unless you urge 'em, seldom spend their speech;

But have their tongues. Ha, you; this hithermost
Fell from the happy quietness of mind,

About a maiden, that he lov'd, who died:

He follow'd her to church, being full of tears,

And, as her body went into the ground,

He fell stark mad. That is a married man,

Was jealous of a fair, but (as some say)

A very virtuous wife; and that spoil'd him.

2. *Mad.* All these are whore-mongers, and lay with
my wife: whore, whore, whore, whore, whore!

Flu. Observe him.

2. *Mad.* Gaffer shoe-maker, you pull'd on my wife's
pumps, and then crept into her pantofles: lie there, lie
there!—This was her taylor; you cut out her loose-
bodied gown, and put in a yard more than I allow'd
her: lie there, by the shoe-makers.---O, master doctor,
are you here? you gave me a purgation, and then crept
into my wife's chamber, to feel her pulses; and you
said, and she said, and her maid said, that they went
pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat: doctor, I'll put you anon,
into my wife's urinal.---Heigh, come aloft, Jack: this
was her school-master, and taught her to play upon the
virginals; and still his Jacks leapt up, up: you prick'd
her cut nothing but bawdy lessons; but I'll prick you all!
fidler--doctor--taylor--shoemaker, ---shoemaker--fidler--
doctor--taylor---so!--lie with my wife again, now!

Cast. See how he notes the other now he feeds.

2. *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* I'll give thee none.

2. *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* I'll not give thee a bit.

2. *Mad.* Give me that flap-dragon.

3. *Mad.* I'll not give thee a spoonful! thou liest, it's
no dragon; 'tis a parrot, that I bought for my sweet-
heart, and I'll keep it.

2. *Mad.* Here's an almond for parrot.

3. *Mad.*

3. *Mad.* Hang thyself.

2. *Mad.* Here's a rope for parrot.

3. *Mad.* Eat it, for I'll eat this.

2. *Mad.* I'll shoot at thee, an' thou'lt give me none.

3. *Mad.* Wil't thou?

2. *Mad.* I'll run a tilt at thee, an' thou'lt give me none.

3. *Mad.* Wil't thou? do, an' thou dar'ft.

2. *Mad.* Bounce.

3. *Mad.* Oh! I am slain!--murder, murder, murder! I am slain; my brains are beaten out.

Anf. How now, you villains! bring me whips: I'll whip you.

3. *Mad.* I am dead! I am slain! ring out the bell, for I am dead.

Duke. How will you do now, firrah? you ha' kill'd him.

2. *Mad.* I'll answer't at sessions. He was eating of almond-butter, and I long'd for't: the child had never been deliver'd out of my belly, if I had not kill'd him. I'll answer't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt i'th' hand too.

Anf. Take 'em in both: bury him, for he's dead.

3. *Mad.* Ay, indeed, I am dead; put me, I pray, into a good pit-hole.

2. *Mad.* I'll answer't at sessions. [Exeunt.

Enter Bellafront mad.

Anf. How now, hufwife, whither gad you?

Bell. A nutting, forsooth. How do you, gaffer? how do you, gaffer? there's a French curt'sy for you too.

Flu. 'Tis Bellafront.

Pio. 'Tis the punk, by th' lord.

Duke. Father, what's she, I pray?

Anf. As yet I know not:

She came in but this day: talks a little idly,
And therefore has the freedom of the house.

Bell. Do not you know me? nor you? nor you? nor you?

Omn. No, indeed.

Bell. Then you are an afs,--and you are an afs,--and you are an afs; for I know you.

Ans. Why, what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

Bell. They're fish-wives: will you buy any gudgeons? God's-fanty, yonder come friers! I know them too: how do you, frier?

Enter Hipolito, Matheo, and Infelicia, disguised in the habits of friers.

Ans. Nay, nay, away; you must not trouble friers: The duke is here, speak nothing.

Bell. Nay, indeed, you shall not go; we'll run at barlibreak first; and you shall be in hell.

Mat. My punk turn'd mad whore, as all her fellows are!

Hip. Speak nothing; but steal hence, when you spy time.

Ans. I'll lock you up, if y'are unruly; fie!

Bell. Fie! marry, so! they shall not go, indeed, till I ha' told 'em their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, give her leave.

Bell. I pray, good father; and I'll give you my blessing.

Ans. Well, then, be brief; but, if you are thus unruly,

I'll have you lock'd up fast.

Pio. Come, to their fortunes.

Bell. Let me see, one, two, three, and four. I'll begin with the little finger first. Here's a fine hand, indeed! I never saw frier have such a dainty hand: here's a hand for a lady! here's your fortune:

You love a frier better than a nun;

Yet long you'll love no frier, nor no frier's son.

Bow a little: the line of life is out; yet, I'm afraid,

For all you're holy, you'll not die a maid.

God give you joy!

Now to you, frier Tuck.

Mat. God send me good luck.

Bell. You love one, and one loves you;
You are a false knave, and she's a Jew:

Here is a dial, that false ever goes.---

Mat. O, your wet drops.----

Bell. Troth, so does your nose; nay, let's shake hands with you too.

Pray open: here's a fine hand.

Ho, frier, ho; God be here!

So he had need; you'll keep good cheer.

Here's a free table, but a frozen breast;

For you'll starve those that love you best:

Yet you have good fortune; for, if I am no lier,

Then you are no frier; nor you, nor you, no frier.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Discovers them.*]

Duke. Are holy habits cloaks for villainy?

Draw all your weapons.

Hip. Do, draw all your weapons.

Duke. Where are your weapons? draw.

Omn. The frier has gull'd us of 'em.

Mat. O rare trick!

You ha' learnt one mad point of arithmetick.

Hip. Why swells your spleen so high? against what bosom

Would you your weapons draw? her's! 'tis your daughter's:

Mine! 'tis your son's.

Duke. Son?

Mat. Son, by yonder sun.

Hip. You cannot shed blood here, but 'tis your own:

To spill your own blood, were damnation.

Lay smooth that wrinkled brow, and I will throw

Myself beneath your feet.

Let it be rugged still, and flinted o'er;

What can come forth but sparkles, that will burn

Yourself and us? she's mine; my claim's most good;

She's mine by marriage, tho' she's your's by blood.

Ans. (kneeling.) I have a hand, dear lord, deep in this act:

For I foresaw this storm; yet willingly

Put forth to meet it. Oft have I seen a father

Washing the wounds of his dear son in tears;

A son to curse the sword, that struck his father;

Both slain i'th' quarrel of your families.
 Those scars are now ta'en off; and I beseech you
 To seal our pardon. All was to this end;
 To turn the antient hates of your two houses
 To fresh green friendship, that your loves might look
 Like the spring's forehead, comfortably sweet;
 And your vext souls in peaceful union meet.
 Their blood will now be your's, your's will be their's;
 And happiness shall crown your silver hairs.

Flu. You see, my lord, there's now no remedy.

Omn. Beseech your lordship.

Duke. You beseech fair; you have me in place fit
 To bridle me. Rise, frier; you may be glad
 You can make mad men tame, and tame men mad.
 Since fate hath conquer'd, I must rest content;
 To strive now, would but add new punishment:
 I yield unto your happiness. Be blest;
 Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.

Omn. O happy change!

Duke. Your's now is my content;
 I throw upon your joys my full consent.

Bell. Am not I a good girl, for finding the frier in the
 well? God's-so, you are a brave man! will not you buy
 me some sugar-plumbs, because I am so good a fortune-
 teller?

Duke. Would thou had'st wit, thou pretty soul, to
 ask,
 As I have will to give.

Bell. Pretty soul! a pretty soul is better than a pretty
 body. Do not you know my pretty soul? I know you:
 is not your name Matheo?

Mat. Yes, lamb.

Bell. Baa! lamb, there you lie; for I am mutton.
 Look, fine man! he was mad for me once; and I was
 mad for him once; and he was mad for her once: and
 were you never mad? yes, I warrant. I had a fine jewel
 once, a very fine jewel! and that naughty man stole it
 away from me: a very fine jewel!

Duke. What jewel, pretty maid?

Bell. Maid! nay, that's a lye. O, 'twas a very rich
 jewel,

jewel, call'd a maidenhead: and had not you it, leerer?

Mat. Out, you mad afs, away.

Duke. Had he thy maidenhead? he shall make thee amends, and marry thee.

Bell. Shall he? O brave Arthur of Bradly then!

Duke. And, if he bear the mind of a gentleman, I know he will.

Mat. I think I rifled her of some such paultry jewel.

Duke. Did you? then marry her; you see the wrong Has led her spirits into a lunacy.

Mat. How, marry her, my lord? 'sfoot, marry a mad woman! let a man get the tameft wife he can come by, she'll be mad enough afterwards, do what he can.

Duke. Nay, then, father Anselmo here shall do his best,

To bring her to her wits. And will you, then?

Mat. I cannot tell: I may chuse.

Duke. Nay, then law shall compel: I tell you, fir, So much her hard fate moves me, you should not breathe

Under this air, unless you married her.

Mat. Well then, when her wits stand in their right place, I'll marry her.

Bell. I thank your grace. Matheo, thou art mine. I am not mad; but put on this disguise.

Only for you, my lord; for you can tell

Much wonder of me: but you are gone!--farewell!--

Matheo, thou did'st first turn my soul black;

Now make it white again. I do protest,

I'm pure as fire now, chaste as Cynthia's breast.

Hip. I durst be sworn, Matheo, she's indeed.

Mat. Coney-catcht! gull'd! must I sail in your fly-boat,

Because I help'd to rear your main-mast first?

Plague confound you for't! 'tis well—

The cuckold's stamp goes current in all nations:

Some men have horns given them at their creations.

If I be one of those—why, so! it's better

To take a common wench, and make her good,
 Than one that simpers, and, at first, will scarce
 Be tempted forth over the threshold door ;
 Yet, in one se'nright, zounds, turns arrant whore.
 Come, wench, thou shalt be mine ; give me thy golls,
 We'll talk of legs hereafter. See, my lord !
 God give us joy.

Om. God give you joy.

Enter Candido's wife and George.

George. Come, mistress, we are in Bedlam now ; mas,
 and see, we come in pudding-time ; for here's the
 duke.

Wife. My husband, good my lord !---

Duke. Have I thy husband ?

Cast. It's Candido, my lord ; he's here among the
 lunaticks. Father Anselmo, pray fetch him forth.
 [*Exit Anselmo.*] This mad woman is his wife ; and,
 tho' she were not with child, yet did she long, most
 spitefully, to have her husband mad ; and, because she
 would be sure he should turn Jew, she placed him here
 in Bethlem.---Yonder he comes !

Enter Candido with Anselmo.

Duke. Come hither, signior.---Are you mad ?

Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why, I know that.

Cand. Then you may know I am not mad, that
 know

You are not mad, and that you are the duke.
 None is mad here, but one.--How do you, wife ?
 What do you long for, now ?--pardon, my lord ;
 She had lost her child's nose else. I did cut out
 Penyworth's of lawn ; the lawn was yet mine own :
 A carpet was my gown ; yet 'twas mine own :
 I wore my man's coat ; yet the cloth mine own :
 Had a crack'd crown, the crown was yet mine own :
 She says for this I'm mad ; were her words true,
 I should be mad, indeed.--O, foolish skill,
 Is patience madness ? I'll be a mad-man still.

Wife.

Wife. Forgive me, and I'll vex your spirit no more.

Duke. Come, come, we'll have you friends. Join hearts, join hands.

Cand. See, my lord, we are even.

Nay, rise; for ill deeds kneel unto none but heaven.

Duke. Signior, methinks patience has laid on you such heavy weight, that you should loath it.

Cand. Loath it?---

Duke. For he, whose breast is tender, blood so cool,

That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool:

What comfort do you find in being so calm?

Cand. That which green wounds receive from sovereign balm.

Patience, my lord! why, 'tis the soul of peace:

Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;

It makes men look like Gods.—The best of men,

That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.

The first true gentleman, that ever breath'd

The stock of patience, then, cannot be poor;

All it desires it has; what monarch more?

It is the greatest enemy to law

That can be; for it doth embrace all wrongs,

And so chains up lawyers and womens tongues.

'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,

His walks and orchards: 'tis the bond-slave's freedom;

And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,

As tho' he wore it more for state than pain:

It is the begger's musick; and thus sings,

Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.

O, my dread liege! it is the sap of blifs,

Rears us aloft; makes men and angels kifs:

And last of all, to end a household strife,

It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

Duke. Thou giv'st it lively colours: who dare
say

He's mad, whose words march in so good array?

'Twere sin all women should such husbands have ;
For every man must then be his wife's slave :
Come, therefore, you shall teach our court to shine ;
So calm a spirit is worth a golden mine.
Wives, with meek husbands, that to vex them long,
In Bedlam must they dwell ; else dwell they wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]





T H E

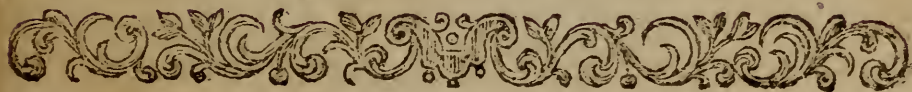
H O G

Hath lost his PEARL.

A

C O M E D Y.

By *ROBERT TAILOR.*



H 5



I Can get no Information concerning this Play, or its Author, but what is gather'd from the Title Page; which says, that it was wrote by one Robert Tailor, publickly acted by certain London 'Prentices, and printed in 1611.



THE
P R O L O G U E.

OUR long-time-rumour'd Hog, so often crost
By unexpected accidents, and tost
From one house to another; still deceiving
Many men's expectations, and bequeathing
To some lost labour; is at length got loose,
Leaving his servile yoke-stick to the goose;
Hath a knight's licence, and may range at pleasure,
Spight of all those that envy our Hog's treasure.
And thus much let me tell you, that our Swine
Is not, as divers criticks did divine,
Grunting at state-affairs, or invecting
Much at our city's vices; no, nor detecting
The pride or fraud in't; but, were it now
He had his first birth, wit should teach him how
To tax these times abuses, and tell some
How ill they did in running oft from home,
For to prevent (O men more hard than flint!)
A matter, that shall laugh at them in print.
Once to proceed in this play we were mindless,
Thinking we liv'd 'mongst Jews, that lov'd no Swine's
flesh:

But, now that trouble's past, if it deserve a hiss,
(As questionless it will, through our amiss)
Let it be favour'd by your gentle sufferance;
Wise men are still indu'd with patience:
We are not half so skill'd as strolling players,
Who could not please here, as at country-fairs:
We may be pelted off, for aught we know,
With apples, eggs, or stones, from thence below;
In which we'll crave your friendship, if we may,
And you shall have a dance worth all the play;
And, if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say 'tis fortunate, like Pericles.



Dramatis Personæ.

OLD lord *Wealthy*.
 Young lord, his son.
Maria, his daughter.
Carracus, } two gentlemen, near friends.
Albert, }
Lightfoot, a country gentleman.
Haddit, a youthful gallant.
Hog, an usurer.
Rebecca, his daughter.
Peter Servitude, his man.
Atlas, a porter.
 A priest.
 A player.
 A serving-man.
 A nurse.





T H E

H O G

Hath lost his PEARL.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Lightfoot, a country gentleman, passing over the stage, and knocks at the other door.

Lightfoot.



O, who's within here?

Enter Atlas a porter.

Atlas. Ha' ye any money to pay, you knock with such authority, fir?

Light. What if I have not, may not a man knock without money, fir?

Atlas.

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Atlas. Seldom, women and servants will not put it up so, sir.

Light. How say you by that, sir? but I pr'ythee, is not this one Atlas's house, a porter?

Atlas. I am the rent-payer thereof.

Light. In good time, sir.

Atlas. Not in good time neither, sir, for I am behind with my landlord a year and three quarters at least.

Light. Now if a man would give but observance to this fellow's prating, he would weary his ears sooner than a barber. Do y'hear, sir, lies there not one Haddit a gentleman, at this house?

Atlas. Here lies such a gentleman, sir, whose cloaths (were they not greasy) would bespeak him so.

Light. Then I pray, sir, when your leisure shall permit, that you would vouchsafe to help me to the speech of him.

Atlas. We must first crave your oath, sir, that you come not with intent to molest, perturb, or endanger him; for he is a gentleman whom it hath pleased fortune to make her tennis-ball of, and therefore subject to be struck by every fool into hazard.

Light. In that I commend thy care of him, for which friendship here's a slight reward; tell him a countryman of his, one Lightfoot is here, and he will not any way despair of his safety.

Atlas. With all respect, sir; pray command my house. [Exit Atlas.]

Light. So, now I shall have a sight of my cousin gallant: he that hath consumed 800 *l.* a year, in as few years as he hath ears on his head: he that was wont never to be found without three or four pair of red breeches running before his horse, or coach. He that at a meal hath had more several kinds, than I think the ark contain'd: he that was admir'd by niters for his robes of gallantry, and was indeed all that an elder brother might be, prodigal; yet he, whose unthriftiness kept many a house, is now glad to keep house in a house,

The Hog bath lost his Pearl. 183

house, that keeps him the poor tenant of a porter. And see his appearance ! I'll seem strange to him.

Enter Haddit in poor array.

Had. Cousin Lightfoot, how do'st? welcome to the city.

Light. Who calls me cousin? where's my cousin Haddit? he's surely putting on some rich apparel, for me to see him in. I ha' been thinking all the way I came up, how much his company will credit me.

Had. My name is Haddit, sir, and your kinsman, if parents may be trusted; and therefore you may please to know me better, when you see me next.

Light. I pr'ythee, fellow, stay; is it possible thou should'st be he? why he was the generous spark of men's admiration.

Had. I am that spark, sir, tho' now rak't up in ashes;

Yet when it pleaseth fortune's chops to blow
Some gentler gale upon me, I may then,
From forth of embers rise and shine again.

Light. O, by your verifying I know you now, sir; how do'st? I knew thee not at first, thou'rt very much alter'd.

Had. Faith, and so I am, exceeding much since you saw me last; about 800 *l.* a year; but let it pass, for passage carried away the most part of it, a plague of fortune.

Light. Thou'st more need to pray to fortune than curse her, she may be kind to thee when thou art penitent, but that I fear will be never.

Had. O no, if she be a woman, she'll ever love those that hate her. But cousin, thou art thy father's first-born; help me but to some means, and I'll redeem my mortgag'd lands with a wench to boot.

Light. As how, I pray thee?

Had. Marry thus; Hog the usurer hath one only daughter.

Light. Is his name Hog? it fits him exceeding well: for as a hog in his life-time is always devouring, and never commodious in aught till his death; even so is he,

he, whose goods at that time may be put to many good uses.

Had. And so I hope they shall before his death. This daughter of his did, and I think doth love me; but I then thinking myself worthy of an empress, gave but slight respect unto her favour, for that her parentage seem'd not to equal my high thoughts, puff'd up—

Light. With tobacco surely.

Had. No, but with as bad a weed, vain glory.

Light. And you could now be content to put your lofty spirits into the lowest pit of her favour. Why what means will serve, man? 'sfoot, if all I have will repair thy fortunes, it shall fly at thy command.

Had. Thanks, good cuz, the means shall not be great, only that I may first be clad in a generous outside, for that is the chief attraction that draws female affection. Good parts without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a woollen stocking. No, 'tis a glistering presence and audacity brings women into fool's felicity.

Light. You've a good confidence, cuz, but what do ye think your brave outside shall effect?

Had. That being had, we'll to the usurer, where you shall offer some slight piece of land to mortgage, and if you do it to bring ourselves into cash, it shall be ne'er the farther from you, for here's a project will not be frustrate of this purpose.

Light. That shall be shortly try'd. I'll instantly go seek for a habit for thee, and that of the richest too; that which shall not be subject to the scoff of any gallant, tho' to the accomplishing thereof all my means go. Alas! what's a man unless he wear good cloaths?

[*Exit Lightfoot.*]

Had. Good speed attend my suit. Here's a never-seen nephew, kind in distress; this gives me more cause of admiration than the loss of thirty-five settings together at passage. Ay, when 'tis perform'd—but words and deeds are now more different then puritans and players.

Enter Atlas.

Atlas. Here's the Player would speak with you.

Had.

Had. About the jig I promised him.—My pen and ink! I pr'ythee let him in, there may be some cash rhim'd out of him.

Enter Player.

Player. The muses assist you, fir: what, at your study so early?

Had. O chiefly now, fir; for *aurora musis amicat.*

Player. Indeed I understand not Latin, fir.

Had. You must then pardon me, good mr. change-coat, for I protest unto you, it is so much my often converse, that if there be none but women in my company, yet cannot I forbear it.

Player. That shews your more learning, fir; but I pray you, is that small matter done I entreated for?

Had. A small matter! you'll find it worth Meg of Westminster, altho' it be but a bare jig.

Player. O lord, fir, I would it had but half the taste of garlick.

Had. Garlick stinks to this; if it prove that you have not more whores to see this than e'er garlick had, say I am a boaster of my own works; disgrace me on the open stage, and bob me off with ne'er a penny.

Player. O lord, fir, far be it from us, to debar any worthy writer of his merit: but I pray you, fir, what is the title you bestow upon it?

Had. Marry, that which is full as forceable as garlick, the name of it is, Who buys my four ropes of hard onions? by which four ropes is meant, four several kind of livers; by the onions, hangers on; as at some convenient time I will more particularly inform you in so rare a hidden and obscure mystery.

Player. I pray let me see the beginning of it. I hope you have made no dark sentence in't; for I'll assure you, our audience commonly are very simple, idle-headed people, and if they should hear what they understand not, they would quite forsake our house.

Had. O ne'er fear it, for what I have writ is both witty to the wise, and pleasing to the ignorant; for you shall have those laugh at it far more heartily that understand it not, than those that do.

Player.

Player. Methinks the end of this stave is a foot too long.

Had. O no, sing it but in tune, and I dare warrant you.

Player. Why hear ye. [*He sings.*]

And you that delight in trulls and minions,

Come buy my four ropes of hard fir Thomas's onions.

Lookye there, *sir Thomas* might very well have been left out; besides, *hard* should have come next the *onions*.

Had. Fie, no; the dismemb'ring of a rhyme to bring in reason, shews the more efficacy in the writer.

Player. Well, as you please; I pray you, *sir*, what will the gratuity be? I would content you as near hand as I could.

Had. So I believe. [*Aside.*]

Why, *mr. change-coat*, I do not suppose we shall differ many pounds; pray make your offer, if you give me too much, I will most doctor of physick like restore.

Player. You say well; look you, *sir*, there's a brace of angels, besides much drink of free cost, if it be lik'd.

Had. How, *mr. change-coat*! a brace of angels, besides much drink of free cost if it be lik'd! I fear you have learn'd it by heart; if you have powder'd up my plot in your sconce, you may home, *sir*, and instruct your poet over a pot of ale the whole method on't. But if you do so-juggle, look to't, shrove-tuesday is at hand, and I have some acquaintance with bricklayers and plaisterers.

Player. Nay, I pray, *sir*, be not angry; for as I am a true stage-trotter, I mean honestly; and look ye, more for your love than otherwise, I give you a brace more.

Had. Well, good words do much; I cannot now be angry with you, but see henceforward you do like him that would please a new-married wife, shew your most at first, lest some other come between you and your desires; for I protest, had you not suddenly shewn your good nature, another should have had it, tho' it had been for nothing.

Player.

Player. Troth I'm sorry I gave you such cause of impatiency; but you shall see hereafter if your invention take, I will not stand off for a brace more or less, desiring I may see your works before another.

Had. Nay, before all others; and shortly expect a notable piece of matter, such a jig whose tune with the natural whistle of a carman, shall be more ravishing to the ears of shopkeepers than a whole consort of barbers at midnight.

Player. I am your man for't; I pray you command all the kindness belongs to my function, as a box for your friend at a new play, altho' I procure the hate of all my company.

Had. No, I'll pay for it rather; that may breed a mutiny in your whole house.

Player. I care not, I ha' play'd a king's part any time these ten years, and if I cannot command such a matter, 'twere poor, 'faith.

Had. Well, master Change-coat, you shall now leave me, for I'll to my study; the morning hours are precious, and my muse meditates most upon an empty stomach.

Player. I pray, sir, when this new invention is produc'd, let me not be forgotten.

Had. I'll sooner forget to be a jig-maker.

[*Exit Player.*]

So, here's four angels I little dreamt of. Nay, and there be money to be gotten by foolery, I hope fortune will not see me want. Atlas, Atlas.

Enter Atlas.

What, was my country cuz here, since?

Atlas. Why, did he promise to come again, seeing how the case stood w'ye?

Had. Yea, and to advance my down-fallen fortunes;
Atlas.

Atlas. But ye are not sure he meant it you, when he spake it.

Had. No, nor is it in man to conjecture rightly the thought by the tongue.

Atlas.

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Atlas. Why then, I'll believe it when I see it. If you had been in prosperity when he had promis'd you this kindness——

Had. I had not needed it.

Atlas. But being now you do, I fear you must go without it.

Had. If I do, *Atlas*, be it so; I'll e'en go write this rhyme over my bed's head :

Undone by folly, fortune lend me more.

Canst thou, and wilt not ? pox on such a whore.
and so I'll set up my rest. But see, *Atlas*, here's a little of that that damns lawyers; take it in part of a farther recompence.

Atlas. No, pray keep it, I am conceited of your better fortunes, and therefore will stay out that expectation.

Had. Why, if you will, you may; but the surmounting of my fortunes is as much to be doubted, as he, whose estate lies in the lottery, desperate.

Atlas. But ne'er despair. 'Sfoot, why should not you live as well as a thousand others, that wear change of taffety, whose means were never any thing?

Had. Yes, cheating, theft, and pandarising, or may be flattery. I have maintained some of them myself. But come, hast aught to breakfast?

Atlas. Yes, there's the sag-end of a leg of mutton.

Had. There cannot be a sweeter dish; it has cost money the dressing.

Atlas. At the barber's, you mean.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Albert solus.

Atlas. This is the green, and this the chamber-window; and see, the appointed light stands in the casement, the ladder of ropes set orderly; yet he that should ascend, slow in his haste, is not as yet come hither.

Wer't any friend that lives, but Carracus,
I'd try the blifs which this fine time presents.

Appoint to carry hence so rare an heir,
And be so slack! 'sfoot, it doth move my patience.

Would any man that is not void of sense,
Not have watcht night by night for such a prize?

Her

Her beauty's so attractive, that by heav'n,
My heart half grants to do my friend a wrong.
Forgoe these thoughts; Albert, be not a slave
To thy affection; do not falsify
Thy faith to him, whose only friendship's worth
A world of women. He is such a one,
Thou canst not live without his good,
He is and was ever, as thine own heart's blood.

[*Maria beckons him in the window.*]

'Sfoot, see she beckons me, for Carracus:
Shall my base purity, cause me neglect
This present happiness? I will obtain it,
Spight of my timorous conscience. I am in person,
Habit, and all, so like to Carracus,
It may be acted, and ne'er call'd in question.

Mar. calls. Hift! Carracus, ascend:

All is as clear, as in our hearts we wish'd.

Alb. Nay, if I go not now, I might be gelded,
i'faith!

*Albert ascends, and being on the top of the ladder, puts
out the candle.*

Mar. O love, why do you so?

Alb. I heard the steps of some coming this way;
Did you not hear Albert pass by as yet?

Mar. Not any creature pass this way this hour.

Alb. Then he intends, just at the break of day,
To lend his trusty help to our departure.

'Tis yet two hours time thither, till when let's rest,
For that our speedy flight will not yield any.

Mar. But I fear, we possessing of each other's pre-
sence, shall oversleep the time. Will your friend call?

Alb. Just at the instant, fear not of his care.

Mar. Come then, dear Carracus, thou now shalt rest
Upon that bed, where fancy oft hath thought thee;
Which kindness until now, I ne'er did grant thee,
Nor would I now, but that thy loyal faith
I have so often try'd, even now,
Seeing thee come to that most honour'd end,
Through all the dangers, which black night presents,
For to convey me hence and marry me,

Albert.

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Alb. If I do not do so, then hate me ever.

Mar. I do believe thee, and will hate thee never.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Carracus.

How pleasing are the steps we lovers make,
 When in the paths of our content we pace,
 To meet our longings! What happiness it is
 For man to love! But oh, what greater bliss
 To love, and be belov'd! O what one virtue
 E'er reign'd in me, that I should be enrich'd
 With all earth's good at once! I have a friend,
 Selected by the heav'ns as a gift
 To make me happy, whilst I live on earth;
 A man so rare of goodness, firm of faith,
 That earth's content must vanish in his death.
 Then for my love, and mistress of my soul,
 A maid of rich endowments, beautify'd
 With all the virtues nature could bestow
 Upon mortality, who this happy night
 Will make me gainer of her heav'nly self.
 And see how suddenly I have attain'd
 To th' abode of my desir'd wishes!
 This is the green; how dark the night appears!
 I cannot hear the tread of my true friend.
 Albert! hilt, Albert!----he's not come as yet,
 Nor is th' appointed light set in the window.
 What if I call Maria? it may be
 She fear'd to set a light, and only heark'neth
 To hear my steps; and yet I dare not call,
 Lest I betray myself, and that my voice,
 Thinking to enter in the ears of her,
 Be of some other heard: no, I will stay
 Until the coming of my dear friend Albert.
 But now, think Carracus, what the end will be
 Of this thou dost determine: thou art come
 Hither to rob a father of that wealth,
 That solely lengthens his now drooping years,
 His virtuous daughter, and all of that sex left,
 To make him happy in his aged days:
 The loss of her may cause him to despair,

Transport his near-decaying sense to frenzy,
Or to some such abhorr'd inconveniency,
Whereto frail age is subject. I do too ill in this,
And must not think but that a father's plaint,
Will move the heav'ns to pour forth misery
Upon the head of disobedient.
Yet reason tells us, parents are o'erseen,
When with too strict a rein they do hold in
Their child's affections, and controul that love,
Which the high powers divine inspire them with,
When in their shallowest judgments they may know,
Affection cross brings misery and woe.
But whilst I run contemplating on this,
I softly pace to my desired blifs.
I'll go into the next field, where my friend
Told me the horses were in readines. [Exit.

Albert descending from Maria.

Mar. But do not stay. What, if you find not Albert?

Alb. I'll then return alone to fetch you hence.

Mar. If you should now deceive me, having gain'd
what you men seek for —

Alb. Sooner I'll deceive my soul—and so I fear I
have. [Aside.

Mar. At your first call, I will descend.

Alb. Till when, this touch of lips be the true pledge
of Carracus' constant true devoted love.

Mar. Be sure you stay not long; farewell,
I cannot lend an ear to hear you part. [Exit Maria.

Alb. But you did lend a hand unto my entrance.

[He descends.

How have I wrong'd my friend, my faithful friend!
Rob'd him of what's more precious than his blood,
His earthly heav'n, th'unspotted honour
Of his soul-joying mistress! the fruition of whose bed
I yet am warm of; whilst dear Carracus
Wanders this cold night through th'unshelt'ring field,
Seeking me, treacherous man; yet no man neither,
Though in an outward shew of such appearance,
But am a devil indeed, for so this deed,
Of wronged love and friendship, rightly makes me.

I may

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I may compare my friend to one that's sick,
 Who, lying on his death-bed, calls to him
 His dear'st-thought friend, and bids him go
 To some rare gifted man, that can restore
 His former health: this his friend sadly hears,
 And vows with protestations to fulfill
 His wisht desires, with his best performance;
 But then no sooner seeing that the death
 Of his sick friend would add to him some gain,
 Goes not to seek a remedy to save,
 But like a wretch hides him to dig his grave;
 As I have done for virtuous Carracus.
 Yet, Albert, be not reasonless, to indanger
 What thou may'st yet secure; who can detect
 The crime of thy licentious appetite?—
 I hear one's pace, 'tis surely Carracus.

Enter Carracus.

Car. Not find my friend! sure some malignant planet
 Rules o'er this night, and envying the content
 Which I in thought possess, debars me thus
 From what is more than happy, the lov'd presence of a
 dear friend and love.

Alb. 'Tis wrong'd Carracus, by Albert's baseness:
 I have no power now to reveal myself.

Car. The horses stand at the appointed place,
 And night's dark coverture makes firm our safety.
 My friend is surely fallen into a slumber
 On some bank hereabouts; I will call him.
 Friend, Albert, Albert.

Alb. What e'er you are that call, you know my name.

Car. Ay, and thy heart, dear friend.

Alb. O Carracus, you are a slow-pac'd lover!
 Your credit had been touch'd, had I not been.

Car. As how, I pr'ythee, Albert?

Alb. Why, I excus'd you to the fair Maria;
 Who would have thought you else, a slack performer.
 For coming first under her chamber window,
 She heard me tread, and call'd upon your name;
 To which I answer'd, with a tongue like yours;

And

And told her, I would go seek for Albert,
And straight return.

Car. Whom I have found, thanks to thy faith, and
heav'n.

But had not she a light when you came first ?

Alb. Yes, but hearing of some company,
She at my warning was forc'd to put it out.

And had I been so too, you and I too had still been
happy. [*Aside.*]

Car. See, we are now come to the chamber window.

Alb. Then you must call, for so I said I would.

Car. Maria.

Mar. My Carracus, are you so soon return'd ?
I see, you'll keep your promise.

Car. Who would not do so, having past it thee,
Cannot be fram'd of aught but treachery :
Fairest, descend, that by our hence departing,
We may make firm the blifs of our content.

Mar. Is your friend Albert with you ?

Alb. Yes, and your servant, honoured lady.

Mar. Hold me from falling, Carracus. [*She descends.*]

Car. I will do now so ; but not at other times.

Mar. You are merry, sir :

But what d' y' intend with this your scaling ladder,
To leave it thus, or put it forth of sight ?

Car. Faith, 'tis no great matter which :
Yet we will take it hence, that it may breed
Many confus'd opinions in the house
Of your escape. Here, Albert, you shall bear it ;
It may be you may chance to practise that way ;
Which when you do, may your attempts so prove
As mine have done, most fortunate in love.

Alb. May you continue ever so !

But it's time now to make some haste to horse ;
Night soon will vanish. — O that it had power
For ever to exclude day from our eyes,
For my looks then will shew my villainy. [*Aside.*]

Car. Come, fair Maria, the troubles of this night
Are as forerunners to ensuing pleasures.

And, noble friend, although now Carracus

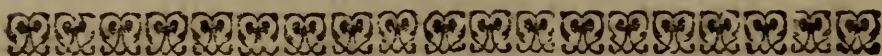
Seems, in the gaining of this beauteous prize,
To keep from you so much of his lov'd treasure ;
Which ought not to be mixed, yet his heart
Shall so far strive in your wish'd happiness,
That if the loss and ruin of itself can but avail your
good——

Alb. O friend, no more ; come, you are slow in haste,
Friendship ought never be discuss'd in words,
Till all her deeds be finish'd ; who, looking in a book,
And reads but some part of it only, cannot judge
What praise the whole deserves, because his knowledge
Is grounded but on part.—As thine, friend, is [*Aside.*
Ignorant of that black mischief I have done thee.

Mar. Carracus, I am weary, are the horses far ?

Car. No, fairest, we are now even at them :
Come, do you follow, Albert ?

Alb. Yes, I do follow ; would I had done so ever,
And ne'er had gone before. [*Exeunt.*



ACTUS Secundus.

*Enter Hog the usurer, with Peter Serwitute, trussing
his points.*

Hog. **W**HAT, hath not my young lord Wealthy
been here this morning ?

Peter. No, in very deed, sir ; he is a towardly young
gentleman, shall he have my young mistress, your daughter,
I pray you, sir ?

Hog. Ay, that he shall, Peter ; she cannot be matched
to greater honour and riches in all this country ; yet the
peevish girl makes coy of it, she had rather affect a pro-
digal ; as there was Haddit, one that by this time cannot
be otherwise than hang'd, or in some worse estate ; yet
she would have had him : but I praise my stars she went
without him, though I did not without his lands ; 'twas
a rare mortgage, Peter.

Peter.

Peter. As e'er came in parchment; but see, he comes my young lord.

Enter young lord Wealthy.

Weal. 'Morrow, father Hog; I come to tell you strange news; my sister is stol'n away to night, 'tis thought by Nigromancy. What Nigromancy is, I leave to the readers of the seven champions of christendom.

Hog. But is it possible your sister should be stoln? sure some of the household servants were confederates in't.

Weal. Faith, I think they would have confest then, for I am sure, my lord and father hath put them all to the bastinado twice this morning already; not a waiting-woman, but has been stowed, i'faith.

Peter. Trust me, he says well for the most part.

Hog. Then, my lord, your father is far impatient.

Weal. Impatient! I ha' seen the picture of Hector in a haberdasher's shop; not look half so furious; he appears more terrible than wild-fire at a play. But father Hog, when is the time your daughter and I shall to this wedlock-drudgery?

Hog. Troth, my lord, when you please; she's at your dispose, and I rest much thankfull that your lordship will so highly honour me. She shall have a good portion, my lord, though nothing in respect of your large revenues. Call her in, Peter; tell her, my most respected lord Wealthy is here, to whose presence I will now commit her; and I pray you, my lord, prosecute the gain of her affection with the best-affecting words you may, and so I bid good morrow to your lordship.

[Exit Hog.]

Weal. Morrow, father Hog. To prosecute the gain of her affection with the best-affecting words; as I am a lord, a most rare phrase! well, I perceive age is not altogether ignorant, though many an old justice is so.

Enter Peter.

How now, Peter, is thy young mistress up yet?

Peter. Yes, indeed, she's an early stirrer; and I doubt not hereafter, but that your lordship may say, she's abroad before you can rise,

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Weal. Faith, and so she may, for 'tis long e'er I can get up when I go fox'd to bed. But Peter, has she no other suitors besides myself?

Peter. No, and it like your lordship, nor is it fit she should.

Weal. Not fit she should? I tell thee, Peter, I would give away as much as some knights are worth, and that's not much, only to wipe the noses of some dozen or two of gallants; and to see how pitifully those parcels of mens flesh would look when I had caught the bird, which they had beaten the bush for.

Peter. Indeed, your lordship's conquest would have seem'd the greater.

Weal. Foot, as I am a lord, it angers me to the guts, that no body hath been about her.

Peter. For any thing I know, your lordship may go without her.

Weal. An' I could have enjoy'd her to some pale-fac'd lover's distraction, or been envied for my happiness, it had been somewhat.

Enter Rebecka, Hog's daughter.

But see, where she comes! I knew she had not power enough to stay another sending for. O lords! what are we? our names enforce beauty to fly, being sent for. [*Aside.* Morrow, pretty Beck: how dost?

Reb. I rather should enquire your lordship's health, seeing you up at such an early hour. Was it the tooth-ake, or else fleas disturb'd you?

Weal. Do you think, I am subject to such common infirmities? Nay, were I diseas'd, I'd scorn but to be diseas'd like a lord, i'faith. But I can tell you news, your fellow virgin-hole player, my sister, is stolen away to night.

Reb. In truth, I am glad on't; she is now free from the jealous eye of a father. Do not ye suspect, my lord, who it should be that has carried her away?

Weal. No, nor care not; as she brews, so let her bake; so say'd the antient proverb. But lady mine, that shall be, your father hath wish'd me to appoint the day with you.

Reb.

Reb. What day, my lord?

Weal. Why, of marriage; or as the learned historiographer writes, Hymen's holydays, or nuptial ceremonious rites.

Reb. Why, when would you appoint that, my lord?

Weal. Why, let me see, I think the taylor may dispatch all our vestures in a week: therefore, it shall be directly this day fennight.

Peter. God give you joy!

Reb. Of what, I pray, you impudence? This fellow will go near to take his oath that he hath seen us plight faiths together; my father keeps him for no other cause, than to outswear the truth. My lord, not to hold you any longer in a fool's paradise, nor to blind you with the hopes I never intend to accomplish, know, I neither do, can, or will love you.

Weal. How! not love a lord? O indiscreet young woman! Indeed your father told me how unripe I should find you: but all's one, unripe fruit will ask more shaking before they fall, than those that are, and my conquest will seem the greater still.

Peter. Afore God, he is a most unanswerable lord, and holds her to't, i'faith.

Weal. Nay, you could not have pleas'd me better, than seeing you so invincible, and of such difficult attaining to. I would not give a pin for the society of a female that should seem willing; but give me a wench that hath disdainful looks;

For 'tis denial whet's an appetite,

When profer'd service doth allay delight.

Reb. The fool's well read in vice.---My lord, I hope you hereafter will no farther insinuate in the course of your affections; and for the better withdrawing from them, you may please to know, I have irrevocably decreed never to marry.

Weal. Never to marry! Peter, I pray bear witness of her words, that when I have attain'd her, it may add to my fame and conquest.

Reb. Yes indeed, an't like your lordship.

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Weal. Nay, ye must think, Beck, I know how to woe; ye shall find no bashful university-man of me.

Reb. Indeed, I think y'ad ne'er that bringing up. Did you ever study, my lord?

Weal. Yes faith, that I have, and the last week too, three days and a night together.

Reb. About what, I pray?

Weal. Only to find out, why a woman going on the right side of her husband in the day-time, should lie on his left side at night; and, as I am a lord, I never knew the meaning on't till yesterday, Mallapert, my father's butler, being a witty jackanapes, told me why it was.

Reb. By'r lady, my lord, 'twas a shrewd study, and I fear hath alter'd the property of your good parts; for I'll assure you, I lov'd you a fortnight ago far better.

Weal. Nay, 'tis all one whether you do or no, 'tis but a little more trouble to bring you about again; and no question but a man may do't; I am he. 'Tis true as your father said, the black ox hath not trode upon that foot of yours.

Reb. No, but the white calf hath; and so I leave your lordship. [*Exit Reb.*

Weal. Well, go thy ways, th'art as witty a marmalade-eater, as ever I convers't with. Now, as I am a lord, I love her better and better; I'll home and poetise upon her good parts presently. Peter, here's a preparative to my farther applications; and Peter, be circumspect in giving me diligent notice, what suitors seem to be peeping.

Peter. I'll warrant you, my lord, she's your own; for I'll give out to all that come near her, that she is betrothed to you; and if the worst come to the worst, I'll swear it.

Weal. Why, godamercy; and if ever I do gain my request,

Thou shalt in braver clothes be shortly drest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter old lord Wealthby, solus.

Have the fates then conspir'd, and quite bereft
My drooping years of all the blest content
That age partakes of, by the sweet aspect
Of their well-nurtur'd issue; whose obedience,

Discreet

Discreet and duteous 'haviour, only lengthens
The thread of age; when on the contrary,
By rude demeanour and their headstrong wills,
That thread's soon ravel'd out. O why, Maria,
Couldst thou abandon me now at this time,
When my gray head's declining to the grave?
Could any masculine flatterer on earth
So far bewitch thee, to forget thyself,
As now to leave me? Did nature solely give thee me,
As my chief inestimable treasure,
Whereby my age might pass in quiet to rest;
And art thou prov'd to be the only curse,
Which heav'n could throw upon mortality?
Yet I'll not curse thee, though I fear the fates
Will on thy head inflict some punishment,
Which I will daily pray they may with-hold.
Although thy disobedience deserves
Extremest rigour, yet I wish to thee
Content in love, full of tranquillity. [*Enter young Wealthy.*
But see where stands my shame, whose indiscretion
Doth seem to bury all the living honours
Of all our ancestors; but 'tis the fates decree,
That men might know their weak mortality.

Weal. Sir, I cannot find my sister.

Father. I know thou canst not, 'twere too rare to see
Wisdom found out by ignorance.

Weal. How, father; is it not possible that wisdom
should be found out by ignorance? I pray then, how do
many magnificoes come by it?

Father. They buy it, son, as you had need to do.
Yet wealth without that, may live more content,
Than wit's enjoyers can, debarr'd of wealth.
All pray for wealth, but I ne'er heard yet,
Of any but one, that e'er pray'd for wit.
He's counted wise enough in these vain times,
That hath but means enough to wear gay clothes,
And be an outside of humanity. What matters it a pin,
How indiscreet so'er a natural be,
So that his wealth be great? that's it doth cause
Wisdom in these days to give fools applause.

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And when gay folly speaks, how vain soe'er,
Wisdom must silent sit, and speech forbear.

Weal. Then wisdom must sit as mute as learning
among many courtiers. But, father, I partly suspect that
Carracus hath got my sister.

Fath. With child, I fear, e're this.

Weal. By'r lady, and that may be true. But, whether
he has or no, it's all one: if you please, I'll take her
from under his nose, in spite on's teeth, and ask him no
leave.

Fath. That were too headstrong, son; we'll rather
leave them to the will of heaven,
To fall or prosper; and tho' young Carracus
Be but a gentleman of small revenues,
Yet he deserves my daughter for his virtues:
And, had I thought she could not be withdrawn
From th' affecting of him, I had, e'er this,
Made them both happy by my free consent;
Which now I wish I had granted, and still pray,
If any have her, it may be Carracus.

Weal. Troth and I wish so too; for, in my mind,
he's a gentleman of a good house, and speaks true
Latin.

Fath. To-morrow, son, you shall ride to his house,
And there inquire of your sister's being.
But, as you tender me and your own good,
Use no rough language favouring of distaste,
Or any uncivil terms.

Weal. Why, do you take me for a midwife?

Fath. But tell young Carracus these words from me,
That if he hath, with safeguard of her honour,
Espous'd my daughter, that I then forgive
His rash offence, and will accept of him
In all the fatherly love I owe a child.

Weal. I am sure my sister will be glad to hear it, and
I cannot blame her; for she'll then enjoy that with quiet-
ness, which many a wench, in these days, does scratch
for.

Fath. Come, son, I'll write to Carracus, that my own
hand

hand may witness, how much I stand affected to his worth.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Haddit, in his gay apparel, making him ready, and with him Lightfoot.

Had. By this light, cuz, this suit does rarely! the taylor that made it may hap to be saved, an't be but for his good works: I think I shall be proud of 'em, and so I was never yet of any clothes.

Light. How! not of your clothes! why, then, you were never proud of any thing, for therein chiefly consisteth pride; for you never saw pride pictured, but in gay attire.

Had. True; but, in my opinion, pride might as well be portraied in any other shape, as to seem to be an affector of gallantry, being the causes thereof are so several and diverse. As some are proud of their strength, altho' that pride cost them the loss of a limb or two, by over-daring: likewise some are proud of their humour, altho', in that humour, they be often knock'd for being so: some are proud of their drink, altho' that liquid operation cause them to wear a night-cap three weeks after: some are proud of their good parts, altho' they never put them to better uses than the enjoying of a common strumpet's company, and are only made proud by the favour of a waiting-woman: others are proud—

Light. Nay, I prythee cuz, enough of pride; but when do you intend to go yonder to Covetousness the usurer, that we may see how near your plot will take, for the releasing of your mortgaged lands?

Had. Why now, presently; and, if I do not accomplish my projects to a wish'd end, I wish my fortunes may be like some scraping tradesman, that never embraceth true pleasure till he be threescore and ten.

Light. But say, Hog's daughter, on whom all your hopes depend, by this be betroth'd to some other.

Had. Why, say she were; nay more, married to another, I would be ne'er the farther from effecting of my intents. No, cuz, I partly know her inward disposition; and, did I but only know her to be womankind, I think it were sufficient.

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Light. Sufficient, for what ?

Had. Why to obtain a grant of the best thing she had, chastity. Man, 'tis not here as 'tis with you in the country, not to be had without father's and mother's good-will ; no, the city is a place of more traffick, where each one learns, by example of their elders, to make the most of their own, either for profit or pleasure.

Light. 'Tis but your misbelieving thoughts makes you surmise so : if women were so kind, how haps you had not, by their favours, kept yourself out of the claws of poverty ?

Had. O but cuz, can a ship sail without water ? Had I had but such a suit as this, to set myself afloat, I would not have fear'd sinking. But, come, no more of need ; now to the usurer :

And, tho' all hopes do fail, a man can want no living,
So long as sweet desire reigns in women.

Light. But then, yourself must able be in giving.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Albert, solus.

Conscience, thou horror unto wicked men,
When wilt thou cease thy all-afflicting wrath,
And set my soul free from the labyrinth
Of thy tormenting terror ? O, but it fits not !
Should I desire redress, or wish for comfort,
'That have committed an act so inhuman,
Able to fill shame's spacious chronicle ?
Who, but a damn'd one, could have done like me ?
Robb'd my dear friend, in a short moment's time,
Of his love's high-priz'd gemm of chastity :
'That which so many years himself hath staid for.
How often hath he, as he lay in bed,
Sweetly discours'd to me of his Maria ?
And with what pleasing passions did he suffer
Love's gentle war-siege ? then he would relate
How he first came unto her fair eyes view ;
How long it was e'er she could brook affection ;
And then how constant she did still abide.
I then, at this, would joy, as if my breast

Had

Had sympathiz'd in equal happines
With my true friend : but now, when joy should be,
Who, but a damn'd one, would have done like me ?
He hath been married now, at least, a month ;
In all which time I have not once beheld him. This is
his house ;

I'll call to know his health, but will not see him,
My looks would then betray me ; for, should he ask
My cause of seeming sadness, or the like,
I could not but reveal, and so pour on
Worse unto ill, which breeds confusion. [He knocks.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. To what intent d'ye knock, sir ?

Alb. Because I would be heard, sir ; is the master of
this house within ?

Serv. Yes, marry is he, sir : would you speak with
him ?

Alb. My business is not so troublesome :
Is he in health, with his late espoused wife ?

Serv. Both are exceeding well, sir.

Alb. I'm truly glad on't : farewell, good friend.

Serv. I pray you, let's crave your name, sir ; I may
else have anger.

Alb. You may say, one Albert, riding by this way,
only inquir'd their health.

Serv. I will acquaint so much. [Exit Serv.

Alb. How like a poisonous doctor have I come,
To inquire their welfare, knowing that myself
Have given the potion of their ne'er recovery ;
For which I will afflict myself with torture ever.
And, since the earth yields not a remedy
Able to salve the sores my lust hath made,
I'll now take farewell of society,
And th' abode of men, to entertain a life
Fitting my fellowship, in desert woods,
Where beasts like me consort ; there may I live,
Far off from wronging virtuous Carracus.
There's no Maria, that shall satisfy
My hateful lust : the trees shall shelter
This wretched trunk of mine, upon whose barks

I will engrave the story of my sin.
 And there this short breath of mortality
 I'll finish up in that repentant state,
 Where not th' allurements of earth's vanities
 Can e'er o'ertake me : there's no baits for lust,
 No friend to ruin ; I shall then be free
 From practising the art of treachery :
 Thither then, steps, where such content abides,
 Where penitency not disturb'd may grieve,
 Where on each tree, and springing plant, I'll carve
 This heavy motto of my misery,
Who but a damn'd one could have done like me ?
 Carracus, farewell, if e'er thou see'st me more,
 Shalt find me curing of a foul-sick fore. [Exit.



Actus Tertius.

Enter Carracus, driving his man before him.

Car. **W**HY, thou base villain ! was my dearest
 friend here, and could'st not make him stay ?

Serv. 'Sfoot, sir, I could not force him against his
 will, an' he had been a woman.

Car. Hence, thou untutor'd slave ! [Exit Serv.
 But could'st thou, Albert, come so near my door, and
 not vouchsafe the comfort of thy presence ?

Hath my good fortune caus'd thee to repine ?

And, seeing my state so full replete with good,

Canst thou withdraw thy love, to lessen it ?

What could so move thee ? was't because I married ?

Did'st thou imagine I infring'd my faith,

For that a woman did participate

In equal share with thee ? cannot my friendship

Be firm to thee, because 'tis dear to her ?

Yet no more dear to her than firm to thee.

Believe me, Albert, thou do'st little think

How much thy absence gives cause of discontent.

But

But I'll impute it only to neglect :
It is neglect, indeed, when friends neglect
The sight of friends, and say 'tis troublesome ;
Only ask how they do, and so farewell ;
Shewing an outward kind of seeming duty,
Which in the rules of manhood is observ'd,
And think full well they have perform'd their task,
When of their friend's health they do only ask ;
Not caring how they are, or how distress,
It is enough they have their loves express'd
In bare inquiry ; and, in these times too,
Friendship's so cold, that few so much will do.
And am not I beholden then to Albert ?
He, after knowledge of our being well,
Said he was truly glad on't : O rare friend !
If he be unkind, how many more may mend ?
But whither am I carried by unkindness ?
Why should not I as well set light by friendship,
Since I have seen a man, whom I late thought
Had been compos'd of nothing but of faith,
Prove so regardless of his friend's content ?

Enter Maria.

Mar. Come, Carracus, I have fought you all about :
Your servant told me you were much disquieted.
Pr'ythee, love, be not so ; come, walk in ;
I'll charm thee with my lute from forth disturbance.

Car. I am not angry, sweet ; tho', if I were,
Thy bright aspect would soon allay my rage.
But, my Maria, it doth something move me,
That our friend Albert so forgets himself.

Mar. It may be, 'tis nothing else ; and there's no
doubt

He'll soon remember his accusom'd friendship.
He thinks, as yet, peradventure, that his presence
Will but offend, for that our marriage-rites
Are but so newly past.

Car. I will surmise so too, and only think
Some serious business hinders Albert's presence.
But what ring's that, Maria, on your finger ?

Mar.

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Mar. 'Tis one you lost, love, when I did bestow
A jewel of far greater worth on you.

Car. At what time, fairest?

Mar. As if you knew not; why d'ye make't so
strange?

Car. You are dispos'd to riddle; pray let's see't.
I partly know it: where was't you found it?

Mar. Why in my chamber, that most gladsome
night

When you enrich'd your love by my escape.

Car. How! in your chamber?

Mar. Sure, Carracus, I will be angry with you,
If you seem so forgetful. I took it up
Then when you left my lodge, and went away,
Glad of your conquest, for to seek your friend.
Why stand you so amaz'd, sir? I hope that kindness,
Which then you reap'd, doth not prevail
So in your thoughts, as that you think me light.

Car. O think thyself, Maria, what thou art!
This is the ring of Albert, treacherous man!
He that enjoy'd thy virgin chastity.
I never did ascend into thy chamber,
But all that cold night, thro' the frozen field,
Went seeking of that wretch, who ne'er sought me;
But found what his lust sought for, dearest thee.

Mar. I have heard enough, my Carracus, to bereave
me of this little breath. [*She swoons.*]

Car. All breath be first extinguish'd:—within there,
ho!

Enter Nurse and Servants.

O nurse! see here, Maria says she'll die.

Nurse. Marry, God forbid! oh mistress, mistress,
mistress! she has breath yet; she's but in a trance:
good sir, take comfort, she'll recover by-and-by.

Car. No, no, she'll die, nurse, for she said she would;
an' she had not said so; 'thad been another matter; but
you know, nurse, she ne'er told a lie: I will believe her,
for she speaks all truth.

Nurse. His memory begins to fail him. Come, let's
bear

This

This heavy spectacle from forth his presence ;
The heavens will lend a hand, I hope, of comfort.

[*Exeunt.*

Carracus manet.

Car. See how they steal away my fair Maria !
But I will follow after her, as far
As Orpheus did to gain his soul's delight ;
And Pluto's self shall know, altho' I am not
Skilful in musick, yet I can be mad,
And force my love's enjoyment, in despight
Of hell's black fury. But stay, stay Carracus,
Where is thy knowledge, and that rational sense,
Which heaven's great architect endued thee with ?
All sunk beneath the weight of lumpish nature ?
Are our diviner parts no noblier free,
Than to be tortur'd by the weak assailments
Of earth-sprung griefs ? Why is man, then, accounted
The head commander of this universe,
Next the creator, when a little storm
Of nature's fury strait o'erwhelms his judgment ?
But mine's no little storm, 'tis a tempest
So full of raging self-consuming woe,
That nought but ruin follows expectation.
Oh, my Maria, what unheard of sin
Have any of thine ancestors enacted,
That all their shame should be pour'd thus on thee ?
Or what incestuous spirit, cruel Albert,
Left hell's vast womb to enter thee,
And do a mischief of such treachery ?

Enter Nurse, weeping.

Oh nurse, how is't with Maria ?
If e'er thy tongue did utter pleasing words,
Let it now do so, or hereafter e'er be dumb in sorrow.

Nurse. Good sir, take comfort ; I am forced to speak
What will not please : your chaste wife, sir, is dead.

Car. 'Tis dead, indeed ; how did you know 'twas so,
nurse ?

Nurse. What, sir ?

Car. That my heart was dead : sure thou hast serv'd
Dame nature's self, and know'st the inward secrets

Of

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Of all our hidden powers : I'll love thee for't ;
 And, if thou wil't teach me that unknown skill,
 Shalt see what wonders Carracus will do :
 I'll dive into the breast of hateful Albert,
 And see how his black soul is round encompass'd
 By fearful fiends. Oh, I would do strange things !
 I'd know to whose cause lawyers will incline,
 When they had fees on both sides ; view the thoughts
 Of forlorn widows, when their knights have left them ;
 Search thro' the guts of greatness, and behold
 What several sin best pleas'd them : thence I'd descend
 Into the bowels of some pocky fir,
 And tell to lechers all the pains he felt,
 That they thereby might warn'd be from lust.
 Troth, 'twill be rare ! I'll study it presently.

Nurse. Alas ! he's distracted ! what a sin
 Am I partaker of, by telling him
 So curst an untruth ? But 'twas my mistress' will,
 Who is recover'd ; tho' her griefs never
 Can be recover'd. She hath vow'd, with tears,
 Her own perpetual banishment ; therefore to him
 Death were not more displeasing, than if I
 Had told her lasting absence.

Car. I find my brain's too shallow far for study.
 What need I care for being a 'rithmetician ?
 Let citizens sons stand, an' they will, for cyphers :
 Why should I teach them, and go beat my brains
 To instruct unapt and unconceiving dolts ;
 And, when all's done, my art, that should be fam'd,
 Will by gross imitation be but sham'd.
 Your judgment, madam.

Nurse. Good fir, walk in ; we'll send for learned
 men that can allay your frenzy.

Car. But can Maria so forget herself,
 As to debar us thus of her attendance ?

Nurse. She's within, fir, pray you, will you walk to
 her ?

Car. Oh, is she so ! come then let's softly steal
 Into her chamber, if she be asleep
 I'll laugh shalt see enough, and thou shalt weep.

Softly,

Softly, good Long-coat, softly. [Exeunt.]

Enter Maria in a page's apparel.

Mar. Cease now thy steps, Maria, and look back

Upon that place, where distress'd Carracus
Hath his sad being; from whose virtuous bosom

Shame hath constrain'd me fly, ne'er to return.

I will go seek some unfrequented path,

Either in desert woods or wilderness,

There to bewail my innocent mishaps,

Which heaven hath justly pour'd down on me,

In punishing my disobedience.

Enter young lord Worthy.

Oh, see my brother! [Exit Maria.]

Wealthy. Ho, you! three foot and a half! why page,
I say! 'sfoot he is vanish'd as suddenly as a dumb
shew. If a lord had lost his way now, so he had been
serv'd. But let me see, as I take it, this is the house
of Carracus; a very fair building, but it looks as if
'twere dead, I can see no breath come out of the chim-
neys. But I shall know the state on't by and by, by
the looks of some serving-man. What ho, within
here!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Good sir, you have your arms at liberty, will
please you to withdraw your action of battery.

Wealthy. Yes, indeed, now you have made your ap-
pearance. Is thy living-giver within, sir?

Serv. You mean my master, sir.

Wealthy. You have hit it, sir, prais'd be your under-
standing. I am to have conference with him, would
you admit my presence.

Serv. Indeed, sir, he is at this time not in health,
and may not be disturb'd.

Wealthy. Sir, if he were in the pangs of child-bed,
I'd speak with him.

Enter Carracus.

Car. Upon what cause, gay man?

Wealthy. 'Sfoot, I think he be disturb'd indeed, he
speaks more commanding than a constable at midnight.
Sir, my lord and father, by me a lord, hath sent these
lines inclos'd, which shew his whole intent. *Car.*

Car. Let me peruse them; if they do portend
To the State's good, your answer shall be sudden,
Your entertainment friendly; but if otherwise,
Our meanest subject shall divide thy greatness.
You'd best look to't, ambassador.

Wealthy. Is your master a statesman, friend?

Serv. Alas, no, sir; he understands not what he speaks.

Wealthy. Ay, but when my father dies, I am to be called in for one myself, and I hope to bear the place as gravely as my successors have done before me.

Car. Ambassador, I find your master's will Treats to the good of somewhat, what it is—
You have your answer, and may now depart.

Wealthy. I will relate as much, sir, fare ye well.

Car. But stay, I had forgotten quite our chief'st affairs:

Your master farther writes some three lines lower,
Of one Maria that is wife to me,
That she and I should travel now with you
Unto his presence.

Wealthy. Why now I understand you, sir: that Maria is my sister, by whose conjunction you are created brother to me, a lord.

Car. But, brother lord, we cannot go this journey.

Wealthy. Alas, no sir, we mean to ride it; my sister shall ride upon my nag.

Car. Come then, we'll in, and strive to woe your sister.

I have not seen her, sir, at least these three days,
They keep her in a chamber, and tell me
She's fast asleep still: you and I'll go see.

Wealthy. Content, sir.

Serv. Mad-men and fools agree. [Exeunt.]

Enter Haddit and Rebecca.

Rebec. When you have got this prize, you mean to lose me.

Had. Nay, pr'ythee do not think so, if I do not marry thee this instant night, may I never enjoy breath a minute after; by heaven I respect not his pelf, thus
much,

much, but only that I may have wherewith to maintain thee.

Rebec. O, but to rob my father tho' he be bad, the world will think ill of me.

Had. Think ill of thee! can the world pity him, that ne'er pity'd any? besides, since there is no end of his goods, nor beginning of his goodnes, had not we as good share his dross in his life-time, as let controversy and lawyers devour it at his death?

Rebec. You have prevail'd; at what hour is't you intend to have entrance into his chamber?

Had. Why, just at mid-night; for then our apparition will seem most fearful. You'll make a way that we may ascend up like spirits?

Rebec. I will; but how many have you made instruments herein?

Had. Faith none, but my cousin Lightfoot and a player.

Rebec. But may you trust the player?

Had. Oh, exceeding well; we'll give him a speech he understands not. But now I think on't, what's to be done with your father's man, Peter?

Rebec. Why the least quantity of drink will lay him dead asleep.—But hark, I hear my father coming, soon in the evening I'll convey you in.

Had. Till when, let this outward ceremony be a true pledge of our inward affections.

[*Exit Rebecca.*
So, this goes better forward than the plantation in Virginia: but see, here comes half the West-Indies, whose rich mines this night I mean to be ransacking.

Enter Hog, Lightfoot, and Peter.

Hog. Then you'll seal for this small lordship you say? to-morrow your money shall be rightly told up for you to a peny.

Light. I pray let it, and that your man may set contents upon every bag.

Had. Indeed by that we may know what we steal without labour, for the telling on't over.—How now, gentlemen, are ye agreed upon the price of this earth and clay?

Hog.

Hog. Yes faith, mr. Haddit, the gentleman your friend here makes me pay sweetly for't; but let it go, I hope to inherit heaven, if it be but for doing gentlemen-pleasure.

Hog. Peter!

Peter. Anon, fir.

Hog. I wonder how Haddit came by that gay suit of cloaths, all his means were consum'd long since.

Peter. Why, fir, being undone himself, he lives by the undoing, or (by lady) it may be by the doing of others; or peradventure both; a decay'd gallant may live by any thing, if he keep one thing safe.

Hog. Gentlemen, I'll to the scrivener's to cause these writings to be drawn.

Light. Pray do, fir, we'll now leave you till the morning.

Hog. Nay, you shall stay dinner, I'll return presently; Peter, some beer here for these worshipful gentlemen.

[*Exit Hog and Peter.*]

Had. We shall be bold no doubt, and that, old penny-father, you'll confess by to-morrow morning.

Light. Then his daughter is certainly thine, and condescends to all thy wishes?

Had. And yet you would not once believe it; as if a female's favour could not be obtain'd by any, but he that wears the cap of maintenance.

When 'tis nothing but acquaintance, and a bold spirit, That may the chiefest prize 'mongst all of them inherit.

Light. Well, thou hast got one deserves the bringing home with trumpets, and falls to thee as miraculously as the 1000 £. did to the Tailor. Thank your good fortune. But must Hog's man be made drunk?

Had. By all means; and thus it shall be effected: when he comes in with beer, do you upon some slight occasion fall out with him, and if you give him a cuff or two, it will give him cause to know you are the more angry; then will I slip in and take up the matter, and striving to make you two friends, we'll make him drunk.

Light.

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Light. It's done in conceit already---see where he comes.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Wilt please you to taste a cup of September beer, gentlemen?

Light. Pray begin, we'll pledge you, fir.

Peter. It's out, fir,

Light. Then my hand is in, fir. [*Light. cuffs him.*]

Light. Why goodman Hobby-horse, if we out of our gentility offer'd you to begin, must you out of your rascality needs take it?

Had. Why, how now, firs, what's the matter?

Peter. The gentleman here falls out with me, upon nothing in the world but mere courtesy.

Had. By this light, but he shall not; why, cousin Lightfoot!

Peter. Is his name Lightfoot? a plague on him, he has a heavy hand.

Enter young lord Wealthy.

Wealthy. Peace be here; for I came late enough from a madman.

Had. My young lord, God save you.

Wealthy. And you also: I could speak it in Latin, but the phrase is common.

Had. True, my lord, and what's common, ought not much to be dealt withall; but I must desire your help, my lord, to end a controversy here, between this gentleman my friend, and honest Peter, who I dare be sworn is as ignorant as your lordship.

Wealthy. That I will; but my masters, thus much I'll say unto you, if so be this quarrel may be taken up peaceably, without the endangering of my own person, well and good, otherwise I will not meddle therewith, for I have been vex'd late enough already.

Had. Why then my lord, if it please you, let me, being your inferior, decree the cause between them.

Wealthy. I do give leave, or permit.

Had. Then thus I will propound a reasonable motion; how many cuffs, Peter, did this gentleman out of his fury make thee partaker of?

Peter.

Peter. Three at the least, fir.

Had. All which were bestow'd upon you for beginning first, Peter.

Peter. Yes, indeed, fir.

Had. Why then hear the sentence of your suffering. You shall both down into master Hog's cellar, Peter; and whereas you began first to him, so shall he there to you; and as he gave you three cuffs, so shall you retort off, in defiance of him, three black jacks, which if he deny to pledge, then the glory is thine, and he accounted by the wise discretion of my lord here a flincher.

Omnes. A very reasonable motion.

Wealthy. Why so, this is better than being among mad-men yet.

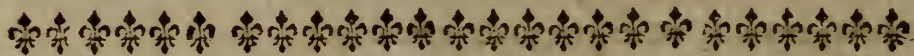
Had. Were you so lately with any, my lord?

Wealthy. Yes faith; I'll tell you all in the cellar, how I was taken for an ambassador; and being no sooner in the house, but the mad-man carries me up into the garret for a spy, and very roundly bad me untruffs; and had not a courteous serving-man convey'd me away whilst he went to fetch whips, I think in my conscience, not respecting my honour, he would have breech'd me.

Had. By lady, and 'twas to be fear'd; but come, my lord, we'll hear the rest in the cellar.

And honest Peter, thou that hast been griev'd,

My lord and I will see thee well reliev'd. [*Exeunt.*]



ACTUS Quartus.

Enter Albert in the woods.

HOW full of sweet content had this life been,
 If it had been embraced but before
 My burthenous conscience was so fraught with sin!
 But now my griefs o'erfway that happiness.
 O, that some lecher, or accurs'd betrayer

Of sacred friendship, might but here arrive,
And read the lines repentant on each tree,
That I have carv'd t'express my misery!
My admonitions now would sure convert
The sinfull'st creature; I could tell them now,
How idly vain those humans spend their lives,
That daily grieve, not for offences past,
But to enjoy some wanton's company;
Which when obtain'd, what is it, but a blot,
Which their whole life's repentance scarce can clear?
I could now tell to friend-betraying man,
How black a sin is hateful treachery,
How heavy on their wretched souls 'twill sit,
When fearful death doth plant his siege but near them;
How heavy and affrightful will their end
Seem to approach them, as if then they knew
The full beginning of their endless woe
Were then appointed; which astonishment,
O blest repentance, keep me Albert from!
And suffer not despair to overwhelm,
And make a shipwreck of my heavy soul.

Enter Maria like a page.

Who's here, a page? what black disastrous fate
Can be so cruel to his pleasing youth?

Maria. So, now Maria, here thou must forego
What nature lent thee to repay to death;
Famine, I thank thee, I have found thee kindest,
Thou set'st a period to my misery.

Alb. It is Maria, that fair innocent,
Whom my abhorr'd lust hath brought to this;
I'll go for sustenance: and, O ye powers!
If ever true repentance won acceptance,
O shew it Albert now, and let him save
His wronged beauty from untimely grave. [*Exit Albert.*]

Maria. Sure something spake, or else my feebl'd sense
Hath lost the use of its due property;
Which is more likely, than that in this place,
The voice of human creature should be heard.
This is far distant from the paths of men;
Nothing breathes here but wild and ravening beasts,

With

With airy monsters, whose shadowing wings do seem
 To cast a veil of death in wicked livers ;
 Which I live dreadful of, and every hour
 Strive to meet death, who still unkind avoids me :
 But that now gentle famine doth begin
 For to give end to my calamities.

See, here is carv'd upon this tree's smooth bark,
 Lines knit in verse, a chance far unexpected ;
 Assist me breath a little, to unfold what they include,

The writing.

*I that have writ these lines, am one, whose sin
 Is more than grievous ; for know, that I have been
 A breaker of my faith, with one whose breast
 Was all compos'd of truth : but I digress'd,
 And fled th' embrace of his dear friendship's love,
 Clasp'ing to falsehood, did a villain prove ;
 As thus shall be express'd : my worthy friend
 Lov'd a fair beauty, who did condescend
 In dearest affection to his virtuous will ;
 He then a night appointed to fulfill
 Hymen's bless'd rites, and to convey away
 His love's fair person, to which peerless prey
 I was acquainted made, and when the hour
 Of her escape drew on, then lust did pour
 Irrag'd appetite thro' all my veins,
 And base desires in me let loose the reins
 To my licentious will ; and that black night,
 When my friend should have had his chaste delight,
 I feign'd his presence, and by her, thought him,
 Robb'd that fair virgin of her honour's gemm :
 For which most heinous crime, upon each tree
 I write this story, that men's eyes may see,
 None but a damn'd one would have done like me.*

Is Albert then become so penitent,
 As in these deserts to deplore his facts,
 Which his unfeign'd repentance seems to clear ?
 How good man is, when he laments his ill !
 Who would not pardon now that man's misdeeds,
 Whose griefs bewail them thus ? could I now live,
 I would remit thy fault with Carracus :

But death no longer will afford reprieve
Of my abundant woes : wrong'd Carracus, farewell ;
Live, and forgive thy wrongs, for the repentance
Of him that caused them so deserves from thee ;
And since my eyes do witness Albert's grief,
I pardon Albert, in my wrongs the chief.

Enter Albert like a hermit.

Alb. How ! pardon me ! O sound angelical !
But see, she faints. O heavens, now shew your power,
That these distilled waters made in grief,
May add some comfort to affliction :
Look up, fair youth, and see a remedy.

Maria. O who disturbs me ? I was hand in hand,
Walking with death unto the house of rest.

Alb. Let death walk by himself ; if he want com-
pany,

There's many thousands, boy, whose aged years
Have taken a surfeit of earth's vanities ;
They will go with him, when he please to call.
Do drink, my boy, thy pleasing tender youth
Cannot deserve to die ; no, it is for us,
Whose years are laden by our often sins,
Singing the last part of our blest repentance,
Are fit for death ; and none but such as we,
Death ought to claim ; for when he snatcheth youth,
It shews him but a tyrant ; but when age,
Then is he just, and not compos'd of rage.
How fares my lad ?

Maria. Like one embracing death with all his parts,
Reaching at life but with one little finger ;
His mind so firmly knit unto the first,
That unto him the latter seems to be
What may be pointed at, but not possess'd.

Alb. O, but thou shalt possess it.
If thou didst fear thy death but as I do,
Thou wouldst take pity, tho' not of thyself,
Yet of my aged years. Trust me, my boy,
Thou'st struck such deep compassion in my breast,
That all the moisture which prolongs my life,
Will from my eyes gush forth, if now thou leav'st me.

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Maria. But can we live here in this desert wood ?
If not, I'll die, for other places seem
Like tortures to my griefs. May I live here ?

Alb. Ay, thou shalt live with me, and I will tell thee
Such strange occurrents of my fore-past life,
That all thy young-sprung griefs shall seem but sparks
To the great fire of my calamities.

Maria. Then I'll live only with you for to hear
If any human woes can be like mine.
Yet since my being in this darksome desert,
I have read on trees most lamentable stories.

Alb. 'Tis true indeed, there's one within these woods
Whose name is Albert ; a man so full of sorrow,
That on each tree he passeth by he carves
Such doleful lines for his rash follies past,
That who so reads them, and not drown'd in tears,
Must have a heart fram'd forth of adamant.

Maria. And can you help me to the sight of him ?

Alb. Ay, when thou wilt, he'll often come to me,
And at my cave sit a whole winter's night,
Recounting of his stories. I tell thee, boy,
Had he offended more than did that man,
Who stole the fire from heaven, his contrition
Would appease all the gods, and quite revert
Their wrath to mercy. But come, my pretty boy,
We'll to my cave, and after some repose,
Relate the sequel of each other's woes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Carracus.

Car. What a way have I come, yet I know not
whither.

The air's so cold this winter season,
I'm sure a fool. Would any but an ass
Leave a warm matted chamber and a bed,
To run thus in the cold ? and which is more,
To seek a woman, a slight thing called woman ?
Creatures, which curious nature fram'd, as I suppose,
For rent-receivers to her treasury.

And why I think so now, I'll give you instance ;
Most men do know that nature's self hath made them
Most profitable members ; then if so,

By

By often trading in the common-wealth -
They needs must be enrich'd ; why very good.
To whom ought beauty then repay this gain
Which she by nature's gift hath profited,
But unto nature ? why all this I grant.
Why then they shall no more be called women,
For I will stile them thus, scorning their leave,
Those that for nature do much rent receive.
'This is a wood sure, and as I have read,
In woods are echo's which will answer men,
To every question which they do propound. Echo,
Echo. Echo.

Car. O, are you there ? have at ye then i'faith.
Echo, can't tell me whether men or women
Are for the most part damn'd ?

Echo. Most part damn'd.

Car. Of both indeed ; how true this echo speaks ?
Echo, now tell me if amongst a thousand women
There be one chaste, or none ?

Echo. None.

Car. Why so I think ; better and better still.
Now farther : Echo, in a world of men,
Is there one faithful to his friend, or no ?

Echo. No.

Car. Thou speak'st most true, for I have found it so.
Who said thou wast a woman, Echo, lies ;
Thou could'st not then answer so much of truth.
Once more, good Echo ;
Was my Maria false by her own desire,
Or was't against her will ?

Echo. Against her will.

Troth it may be so ; but canst thou tell,
Whether she be dead or not ?

Echo. Not.

Car. Not dead !

Echo. Not dead.

Car. Then without question she doth surely live. But
I do trouble thee too much, therefore good speak-truth,
farewel.

Echo. Farewel.

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Car. How quick it answers ! O that counsellors
 Would thus resolve men's doubts without a fee !
 How many country clients then might rest
 Free from undoing ! no plodding pleader then
 Would purchase great possessions with his tongue.
 Were I some demy-god, or had that power,
 I wou'd straight make this Echo here a judge ;
 He'd spend his judgment in the open court
 As now to me, without being once sollicitated
 In his private chamber ; 'tis not bribes could win
 Him to o'erfway men's right, nor could he be
 Led to damnation for a little pelf ;
 He would not harbour malice in his heart,
 Or envious hatred, base despight or grudge,
 But be an upright, just, and equal judge.
 But now imagine that I should confront
 Treacherous Albert, who hath rais'd my front !
 But I fear this idle prate hath
 Made me quite forget my *cinque pace*. [He danceth.

Enter Albert.

Alb. I heard the echo answer unto one,
 That by his speech cannot be far remote
 From off this ground ; and see I have descry'd him :
 Oh heavens ! it's Carracus, whose reason's feat
 Is now usurp'd by madness and distraction ;
 Which I, the author of confusion,
 Have planted here by my accursed deeds.

Car. O, are you come, sir ? I was sending the ta-
 vern-boy for you ; I have been practising here, and can
 do none of my lofty tricks.

Alb. Good sir, if any spark do yet remain
 Of your consum'd reason, let me strive.

Car. To blow it out ? troth I most kindly thank
 you,

Here's friendship to the life. But, father whey-beard,
 Why should you think me void of reason's fire,
 My youthful days being in the height of knowledge ?
 I must confess your old years gain experience ;
 But that so much o'er-ruled by dotage,
 That what you think experience shall effect,

Short memory destroys. What say you now, fir?
Am I mad now, that can answer thus
To all interrogatories?

Alb. But tho' your words do favour, fir, of judgment,
Yet when they derogate from the due observance
Of fitting times, they ought to be respected
No more, than if a man should tell a tale
Of feign'd mirth in midst of extream sorrows.

Car. How did you know my sorrows, fir?
What tho' I have lost a wife,
Must I be therefore griev'd? am I not happy
To be so freed of a continual trouble?
Had many a man such fortune as I,
In what a heaven would they think themselves?
Being released of all those threat'ning clouds,
Which in the angry skies, call'd women's brows,
Sit ever menacing tempestuous storms.
But yet I needs must tell you, old December,
My wife was clear of this; within her brow,
She had not a wrinkle, nor a storming frown;
But like a smooth well-polish'd ivory,
It seem'd so pleasant to the looker on:
She was so kind, of nature so gentle,
That if she'd done a fault she'd straight go die for't:
Was not she then a rare one?
What, weep'st thou, aged Nestor?
Take comfort man, Troy was ordain'd by fate
To yield to us, which we will ruin.

Alb. Good, fir, walk with me but where you see
The shadowing elms, within whose circling round
There is a holy spring, about encompassed
By dandling sycomores and violets,
Whose waters cure all human maladies.
Few drops thereof being sprinkl'd on your temples,
Revives your fading memory, and restores
Your senses lost, unto their perfect being.

Car. Is it clear water, fir, and very fresh?
For I am thirsty; gives it a better relish
Than a cup of dead wine with flies in't?

Alb. Most pleasant to the taste; pray, will you go?
Car.

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Car. Faster than you, I believe, fir. [Exeunt.

Enter Maria.

Maria. I am walk'd forth from my preserver's cave,
To search about these woods, only to see
The penitent Albert, whose repentant mind
Each tree expresseth. O, that some power divine
Would hither send my virtuous Carracus;
Not for my own content, but that he might
See how his distress'd friend repents the wrong,
Which his rash folly, most unfortunate,
Acted 'gainst him and me; which I forgive
A hundred times a day, for that more often
My eyes are witness to his sad complaints,
How the good hermit seems to share his moans,
Which in the day-time he deplores 'mongst trees,
And in the night his cave is fill'd with sighs;
No other bed doth his weak limbs support
Than the cold earth; no other harmony
To rock his cares asleep, but blustering winds,
Or some swift current, headlong rushing down
From a high mountain's top, pouring his force
Into the ocean's gulf, where being swallow'd,
Seems to bewail his fall with hideous words:
No other sustenance to suffice
What nature claims, but raw unfavoury roots,
With troubled waters, where untam'd beasts
Do bathe themselves.

Enter Satyrs, dance & exeunt.

Ah me! what things are these?
What pretty harmless things they seem to be?
As if delight had no where made abode,
But in their nimble sport. [Enter Albert.
Yonder's the courteous hermit, and with him
Albert it seems. O see, 'tis Carracus!
Joy, do not now confound me!

Car. Thanks unto heav'ns and thee, thou holy man,
I have attain'd what doth adorn man's being,
That precious gemm of reason, by which solely
We are discern'd from rude and brutish beasts,
No other difference being 'twixt us and them.

How

How to repay this more than earthly kindness,
Lies not within my power, but in his
That hath indu'd thee with celestial gifts,
To whom I'll pray, he may bestow on thee
What thou deserv'st, blest immortality.

Alb. Which unto you befall, thereof most worthy.
But virtuous sir, what I will now request
From your true generous nature, is, that you would
Be pleas'd to pardon that repentant wight
Whose sinful story upon yon tree's bark
Yourself did read, for that you say, to you
Those wrongs were done.

Car. Indeed they were, and to a dear wife lost;
Yet I forgive him, as I wish the heav'ns
May pardon me.

Mar. So doth Maria too. [*She discovers herself.*]

Car. Lives my Maria then? what gracious planet
Gave thee safe conduct to these desert woods?

Mar. My late mishap (repented now by all,
And therefore pardon'd) compelled me to fly,
Where I had perished for want of food,
Had not this courteous man awak'd my sense,
In which death's self had partly interest.

Car. Alas, Maria! I am so far indebted
To him already, for the late recovery of
My own weakness, that 'tis impossible
For us to attribute sufficient thanks
For such abundant good.

Alb. I rather ought to thank the heav'n's creator,
That he vouchsaf'd me such especial grace,
In doing so small a good; which could I hourly
Bestow on all, yet could I not assuage
The swelling rancor of my fore-past crimes.

Car. O sir, despair not; for your course of life
(Were your sins far more odious than they be)
Doth move compassion and pure clemency
In the all-ruling judge, whose powerful mercy
O'erflows his justice, and extends itself
To all repentant minds. He's happier far
That sins, and can repent him of his sin,

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Than the self-justifier, who doth surmise
 By his own works to gain salvation,
 Seeming to reach at heav'n, he clasps damnation.
 You then are happy, and our penitent friend,
 To whose wish'd presence please you now to bring us,
 That in our gladsome arms we may infold
 His much-eesteemed person, and forgive
 The injuries of his rash follies past.

Alb. Then see false Albert prostrate at your feet,
 [He discovers himself.]

Desiring justice for his heinous ill.

Car. Is it you? Albert's self, that hath preserv'd us?
 O blest bewailer of thy misery!

Mar. And woefull'st liver in calamity.

Car. From which, right worthy friend, 'tis now
 high time

You be releas't; come then, you shall with us.
 Our first and chiefest welcome, my Maria,
 We shall receive at your good father's house;
 Who, as I do remember, in my frenzy
 Sent a kind letter, which desir'd our presence.

Alb. So please you, virtuous pair, Albert will stay,
 And spend the remnant of this wearisome life
 In these dark woods.

Car. Then you neglect the comforts heav'n doth send
 To your abode on earth. If you stay here,
 Your life may end in torture, by the cruelty
 Of some wild ravenous beasts; but if 'mongst men,
 When you depart, the faithful prayers of many
 Will much avail, to crown your soul with blifs.

Alb. Lov'd Carracus, I have found in thy converse
 Comfort so blest, that nothing now but death
 Shall cause a separation in our being.

Mar. Which heaven confirm.

Car. Thus by the breach of faith, our friendship's knit
 In stronger bonds of love.

Alb. Heaven so continue it. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS Quintus.

Enter Hog in his chamber, with Rebecca laying down his bed, and seeming to put the keys under his bolster, conveyeth them into her pocket.

Hog. **S**O, have you lay'd the keys of the outward doors under my bolster ?

Reb. Yes, forsooth.

Hog. Go your way to bed then. [Exit Reb.

I wonder who did at the first invent
These beds, the breeders of disease and sloth :
He was no soldier furè, nor no scholar,
And yet he might be very well a courtier ;
For no good husband would have been so idle,
No usurer neither ; yet here the bed affords [*Disc. his gold.*
Store of sweet golden slumbers unto him.
Here sleeps command in war ; Cæsar by this
Obtain'd his triumphs ; this will fight man's cause,
When fathers, brethren, and the near'st of friends
Leave to assist him ; all content to this
Is meerly vain ; the lovers whose affections
Do sympathize together in full pleasure,
Debarr'd of this, their summer sudden ends ;
And care, the winter to their former joys,
Breathes such a cold blast on their turtles bills ;
Having not this, to shrowd him from his storms,
They straight are forc'd to make a separation,
And so live under those that rule o'er this.
The gallant, whose illustrious outside draws
The eyes of wantons to behold with wonder
Hir rare-shap'd parts, for so he thinks they be,
Deck'd in the robes of glistering gallantry ;
Having not this attendant on his person,
Walks with a cloudy brow, and seems to all
A great contemner of society ;
Not for the hate he bears to company,
But for the want of this ability.

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O silver ! thou that art the basest captive,
 Kept in this prison ; how many pale offenders
 For thee have suffer'd ruin ? But, o my gold !
 Thy sight's more pleasing than the seemly locks
 Of yellow-hair'd Apollo, and thy touch
 More smooth and dainty, than the down-soft white
 Of lady's tempting breast : thy bright aspect
 Dims the greatest lustre of heaven's waggoner.
 But why go I about to extoll thy worth,
 Knowing that poets cannot compass it ?
 But now give place, my gold, for here's a power
 Of greater glory and supremacy
 Obscures thy being ; here sits enthroniz'd
 The sparkling diamond, whose bright reflexion
 Casts such a splendor on these other gemms,
 'Mongst which he so majestic appears,
 As if——now my good angels guard me !

A flash of fire, and Lightfoot ascends like a spirit.

Light. Melior vigilantia somno.

Stand not amaz'd, good man, for what appears
 Shall add to thy content ; be void of fears ;
 I am the shadow of rich kingly Cræsus,
 Sent by his greatness from the lower world
 To make thee mighty, and to sway on earth
 By thy abundant store, as he himself doth
 In Elysiu ; how he reigneth there,
 His shadow will unfold, give thou then ear.
 In under-air, where fair Elysiu stands
 Beyond the river stiled Acheron,
 He hath a castle built of adamant ;
 Not fram'd by vain enchantment, but there fix'd,
 By the all-burning hands of warlike spirits,
 Whose windows are compos'd of purest crystal,
 And deck'd within with oriental pearls :
 There the great spirit of Cræsus' royal self,
 Keeps his abode in joyous happiness.
 He is not tortur'd there, as poets feign,
 With molten gold and sulphry flames of fire,
 Or any such molesting perturbation ;
 But there reputed as a demy-god,

Feasting with Pluto and his Proserpine,
Night after night with all delicious cates,
With greater glory than seven kingdom's states.
Now farther know the cause of my appearance ;
The kingly Cræsus having by fame's trump
Heard, that thy lov'd desires stand affecte d
To the obtaining of abundant wealth,
Sends me his shade, thus much to signify,
'That if thou wilt become famous on earth,
He'll give to thee even more than infinite ;
And after death with him thou shalt partake
The rare delights beyond the Stygian lake.

Hog. Great Cræsus' shadow may dispose of me to
what he pleaseth.

Light. So speaks obediency.
For which I'll raise thy lowly thoughts as high,
As Cræsus' were in his mortality.
Stand then undaunted, whilst I raise those spirits,
By whose laborious task and industry,
Thy treasure shall abound and multiply.

*Ascend Ascarion, thou that art a powerful spirit, and dost
convert silver to gold ; I say ascend, and on me Cræsus'
shade attend, to work the pleasure of his will.*

The Player appears.

Player. What would then Cræsus list to fill
Some mortals coffers up with gold,
Changing the silver it doth hold ?
By that pure metal, if't be so,
By the infernal gates I swear,
Where Radamanth doth domineer :
By Cræsus' name and by his castle,
Where winter nights he keepeth wassail ;
By Demogorgon and the fates,
And by all these low country states ;
That after knowledge of thy mind,
Ascarion, like the swift-pac'd wind,
Will fly to finish thy command.

Light. Take then this silver out of hand,
And bear it to the river Tagus,
Beyond th'abode of Archi-Magus ;

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Whose golden sands upon it cast,
 Transform it into gold at last:
 Which being effected straight return,
 And sudden too, or I will spurn
 This trunk of thine into the pit,
 Where all the hellish furies sit,
 Scratching their eyes out. Quick! begone!

Player. Swifter in course than doth the sun.

[*Exit Player.*]

Light. How far'st thou, mortal? be not terrify'd
 At these infernal motions; know that shortly
 Great Cræsus' ghost shall, in the love he bears thee,
 Give thee sufficient power by thy own worth
 To raise such spirits.

Hog. Cræsus is much too liberal in his favour,
 To one so far desertless as poor Hog.

Light. Poor Hog! O speak not that word poor again,
 Lest the whole apple-tree of Cræsus' bounty,
 Crack'd into shivers, o'erthrow thy fortunes!
 For he abhors the name of poverty,
 And will grow sick to hear it spoke by those,
 Whom he intends to raise.—But see, the twilight
 Posting before the chariot of the sun,
 Brings word of his approach:
 We must be sudden, and with speed raise up
 The spirit Bazan, that can straight transform
 Gold into pearl; be still and circumspect.

*Bazan, ascend up from the treasure of Pluto, where thou
 didst at pleasure metamorphose all his gold into pearl,
 which 'bove a thousandfold exceeds the value; quickly
 rise to Cræsus' shade, who hath a prize to be perform'd by
 thy strength.*

Bazan ascends.

Bazan. I am no fencer, yet at length
 From Pluto's presence and the hall,
 Where Proserpine keeps festival,
 I'm hither come, and now I see,
 To what intent I'm rais'd by thee;
 It is to make that mortal rich,
 That at his fame men's ears may itch;

When

When they do hear but of his store.
He hath one daughter, and no more,
Which all the lower powers decree,
She to one Wealthy wedded be ;
By which conjunction there shall spring,
Young heirs to Hog, whereon to fling
His mass of treasure when he dies ;
Thus Bazan truly prophesies :
But come, my task ? I long to rear
His fame above the hemisphere.

Light. Take then the gold which here doth ly,
And quick return it by and by,
All in choice pearl. Whither to go,
I need not tell you, for you know.

Had. Indeed I do, and Hog shall find it so. [*Aside.*
[*Exit Haddit*]

Light. Now, mortal, there is nothing doth remain,
'Twixt thee and thine abundance, only this ;
Turn thy eyes eastward, for from thence appears
Ascarion with thy gold, which having brought,
And at thy foot surrender'd, make obeysance ;
Then turn about and fix thy tapers westward,
From whence great Bazan brings thy orient pearl ;
Who'll lay it at thy feet much like the former.

Hog. Then I must make to him obeysance thus.

Light. Why so ; in mean time Cræsus' shade will rest
Upon thy bed ; but above all take heed,
You suffer not your eyes to stray aside
From the direct point I have set thee at :
For though the spirit do delay the time,
And not return your treasure speedily——

Hog. Let the loss light on me, if I neglect
Or overslip what Cræsus' shade commands.

Light. [*Aside.*] So, now practise standing, though it be
nothing agreeable to your Hog's age. Let me see, among
these writings is my nephew Haddit's mortgage ; but in
taking that it may breed suspect on us ; wherefore this
box of jewels will stand far better, and let that alone. It
is now break of day, and near by this the marriage is
confirm'd betwixt my cousin and great Cræsus' friend's
daughter

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daughter here, whom I will now leave to his most weighty cogitations.

So, gentle sir, adieu ; time not permits
To hear those passions, and those frantick fits
You're subject to, when you shall find how true
Great Cræsus' shade hath made an afs of you.

Hog. Let me now ruminare to myself, why Cræsus should be so great a favourer to me.—And yet to what end should I desire to know? I think it is sufficient it is so; and I would he had been so sooner, for he and his spirits would have fav'd me much labour in the purchasing of wealth; but then, indeed, it would have been the confusion of two or three scriveners, which, by my means, have been properly rais'd.—But now imagine this only a trick, whereby I may be gull'd; but how can that be? are not my doors lock'd? have I not seen, with my own eyes, the ascending of the spirits? have I not heard, with my own ears, the invocations wherewith they were rais'd? could any but spirits appear thro' so firm a floor as this is? 'tis impossible.—But, hark, I hear the spirit Ascarion coming with my gold. O bountiful Cræsus! I'll build a temple to thy mightiness!

Enter young lord Wealthy and Peter.

Weal. O Peter, how long have we slept upon the hog'shead?

Pet. I think a dozen hours, my lord, and 'tis nothing: I'll undertake to sleep sixteen, upon the receipt of two cups of muskadine.

Weal. I marvel what's become of Haddit and Light-foot!

Pet. Hang 'em, flinchers; they slunk away as soon as they had drank as much as they were able to carry, which no generous spirit would ha' done, indeed.

Weal. Yet I believe Haddit had his part; for, to my thinking, the cellar went round with him when he left us. But are we come to a bed yet? I must needs sleep.

Pet. Come softly, by any means; for we are now upon the threshold of my master's chamber, thro' which
I'll

The Hog bath lost his Pearl. 237

I'll bring you to mistress Rebecca's lodging : give me your hand, and come very nicely.

[Peter falls into the hole.]

Weal. Where art, Peter ?

Pet. O ho !

Weal. Where's this noise, Peter, canst tell ?

Hog. I hear the voice of my adopted son-in-law.

Weal. Why Peter, wilt not answer me ?

Pet. O my lord, above, stand still ; I'm fall'n down at least thirty fathom-deep ; if you stand not still till I recover, and have lighten a candle, you're but a dead man.

Hog. I am robb'd, I am undone, I am deluded : who's in my chamber ?

Weal. 'Tis I, the lord your son that shall be : upon my honour I came not to rob you.

Hog. I shall run mad ! I shall run mad !

Weal. Why, then, 'tis my fortune to be terrified with madmen.

Enter Peter with a candle.

Pet. Where are you, my lord ?

Hog. Here, my lady : where are you, rogue, when thieves break into my house ?

Pet. Breaking my neck in your service, a plague on't.

Weal. But are you robb'd, indeed, father Hog ? of how much, I pray ?

Hog. Of all, of all ; see here, they have left me nothing but two or three rolls of parchment ; here they came up like spirits, and took my silver, gold, and jewels. Where's my daughter ?

Pet. She's not in the house, sir : the street-doors are wide open.

Weal. Nay, 'tis no matter where she is now : she'll scarce be worth a thousand pound, and that's but a taylor's prize.

Hog. Then you'll not have her, sir ?

Weal. No, as I hope to live in peace.

Hog. Why be't so, be't so ; confusion cannot come
in

in a fitter time on all of us. O bountiful Cræsus ! how fine thy shadow hath devour'd my substance.

Pet. Good, my lord, promise him to marry his daughter, or he will be mad presently, tho' you never intend to have her.

Weal. Well, father Hog, tho' you are undone, your daughter shall not be, so long as a lord can stand her in any stead. Come, you shall with me to my lord and father, whose warrants we will have for the apprehending of all suspicious livers ; and, tho' the labour be infinite, you must consider your loss is so.

Hog. Come, I'll do any thing to gain my gold.

Pet. Till which be had, my fare will be but cold.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Haddit, Rebecca, Lightfoot, and Priest.

Had. Now, mr. parson, we will no farther trouble you ; and, for the tying of our true love-knot, here's a small amends.

Priest. 'Tis more than due, fir ; yet I'll take it all, Should kindness be despis'd, good-will would fall Unto a lower ebb, should we detest The grateful giver's gift, *verissimo est.*

Had. It's true, indeed ; good-morrow, honest parson.

Priest. Yet, if you please, fir John will back surrender

The overplus of what you now did tender.

Had. O, by no means, I pr'ythee ; friend, good-morrow.

Light. Why, if you please, fir John, to me restore The overplus, I'll give it to the poor.

Priest. O pardon, fir ; for, by your worship's leave, We ought to give from whence we do receive.

Had. Why then to me, fir John.

Priest. To all a kind good-morrow. [*Exit Priest.*]

Had. A most fine vicar ; there was no other means to be rid of him. But why are you so sad, Rebecca ?

Reb. To think in what estate my father is, When he beholds that he is merely gull'd.

Had. Nay, be not grieved for that which should rather give you cause of content ; for 'twill be a means to
make

make him abandon his avarice, and save a soul almost incurable. But now to our own affairs: this marriage of ours must not yet be known, lest it breed suspicion. We will bring you Rebecca unto Atlas's house, whilst we two go unto the old lord Wealthy's, having some acquaintance with his son-in-law Carracus, who I understand is there; where no question but we shall find your father proclaiming his loss: thither you shall come somewhat after us, as it were to seek him; where I doubt not but so to order the matter, that I will receive you as my wife from his own hands.

Reb. May it so happy prove!

Light. Amen, say I; for should our last trick be known, great Cræsus' shade would have a conjur'd time on't.

Had. 'Tis true, his castle of adamant would scarce hold him: but come, this will be good cause for laughter hereafter.

Then we'll relate how this great bird was pull'd
Of his rich feathers, and most finely gull'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter old lord Wealthy, with Carracus, Maria, and Albert.

Lord. More welcome, Carracus, than friendly truce
To a besieged city all distressed:
How early this glad morning are you come
To make me happy? For pardon of your offence,
I've given a blessing, which may heaven confirm
In treble manner on your virtuous lives.

Car. And may our lives and duty daily strive
To be found worthy of that loving favour,
Which, from your reverend age, we now receive
Without desert or merit.

Enter young Wealthy, Hog, and Peter.

Weal. Room for a desirer of justice! What, my sister
Maria! who thought to have met you here?

Mar. You may see, brother, unlook'd-for guests
prove often troublesome.

Weal. Well, but is your husband there any quieter
than he was?

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Car. Sir, I must desire you to forget all injuries, if, in not being myself, I offer'd you any.

Alb. I'll see that peace concluded.

Weal. Which I agree to; for patience is a virtue, father Hog.

Lord. Was it you, son, that cried so loud for justice?

Weal. Yes, marry was it, and this the party to whom it appertains.

Hog. O, my most honour'd lord, I am undone, robb'd, this black night, of all the wealth and treasure which these many years I have hourly labour'd for.

Lord. And who are those have done this outrage to you?

Hog. Oh knew I that, I then, my lord, were happy.

Lord. Come you for justice then, not knowing 'gainst whom the course of justice should extend itself?

Nor yet suspect you none?

Hog. None but the devil.

Weal. I thought he was a cheater, e'er since I heard two or three templers swear at dice, the last Christmas, that the devil had got all.

Enter Haddit and Lightfoot.

Had. My kind acquaintance, joy to thy good success.

Car. Noble and freeborn Haddit, welcome.

Light. Mr. Hog, good-day.

Hog. For I have had a bad night on't.

Light. Sicknes is incident to age: what, be the writings ready to be seal'd we intreated last day?

Hog. Yes, I think they are; would the scrivener were paid for the making them.

Light. He shall be so, tho' I do't myself. Is the money put up, as I appointed?

Hog. Yes, 'tis put up: confusion seize the receivers!

Light. Heaven blefs us all! what mean you, sir?

Hog. O, sir, I was robb'd this night of all I had; My daughter too is lost, and I undone.

Light. Marry, God forbid; after what manner, I pray?

Hog. O, to recount, sir, will breed more ruth Than did the tale of that high Trojan duke,

To

To the sad fated Carthaginian queen.

Had. What exclamation's that?

Light. What you will grieve at, cuz;
Your worshipful friend, mr. Hog, is robb'd.

Had. Robb'd! by whom, or how?

Light. O, there's the grief: he knows not whom to suspect.

Had. The fear of hell o'ertake them, whosoe'er they be. But where's your daughter? I hope she is safe.

Enter Rebecca.

Hog. Thank heaven, I see she's now so. Where hast thou been, my girl?

Reb. Alas, sir, carried by amazement I know not where; pursu'd by the robbers, forced to fly amaz'd, affrighted, thro' the city streets, to seek redress; but that lay fast asleep in all mens houses, nor would lend an ear to the distress'd.

Had. O heavy accident! but see, you grieve too much,

Being your daughter's found; for th' other loss,
Since 'tis the will of heaven to give and take,
Value it as nothing: you have yet sufficient
To live in blest content, had you no more
But my small mortgage for your daughter here,
Whom I have ever lov'd in dear'st affection.
If so you please so much to favour me,
I will accept her, spite of poverty,
And make her jointure of some store of land,
Which, by the loss of a good aged friend,
Late fell to me: what, is't a match or no?

Hog. It is.

Had. Then I'll have witness on't: my lord, and gentlemen,

Please you draw near, to be here witnesses
To a wish'd contract 'twixt this maid and I.

Omn. We all are willing.

Hog. Then, in the presence of you all, I give my daughter freely to this gentleman as wife; and, to shew how much I stand affected to him, for dowry with her,
I do.

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I do back restore his mortgag'd lands ; and, for their loves, I vow ever hereafter to detest, renounce, loath, and abhor all slavish avarice :

Which doth ascend from hell, sent by the devil,
To be, 'mongst men, the actor of all evil.

Omn. A blest conversion.

Lord. A good, far unexpected. And now, gentlemen,

I do invite you all to feast with me
This happy day, that we may all together
Applaud his good success : and let this day be spent
In sports and shews, with gladsome merriment.
Come, blest converted man, we'll lead the way,
As unto heaven I hope we shall.

Hog. Heaven grant we may.

Car. Come, my Maria, and repentant friend,
We three have tasted worst of misery,
Which now adds joy to our felicity.

Had. We three are happy we have gain'd much
wealth,

And tho' we have done it by a trick of stealth,
Yet all, I trust, are pleas'd ; and will our ill acquit,
Since it hath sav'd a soul was hell's by right.

Weal. To follow after, then, our lot doth fall ;
Now rhyme it, Peter.

Pet. A good-night to all.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





EPILOGUE.

NO *W* expectation hath at full receiv'd,
 What we late promis'd; if in aught we've pleas'd,
 'Tis all we sought t' accomplish, and much more
 Than our weak merit dares to attribute
 Unto itself, till you vouchsafe to deign,
 In your kind censure, so to gratify
 Our trivial labours.—

If it hath pleas'd the judicial ear,
 We have our author's wish; and, void of fear,
 Dare ignorant men to shew their worst of hate:
 It not detracts, but adds unto that state
 Where desert flourisheth.

We'll rest applauded in their derogation,
 Tho' with an hiss they crown that confirmation:
 For this, our author saith, if't prove distasteful,
 He only grieves you spent two hours so wasteful;
 But, if it's lik'd, and you affect his pen,
 You may command it when you please again.



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FUIMUS TROES.

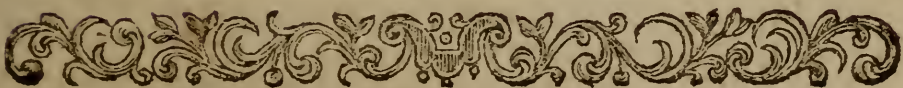
T H E

True TROJANS.

B E I N G

A Story of the *Britains* Valour at
the *Romans* first Invasion.

*Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantina
Dignè scripserit ?*





I Can give no farther Account of this Play, than that it was publickly presented by the Gentlemen Students of Magdalen - College, Oxford, and printed in 1633; but seems, by the Manner of it, to have been wrote much earlier.



Dramatis Personæ.

*M*ercury. }
Fur. Camillus. } *Livius*, lib. 5.
Brennus. }

Julius Cæsar.

C. Volusenus.

Q. Laberius, aliàs Labienus,

Q. Atrius.

Comius Atrebas.

Cassibelanus, imperator Britanno-
rum.

Mandubratius, princeps Trinoban-
tum.

Cingetorix.

Carvilius.

Taximagulus.

Segonax.

} 4 petty kings
in Kent.

{ *Lud*, his sons { *Androgeus.*
Themantius.

{ *Cassibelane.*

{ *Nennius.*

Belinus, a chief nobleman.

Hirildas, nephew to *Cassibelane*.

Eulinus, nephew to *Androgeus*.

Cridous, king of *Albania*.

Britael, king of *Demetia*.

Guertbed, king of *Ordovicia*.

Cæsar. com. de
bell. Gall. lib. 4.

& 5.

} *Galfrid. Monu-*
mentensis. lib. 4.

Names feign'd.

Lantonus. }
Hulacus. } Two druids, or priests.

Landora. }
Cordella. } Two ladies mentioned.

Rollano, a Belgick.

Chorus of five bards, or poets laureat.

Soldiers. Shipmen. Servants.



FUIMUS TROES.

THE

True TROJANS.

*Mercury conducting the ghosts of Brennus and Camillus,
in compleat armour, and with swords drawn.*

Mercury.



S in the vaults of this big-bellied earth,
Are dungeons, whips, and flames, for wicked
ghosts ;

So fair Elysian fields, where spotless souls
Do bathe themselves in blifs. Among the rest,

Two pleasant groves by two forts are possess'd :

One by true lovers crown'd with myrtle boughs,

Who hand in hand sing peans of their joy :

Brave

Brave soldiers hold the second, clad in steel,
 Whose glittering arms brighten those gloomy shades,
 In lieu of starry lights. From hence I bring
 A pair of martial imps, by Jove's decree,
 As sticklers in their nations enmity.

Furious Camillus, and thou Britain bold,
 Great Brennus, sheath your conquering blades. In vain
 You threaten death; for ghosts may not be slain.

Brenn. From the unbounded ocean, and cold climes,
 Where Charles his wain circles the Northern pole,
 I first led out great swarms of shaggy Gauls,
 And big-bon'd Britains. The white-pated Alps,
 Where snow and winter dwell, did bow their necks
 To our victorious feet: Rome, proudest Rome,
 We cloath'd in scarlet of patrician blood,
 And 'bout your Capitol pranc'd our vaunting steeds,
 Defended more by geese, than by your gods.

Cam. But I cut short your fury, and my sword
 Redeem'd the city, making your huge trunks
 To fat our crows, and dung our Latian fields.
 I turn'd your torrent to another coast;
 And what you quickly won, you sooner lost.

Merc. Leave these weak brawlings. Now swift time
 hath spent

A Pylian age, and more, since you two breath'd,
 Mirrours of Britain, and of Roman valour.
 Lo, now the black imperial bird doth clasp
 Under her wings the continent; and Mars,
 Trampling down nations with his brazen wheels,
 Fights for his nephews, and hath once more made
 Britains and Romans meet. To view these deeds
 I Hermes bring you to this upper sky;
 Where you may wander, and with ghastly looks
 Incite your countrymen. When night and sleep
 Conquer the eyes, when weary bodies rest,
 And senses cease, be furies in their breast.

Never two nations better match'd. For Jove
 Loves both alike: whence then these armed bands?
 Mavors for Rome, Neptune for Albion stands.

Brenn. Then let war ope' his jaws, as wide as hell,
 And fright young babes; my country-folk, more stern,
 Can out-look Gorgon. Let the fates transpos'd
 Hang beaten flags up in the victor's land.
 Full dearly will each pace of ground be sold,
 Which rated is at dearest blood, not gold.
 What, are their ruin'd fanes, demolish'd walls
 So soon forgot? Doth Allia yet run clear?
 Or can three hundred summers flake their fear?

Cam. Arise thou Julian star, whose angry beams
 Be heralds to the North, of war, and death.
 Let those black calends be reveng'd; those ghosts,
 (Whose mangled sheaths depriv'd of funeral rites,
 Made the six hills promise a Cadmus crop)
 Be expiated with a fiery deluge.
 Jove rules the spheres, Rome all the world beside:
 And shall this little corner be deny'd?

Merc. Bandy no more these private frowns; but haste,
 Fly to your parties, and inrage their minds:
 Till at the period of these broils, I call,
 And back reduce you to grim Pluto's hall.

[*Exeunt.*



Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Duke Nennius, alone.

Nenn. **M**ethinks I hear Bellona's dreadful voice
 Redoubled from the concave shoars of
 Gaul:

Methinks I hear their neighing steeds, the groans
 Of complemental souls, taking their leave:
 And all the din and clamorous rout, which sounds
 When falling kingdoms crack in fatal flames.
 Die Belgicks, die like men. Free minds need have
 Nought, but the ground they fight on, for their grave:
 And

And we are next. Think ye the smoaky mist
 Of sun-boil'd seas can stop the eagle's eye?
 Or can our watry walls keep dangers out,
 Which fly aloft, that thus we snorting ly,
 Feeding impostum'd humours, to be launch'd
 By some outlandish surgeon;
 As they are now, whose flaming towns, like beacons,
 Give us fair warning, and even gild our spires,
 Whilst merrily we warm us at their fires?
 Yet we are next: who charm'd with peace and sloth,
 Dream golden dreams. Go, warlike Britain, go,
 For olive-bough exchange thy hazel-bow:
 Hang up thy rusty helmet, that the bee
 May have a hive, or spider find a loom:
 Instead of soldiers fare, and lodging hard,
 (The bare ground being their bed and table) ly
 Smother'd in down, melting in luxury:
 Instead of bellowing drum, and chearful flute,
 Be lull'd in lady's lap with amorous lute.
 But as for Nennius, know, I scorn this calm:
 The ruddy planet at my birth bore sway,
 Sanguine, adust my humour; and wild fire
 My ruling element. Blood, and rage, and choler,
 Make up the temper of a captain's valour. [Exit.

ACT. I. Scen. 2.

*Julius Cæsar, Comius, Volusenus, Laberius; soldiers,
 with ensign, a two-neck'd eagle displayed sable, drum,
 antient trumpet. A flourish.*

Cæs. **W**elcome thus far, partners of weal and woe,
 Welcome brave bloods: Now may our
 weapons sleep,
 Since Ariovist in cock-boat basely flies;
 Vast Germany stands trembling at our bridge;
 And Gaul lies bleeding in her mother's lap.
 Once the Pellæan duke did Eastward march,

To rouse the drowsy sun, before he rose,
 Adorn'd with Indian rubies : But the main
 Bad him retire. He was my type. This day
 We stand on nature's western brink ; beyond,
 Nothing but sea and sky. Here is *nil ultra*.
 Democritus, make good thy fancy, give me
 More worlds to conquer, which may be both seen,
 And won together. But methinks I ken
 A whitish cloud kissing the waves, or else
 Some chalky rocks surmount the barking flood.
 Comius, your knowledge can correct our eyes.

Com. It is the Britain shoar, which ten leagues hence
 Displays her shining cliffs unto your sight.

Cæs. I'll hit the white. That sea-mark for our ships,
 Invites destruction, and gives to our eye
 A treacherous beck. Dare but resist: your shoar
 Shall paint her pale face with red crimson gore.

Com. Thus much I know, great Cæsar, that they lent
 Their secret aid unto the neighbour Gauls ;
 Fostering their fugitives with friendly care :
 Which made your victory fly with flower wing.

Cæs. That's cause enough. They shall not henceforth
 range
 Abroad for war, we'll bring him to their doors :
 His ugly idol shall displace their gods,
 Their dear Penates, and in desolate streets
 Raise trophies high of barbarous bones, whose stench
 May poison all the rest. I long to stride
 This Hellespont, or bridge it with a navy,
 Disclosing to our empire unknown lands,
 Until the arctick star for zenith stands.

Laber. Then raise the camp, and strike a dreadful
 march,
 And unawares pour vengeance on their heads.
 Be like the winged bolt of angry Jove,
 Or chiding torrent, whose late-risen stream,
 From mountains bended top runs raging down,
 Deflow'ring all the virgin dales.

Cæs. First let's advise ; for soon to ruin come
 Rash weapons, which lack council grave at home.

Laber;

Laber. What need consulting, where the cause is plain?

Cæs. The likeliest cause without regard proves vain.

Laber. Provide for battle, but of truce no word.

Cæs. Where peace is first refus'd, should come the sword.

Laber. But 'tis unlike, their self-presuming might,
Will curbed be with terms of civil right.

Cæs. 'Tis true: yet so, we stop the peoples cry,
When we propose, and they do peace deny.
We'll therefore wise ambassadors dispatch,
Parents of love, the harbingers of leagues;
Men that may speak with mildness mix'd with courage,
Having quick feet, broad eyes, short tongues, long
ears,

To warn the British court.

And further view the ports, fathom the seas,
Learn their complotments; where invasion may
Be soonest entertain'd. All this shall ly
On Volufene, a legate, and a spy.

Voluf. My care and quickness shall deserve this
kindness.

Mean time unite, and range your scatter'd troops.

Imbark your legions at the Iccian shore,

And teach Erynnis swim, which crawl'd before.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act. I. Scen. 3.

Cassibelane, Androgeus, Themantius, Belinus, Attendants.

Cassib. **A**lthough the peoples voice constrains me
hold

This regal staff, whose massy weight would bruise
Your age and pleasures; yet this, nephews, know,
Your trouble less, your honour is the same,
As if you wore the diadem of this isle.

Mean while, Androgeus, hold unto your use
 Our lady-city, Troynovant, and all
 The toll and tribute of delicious Kent ;
 Of which each quarter can maintain a king.
 Have you, Themantius, Cornwall's dukedom large,
 Both rich and strong, in metals and in men.
 I must to Verulam's fenced town repair,
 And as protector, for the whole take care.

Androg. My heart agrees. Henceforth ye sovereign
 cares,

State-mysteries, false graces, jealous fears,
 The linings of a crown, forsake my brain :
 These territories neither are too wide,
 To trouble my content ; nor yet too narrow,
 To feed a princely train.

Them. All thanks I render: your will shall guide ours ;
 With treble-twisted love we'll strive to make
 One soul-inform three bodies, keeping still
 The same affections both in good and ill.

Now am I for a hunting match. Yon thickets
 Shelter a boar, which spoils the ploughman's hope :
 Whose jaws with double sword, whose back is arm'd
 With bristled pikes ; whose fume inflames the air,
 And foam besnows the trampled corn. This beast
 I long to see come smoaking to a feast. [*Exit Themant.*]

Enter Rollano.

Belin. Here comes my Belgick friend, Landora's
 servant :

What news, Rollano, that thy feet so strive
 To have precedence of each other ? Speak,
 I read disturbed passions on thy brow.

Roll. My trembling heart quivers upon my tongue,
 That scarce I can with broken sounds vent forth
 These sad, strange, sudden, dreary, dismal news.
 A merchant's ship arriv'd tells, how the Roman,
 Having run Gaul quite through with bloody arms,
 Prepares for you : His navy rigg'd in bay,
 Only expects a gale. Farther, they say,
 A pinnace landed, from him brings command,
 Either to lose your freedom, or your land.

Cassib.

Cassib. And dares proud Cæsar back our untam'd
forges?

Dreads he not our sea-monsters? whose wild shapes
Their theaters ne'er yet in picture saw.

Come sirs, to arms! to arms! Let speedy posts
Summon our petty kings, and muster up
Our valorous nations from the North, and West.
Androgeus, haste you to the Scots and Picts,
Two names, which now Albania's kingdom share:
Entreat their aid, if not for love, yet fear:
For new foes should imprint swift-equal fear
Through all the arteries of our isle.

Belinus, thy authority must rouse
The vulgar troops within my special charge;
Fire the beacons, strike alarums loud;
Raise all the country 'gainst this common foe.
We'll soon confront him in his full career;
This news more moves my choler, than my fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

Rollano, alone.

Roll. I am by birth a Belgick, whence I fled
To Germany, for fear of Roman arms:
But when their bridge bridled the stately Rhine,
I soon return'd, and thought to hide my head
In this soft halcyon's nest, this Britain isle.
But now, behold, Mars is a nursing here,
And 'gins to speak aloud.
Is no nook safe from Rome? do they still haunt me?
Some peaceful god transport me through the air,
Beyond cold Thule, or the sun's bed-chamber,
Where only swine or goats do live and reign.
Yet these may fight. Place me, where quiet peace
Hushes all storms, where sleep and silence dwell,
Where never man nor beast did wrong the soil,
Or crop the first-fruits, or made so much noise
As with their breath. But foolish thoughts adieu:
Now catch I must, or stand, or fall with you.

[*Exit.*]

Act. I. Scen. 4.

Eulinus, Hirildas.

Eul. **T**HE court a wardrobe is of living shapes ;
 And ladies are the tissue-spangled suits,
 Which nature wears on festival high days.
 The court a spring, each madam is a rose.
 The court is heaven, fair ladies are the stars.

Hir. Ay, falling stars.

Eul. False echo, don't blaspheme that glorious sex,
 Whose beauteous rays can strike rash gazers blind.

Hir. Love should be blind.

Eul. Pray, leave this cynick humour, whilst I sigh
 My mistress' praise. Her beauty's past compare !
 O would she were more kind, or not so fair.
 Her modest smiles both curb and kindle love.
 The court is dark without her ; when she rises,
 The morning is her hand-maid, strewing roses
 About love's hemisphere. The lamps above
 Eclipse themselves for shame, to see her eyes
 Out-shine their chrysolites, and more bless the skies,
 Than they the earth —

Hir. Give me her name.

Eul. Her body is a crystal cage, whose pure
 Transparent mould, not of gross elements
 Compacted, but the extracted quintessence
 Of sweetest forms distill'd ; where graces bright
 Do live immur'd, but not exempt from sight. —

Hir. I pry'thee speak her.

Eul. Her model is beyond all poets brains,
 And painters pencils : all the lively nymphs,
 Syrens, and Dryads, are but kitchen-maids,
 If you compare. To frame the like pandore,
 The Gods repine, and nature would grow poor. —

Hir. By love, who is't ? hath she no mortal name ?

Eul. For here you find great Juno's stately front,
 Pallas' grey eye, Venus her dimpl'd chin,
 Aurora's rosy fingers, the small waist

Of Ceres' daughter, and Medusa's hair,
Before it hist:—

Hir. O love, as deaf as thou art blind! good Eulinus,
Call home thy soul, and tell thy mistress's name.

Eul. O strange! what ignorant still? when as so
plainly

These attributes describe her: why, she is
A rhapsody of goddesses; the elixir

Of all their several perfections. She is
(Now bless your ears) by mortals called Landora.

Hir. What! Landora, the Trinobantick lady?
How grow your hopes? what metal is her breast?

Eul. All steel and adamant. 'Tis beauty's pride, to
stain

Her lily white with blood of lovers slain.
Their groans make musick, and their scalding sighs
Raise a perfume, and vulture-like she gnaws
Their bleeding hearts. No gifts, no learn'd flattery,
No stratagems can work Landora's battery.

As a tall rock maintains majestick state,
Tho' Boreas gallop on the tottering seas,
And tilting spit his froth out, spurning waves
Upon his furlly breast; so she resists—
And all my projects on her cruel heart,
Are but retorted to their author's smart.

Hir. Why then, let scorn succeed thy love, and
bravely

Conquer thyself, if thou wilt conquer her:
Stomachs with kindness cloy'd, disdain must stir.

Eul. Most impious thoughts! O let me rather perish,
And loving die, than living cease to love:
And when I faint, let her but hear my cry,
Ah me, there's none which truly loves, but I.

Hir. O ye cross darts of Cupid! this very lady,
This lady-wasp woos me, as thou dost her,
With glances, jewels, bracelets of her hair,
Lascivious banquets, and most eloquent eyes:
All which my heart misconstrues as immodest,
It being pointed for another pole.

But hence learn courage, cuz, why stand you dumb?
Women are women, and may be o'ercome.

Eul. Your words are ear-wigs to my vex'd brain,
Like hen-bane juice, or aconite diffus'd,
They strike me senseless.

My kinsman, and Hirildas to my end:
But I'll ne'er call you counsellor, or friend. Adieu.

Hir. Stay, stay. For now I mean with gentler
breath,

To waft you to your happy landing place.

Seeing this crocodile pursues me flying,
Flies you pursuing; we'll catch her by a trick.
With promise feign'd, I'll appoint Cupid's stage,
But in the night, and secret, and disguis'd;
Where thou, which art myself, shalt act my part.
In Venus' games, all couzening goes for art.

Eul. Blest be these means, and happy the success.
Now 'gin I rear my crest above the moon,
And in those gilded books read lectures of
The feminine sex. There moves Cassiope,
Whose garments shine with thirteen precious stones,
Types of as many virtues: Then her daughter,
Whose beauty, without Perseus, would have tam'd
The monstrous fish, glides with a starry crown:
Then just Astrea kems her golden hair:
And my Landora can become the skies,
As well as they. Oh, how my joys do swell!
He mounted not more proud, whose burning throne
Kindl'd the cedar tops, and quaff'd whole fountains.
Fly then, ye wing'd hours, as swift as thought,
Or my desires: let day's bright waggoner
Fall headlong, and lie buried in the deep,
And dormouse like Alcides night out-sleep.
Good Tethys quench his beams, that he ne'er rise
To scorch the Moors, to suck up honey-dews,
Or to betray my person.

But pr'ythee tell, what mistress you adore?

Hir. The kind Cordella, loving, and belov'd:
Only some jarr of late about a favour
Made me inveigh 'gainst women. Come away,
Our plots desire the night, not babbling day.

Eul.

Eul. We must give way: here come our reverend
bards

To sing in synod, as their custom is,
With former chance comparing present deeds. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. I. Scen. 5.

Chorus of five bards laureat, four voices, and a harper, attir'd.

I. S O N G.

1. **A**T the spring Flat, acute;
Birds do sing: And salute,
Now with high, The Sun born,
Then low cry: Every morn.
All. He's no bard, that cannot sing
The praises of the flow'ry spring.

2. Flora queen All in green, Deth delight To paint white, And to spread Cruel red, With a blue, Colour true.	3. Woods renew Hunters hue. Shepherd's grey Crown'd with bay, With his pipe Care doth wipe, Till he dream By the stream.
---	---

All. He's no bard, &c. All. He's no bard, &c.

4. Faithful loves, Turtle doves, Sit and bill, On a hill. Cuntry swains On the plains, Run and leap, Turn and skip.	5. Pan doth play Care away. Fairies small, Two foot tall, With caps red On their head, Dance around, On the ground.
--	--

All. He's no bard, &c. All. He's no bard, &c.

6. Phillis

6. *Phyllis bright* *Rocks doth move,*
Cloath'd in white, *With her love,*
With neck fair, *And make mild,*
Yellow hair. *Tigers wild.*

All. *He's no bard, that cannot sing*
The praises of the flow'ry spring.

II. S O N G.

Thus spend we time in laughter,
While peace and spring do smile :
But I hear a sound of slaughter,
Draw nearer to our isle.
Leave then your wonted prattle,
The catten reed forbear :
For I hear a sound of battle,
And trumpets tear the air.

Let bag-pipes die for want of wind,
Let crowd and harp be dumb ;
Let little tabor come behind :
For I hear the dreadful drum.
Let no bird sing, no lambkins dance,
No fountains murmuring go :
Let shepherd's crook be made a lance,
For the martial horns do blow. [Exeunt.



Act II. Scene I.

Cassibelane, Cridous, Britael, Guerted, Nemius, Belinus, Eulinus. Volufene following.

Cassib. **H** Eavens favour Cridous, fair Albany's king :
 And Britael deck'd with the Demetian
 crown :

The

The fame to famous Guerted, whose command
Embraces woody Ordovick's black hills.

Legate, you may your meſſage now declare.

Voluf. By me great Cæſar greets the Britain ſtate :
This letter ſpeaks the reſt.

Caffib. Then read the reſt.

*Voluf. Cæſar Proconſul of Gallia to Caffibelane King
of Britain.*

Since Romulus' race, by will of Jove,

Have ſtretch'd their empire wide,

From Danube's banks by Tygris ſwift,

Unto mount Atlas' ſide ;

And provinces and nations ſtrong,

With homage due obey ;

We wiſh that you, hid in the ſea,

Do likewise tribute pay.

Submitting all unto our wills,

For raſhly aiding Gaul :

And noble lads for hoſtages

Make ready at our call.

Theſe granted may our friendſhip gain :

Deny'd ſhall work your woe.

Now take your choice, whether you'd find

Rome, as a friend or foe.

Caf. Bold mandates are unwelcome to free princes,
Legate, withdraw ; you ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd.

[*Exit Voluf.*]

Crid. He writes more like a victor, than a foe ;

Whoſe greatneſs, riſen from ſubdued nations,

Is faſten'd only with fear's ſlippery knot.

Nor can they fight ſo fierce for wealth or fame,

As we for native liberty. With answer rough

Bid him defiance. So thinks Cridous.

Guert. Guerted maintains the ſame, and on their fleſh
I'll write my answer in red characters.

Brit. Thou ravenous wolf, imperious monſter, Rome,
Seven-headed Hydra ; know, we ſcorn thy threats :

We can oppoſe thy hills with mounts as high :

And ſcourge uſurpers with like cruelty.

And thus thinks Britael.

Eul.

Eul. Let Cæsar come : our land doth rust with ease,
 And wants an object, whose resisting power
 May strike out valourous flashes from her veins.
 So shadows give a picture life. So flames
 Grow brighter by a fanning blast. Nor think
 I am a courtier, and no warrior born :
 Nor love object ; for well my poet says,
Militat omnis amans, each lover is a soldier :
 I can join Cupid's bow, and Mars's lance.
 A pewter-coat fits me as well as silk.
 It grieves me see our martial spirits trace
 The idle streets, while weapons by their side
 Dangle and lash their backs, as 'twere to upbraid
 Their needless use. Nor is it glory small,
 They set upon us last, when their proud arms
 Fathom the land and seas, and reach both poles.
 On then, so great a foe, so good a cause,
 Shall make our name more famous. So thinks Eulinus.

Cas. Then friends and princes, on this blade take
 oath :

First to your country, to revenge her wrongs :
 And next to me, as general, to be lead
 With unity and courage.

[*They kiss the sword.*]

All. The gods blefs Britain and Cassibelane.

Nen. Now royal friends, the heirs of mighty Brute,
 You see, what storm hangs hov'ring o'er this land,
 Ready to pour down cataclysms of blood ;
 Let antient glory then enflame your hearts.
 Beyond the craggy hills of grim-fac'd death,
 Bright honour keeps triumphant court, and deeds
 Of martial men live there in marble rolls.
 Death is but Charon to the fortunate isles :
 Porter to fame.

What tho' the Roman arm'd with foreign spoil,
 Behind him lead the conquer'd world, and hope
 To sink our island with his army's weight :
 Yet we have gods, and men, and horse, to fight :
 And we can bravely die. But our just cause,
 Your forward loves, and all our people edg'd
 With Dardan spirit, and the powerful name

Of country, bid us hope for victory.
 We have a world within ourselves, whose breast
 No foreigner hath unrevenge'd press'd
 These thousand years. Though Rhine and Roan can
 serve,

And envy Thames his never captive stream ;
 Yet maugre all, if we ourselves are true,
 We may despise what all the earth can do.

Caf. Let's then dismiss the legate with a frown ;
 And draw our forces toward the sea, to join
 With the four kings of Kent, and so affront
 His first arrival. But before all, let
 Our priests and druids, in their hallow'd groves,
 Propitiate the gods, and scan events
 By their mysterious arts. [*Exeant.*]

Act. II. Scen. 2.

Eulinus, Hirildas, Rollano.

Hir. **W**ELL, so : your tongue's your own, tho'
 drunk or angry.

Roll. Umh. [*Seals his mouth.*]

Hir. Speak not a word upon your life : be dumb.

Roll. Umh. [*Gives him money.*]

Hir. I'll winch up thy estate. Be Harpocrates.

Roll. Umh.

Hir. Thy fortunes shall be double gilt. Be mid-
 night.

Roll. Umh.

Hir. An excellent instrument to be the bawd
 To his dear lady.—But Rollano, hark ;
 What words, what looks did give my letter welcome ?

Roll. Umh.

Hir. Nay, now thy silence is antedated. Speak.

Roll. Umh.

Hir. I give thee leave, I say. Speak, be not foolish.

Roll. Then—with your leave : she us'd upon re-
 ceipt

No words, but silent joy purpl'd her face ;
 And seeing your name, straight clap'd it to her heart,
 To print there a new copy ; as she'd say,
 The words went by her eyes too long a way.

Hir. You told her my conditions, and my oath
 Of silence, and that only you be used.

Roll. All, fir. —

Hir. And that this night——

Roll. Ay, fir.

Hir. You guard the door——

Roll. Ay, fir.

Hir. But I ne'er mean to come.

Roll. No, fir ? Oh wretch !

Shall I deceive, when she remains so true ?

Hir. No. Thou shalt be true, and she remain de-
 ceiv'd.

I'll lie, and yet I will not lie. My friend

Eulinus, in my shape, shall climb her bed.

This is the point. You'll promise all your aid.

Roll. Your servant to command, and then reward.

Eul. We'll draw thee meteor-like, by our warm fa-
 vour,

Unto the roof and ceiling of the court :

We'll raise thee (hold but fast) on fortune's ladder.

[*Exit. Roll.*]

This fellow is a medley of most lewd

And vicious qualities : a braggart, yet a coward ;

A knave, and yet a slave : true to all villainy,

But false to goodness. Yet now I love him,

Because he stands just in the way of love.

Hir. Cuz, I commend you to the Cyprian queen,

Whilst I attend Diana in the forest ;

My kinsman Mandubrace and I must try

Our greyhounds speed after a light-foot hare.

[*Exit Hirild.*]

Eul. O love ! whose nerves unite in equal bonds

This massy frame ! thou cement of the world !

By which the orbs and elements agree,

By which all living creatures joy to be,

And dying live in their posterity.

Thy holy raptures warm each noble breast,
 Sweetly inspiring more soul. Thy delight
 Surpasses melody, nectar, and all pleasures
 Of Tempe, and of Tempe's eldest sister,
 Elysium : a banquet of all the senses !
 By thy commanding power, gods-into beasts,
 And men to gods are chang'd, as poets say ;
 When sympathy rules, all like what they obey.
 But love triumphs when man and woman meet
 In full affection ; double vows then fill
 His sacred shrine. Yet this to me deny'd,
 More whets my passion : mutual love grows cold.
 Venus, be thou propitious to my wiles,
 And laugh at lovers perjuries and guiles.

[Exit.]

Act. II. Scen. 3.

*Lantonus, Hulacus, two druids, in long robes, hats like
 pyramids, branches of misleto.*

Lant. **T**HAT souls immortal are, I easily grant ;
 Their future state distinguish'd, joy, or pain,
 According to the merits of this life.
 But then I rather think, being free from prison,
 And bodily contagion, they subsist
 In places fit for immaterial spirits ;
 Are not transfus'd from men to beasts, from beasts
 To men again ; wheel'd round about by change.

Hul. And were it not more cruel, to turn out
 Poor naked souls, stript of warm flesh, like landlords,
 Bidding them wander : than (forsooth) imagine
 Some unknown cave or coast, whither all the myriads
 Of souls deceas'd are slipt, and thrust together ?
 Nay, reason rather says, as at one moment
 Some die, and some are born, so may their ghosts,
 Without more cost, serve the succeeding age :
 For sure they don't wear, to be cast aside,
 But enter strait less or more noble bodies,

According

According to desert of former deeds :
 The valiant into lions, coward minds
 Into weak hares, th' ambitious into eagles
 Soaring aloft : but the perverse and peevish
 Are next indenniz'd into wrinkled apes,
 Each vice and virtue wearing seemly shapes.

Lant. So you debase the gods most lively image,
 The human soul, and rank it with mere brutes,
 Whose life, of reason void, ends with their sense.

Enter Belinus.

Bel. Hail to heaven's privy counsellors ! The king
 Desires your judgment of these troublesome times.

Lant. The gods foretold these mischiefs long ago,
 In Eldell's reign the earth and sky were fill'd
 With prodigies, strange fights, and hellish shapes.
 Sometime two hosts with fiery lances met,
 Armour and horse being heard amid the clouds :
 With streamers red now march these airy warriors,
 And then a fable hearse-cloth wraps up all ;
 And bloody drops speckled the grass, as falling
 From their deep-wounded limbs :
 Whilst staring comets shook their flaming hair :
 Thus all our wars were acted first on high,
 And we taught what to look for.

Hul. Nature turns step-dame to her brood, and dams
 Deny their monstrous issue. Saturn, join'd
 In dismal league with Mars, portends some change.
 Late in a grove, by night, a voice was heard
 To cry aloud, *Take heed, more Trojans come.*
 What may be known or done, we'll search, and help
 With all religious care.

Belin. The king and army do expect as much :
 That powers divine, perfum'd with odours sweet,
 And feasted with the fat of bulls and rams,
 Be pleas'd to bless their plots.

Lant. All rites and orizons due shall be perform'd.
 Chiefly night's emprefs fourfold honour craves,
 Mighty in heaven, and hell, in woods, and waves.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. Scen. 4.

Cæsar, Volufene, Laberius, Soldiers.

Cæf. **W**HAT land, what people, and what answer,
show.

Voluf. We saw a paradise, whose bosom teems
With silver ore, whose seas are pav'd with pearl,
The meadows richly spread with Flora's tapestry,
The fields even wonder at their harvest loads :
In crystal streams the scaly nations play,
Fring'd all along with trembling poplar trees.
The sun in summer, loath to leave their fight,
Forgets to sleep, and glancing makes no night.
Then, for the men, their stature's tall and big,
With blue-stain'd skins, and long black dangling hair,
Promise a barbarous fierceness. They scarce know,
And much less fear our empire's might ; but thus
Return'd defiance :

*Cassibelane, king of Britain, to Julius Cæsar,
proconsul of Gallia.*

- “ Seeing your empire's great, why should it not
suffice ?
“ To covet more and more, is tyrants usual guise.
“ To lose what Jove you gave, you'd think it but unjust ;
“ You have your answer then ; defend this isle we must ;
“ Which from the world cut off, and free from her first
day,
“ Hath iron more for swords, than gold for tribute's
pay.
“ If amity, and like fear, succour to Gaul imparts ;
“ Pardon, for this small brook could not divide our
hearts.
“ We hope the gods will help, and fortune back our
cause,
“ Who take arms but to keep our lives, our wives, and
laws.

- “ As you from Troy, so we, our pedigree do claim :
 “ Why should the branches fight, when as the root’s the
 same ?
 “ Despise us not, because the sea and north us close ;
 “ Who can no farther go, must turn upon their foes.
 “ Thus rudely we conclude : wage war, or change your
 will,
 “ We hope to use a lance far better than a quill.”

Cæs. I grieve to draw my sword against the stock
 Of thrice-renowned Troy : but they are rude,
 And must be frighted, e’er we shall be friends.
 Then let’s aboard, and, hoisting sails, convey
 Two legions over : for I long to view
 This unknown land, and all their fabulous rites ;
 And gather margarites in my brazen cap.
 Nature nor fates can valourous virtue stop.

Laber. Now Cæsar speaks like Cæsar : stronger and
 stronger,
 Rise like a whirlwind, tear the mountain’s pride ;
 Shake thy brags harness, whose loud clattering may
 Waken Gradivus, where he sleeps on top
 Of Hæmus, lull’d with Boreas’ roaring bass,
 And put to flight this nation with the noise.
 A fly is not an eagle’s combatant,
 Nor may a pigmy with a giant strive. [*Exeant.*

ACT. II. Scen. 5.

Cassibelane, Belinus, Comius following. Attendants.

Com. **H**EALTH and good fortune on Cassibelane ’tend :
 My love to you and Britain waft me hither,
 To make atonement, e’er the Roman leader
 Bring fire and spoil, and ruin on your heads.
 No herb can ever grow where once he treads ;
 Nothing withstands his force. Be not too hardy,
 Eut buy a friend with kindness, lest you buy
 His anger dearly.

Cassib. Comius, speak no more : he knows our mind.

Com.

Com. O let not rage so blind your judgment, but
Prevent with ease the hazard of a war,
Of war, a word compos'd of thousand ills.
O be not cruel to yourselves! I'll undertake,
Without discredit, to appease his wrath,
If you'll cashier your soldiers, and receive
Him like a guest, not like an enemy.

Cassib. False-hearted Gaul, dar'st thou persuade e'en
me

For to betray my people to the sword?
Now know I, thou art sent for to solicit
Our princes to rebel, to learn our strength.
Lay hands on him; a spy.

All. A spy! a spy! a traytor, and a spy!

[*They chain him.*]

Com. Is this the guerdon of my loving care?
You break the laws of nature, nations, friends.
But look for due revenge at Cæsar's hand.

Cassib. Expect in prison thy revenge. Away with
him. [Exit *Com.*]

Belinus, have you muster'd up our forces?

Bel. Yes, if it please your highness.

Cassib. And what are the particulars?

Bel. First Cridous leads from the Albanian realm,
Where Grampius' ridge divides the smiling dales,
Five thousand horse, and twenty thousand foot,
Three thousand chariots man'd. The Brigants come,
Deck'd with blue-painted shields, twelve thousand strong.
Under the conduct of Demetia's prince
March twice three thousand, arm'd with pelts and glaves:
Whom the Silures flank, eight thousand stout,
Greedy of fight, born soldiers the first day,
Whose gray-goose-winged shafts ne'er flew in vain.
Then Guerted, mounted on a shag-hair steed,
Full fifteen thousand brings, both horse and foot,
Of desperate Ordovicians, whose use is
To rush half naked on their foes, enrag'd
With a rude noise of pipes.
Your province bounded with that boiling stream,
Where Sabine, lovely damsel, lost her breath,

And

And with curl'd-pated Humber, Neptune's heir,
Affords eight thousand cars, with hooks and scythes,
And fifty thousand expert men of war ;
All brave Lœgrians, arm'd with pike and spear :
Each nation, being distinguish'd into troops,
With gaudy pennons flickering in the air.
Besides these, Kent is up in arms, to blunt
The edge of their first furious shock.

Cassib. We'll now invite them to a martial feast,
Carving with faulchions, and carousing healths
In their lives moisture.
Well return'd, Androgeus : [*Enter Androgeus.*
Have you obtain'd, or is your suit denied ?

Andr. Our message told unto the Scôts, their king,
With willing sympathy levies a band,
Ten thousand footmen, whose strange appetites
Murder, and then devour ; and dare gnaw and suck
Their enemies bones. Conducted thence, we saw
The Pictish court, and friendly entertain'd,
Receive eight thousand, whose most ugly shapes,
Painted like bears, and wolves, and brinded tigers,
May kill and stonify without all weapons.
More aid they promise, if more need. These forces,
Led by Cadallan, hither march with speed.

Cassib. 'Tis well, our kings consent for common good.
When all are join'd, we shall o'er-spread the hills,
And soldiers, thicker than the sand on shoar,
Hide all the landing coasts. E'er next day break,
The rocks shall answer what the drum doth speak.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. II. Scen. 6.

Hulacus, Lantonus. Ministers.

Lant. **T**HAT ceremonious fear, which bends the heart
Of mortal creatures, and displays itself
In outward signs of true obedience,

As

As prayer, kneeling, sacrifice, and hymns,
Requires again help from immortal deities,
As promise, not as debt: we laud their names,
They give us blessings, and forgive our blames.
Thus gods and men do barter. What in piety
Ascends, as much descends again in pity;
A golden chain reaching from heaven to earth.

Hul. And now's the time, good brother, of their aid,
When danger's black face frowns upon our state.
Away, away, ye hearts and tongues profane:
Without devotion mysteries are vain.

[*They kneel, elevate hands thrice.*]

Lant. Draw near, ye heavenly powers,
Who dwell in starry bowers;
And ye who in the deep,
On mossy pillows sleep;
And ye who keep the centre,
Where never light did enter;
And ye whose habitations,
Are still among the nations;
To see and hear our doings,
Our births, our wars, our wooings:
Behold our present grief,
Belief doth beg relief.

[*Both going around say*]

By the vervain and luncary,
By femeseed planetary,
By the dreadful misletoe,
Which doth on holy oak grow,
Draw near, draw near, draw near.

Hul. Help us beset with danger,
And turn away your anger:
Help us begirt with trouble,
And now your mercy double:
Help us oppress'd with sorrow,
And fight for us to-morrow.
Let fire consume the foe-man,
Let air infect the Roman,
Let seas intomb their fury,
Let gaping earth them bury:

Let fire, and air, and water,
And earth, conspire their slaughter.

Both. By the vervain, &c.

Help us, help us, help us.

Lant. We'll praise then your great pow'r,
Each month, each day, each hour;
And blaze in lasting story,
Your honour and your glory.
High altars lost in vapour;
Young heifers free from labour;
White lambs for suck still crying,
Shall make your musick, dying.
The boys and girls around,
With honey-suckles crown'd;
The bards with harp and rhiming,
Green bays their brows entwining,
Sweet tune, and sweeter ditty,
Shall chaunt your gracious pity.

Both. By the vervain, &c.

We'll praise, we'll praise, we'll praise.

[The image of the moon, the shrine opens.]

Hul. Fix, holy brother, now your prayers on one,
Britain's chief patroness; with humble cry
Let us invoke the moon's bright majesty. *[They kneel.]*

Lant. Thou queen of heaven, commandress of the
deep,
Lady of lakes, regent of woods and deer,
A lamp, dispelling irksome night; the source
Of generable moisture; at whose feet,
With garments blue, and rusby garlands drest,
Wait twenty thousand Naiades. Thy crescent
Brute elephants adore, and man doth feel
Thy force run thro' the zodiack of his limbs.
O, thou first guide of Brutus to this isle,
Drive back these proud usurpers from this isle.
Whether the name of Cynthia's silver globe;
Or chaste Diana, with a gilded quiver;
Or dread Proserpina, stern Dis's spouse;
Or soft Lucina, call'd in child-bed throws,
Doth thee delight; rise with a glorious face,

Green drops of Nereus trickling down thy cheeks,
And with bright horns, united in full orb,
Toss high the seas, with billows beat the banks,
Conjure up Neptune, and the Æolian slaves,
Contract both night and winter in a storm,
That Romans lose their way, and sooner land
At sad Avernus, than at Albion's strand.

So may'st thou shun the dragon's head and tail!

So may Endymion snort on Latmian bed!

So may the fair game fall before thy bow!

Shed light on us, but light'ning on our foe!

Hul. Methinks a gracious lustre spreads her brow,
And with a nod she ratifies our suit.

Within. Come near, and take this oracle.

Lant. Behold, an oracle flies out from her shrine;
Which both the king and state shall see, before
We dare unfold it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act. II. Scen. 7.

Brennus's ghost, Nennius in night-robes.

Bren. Follow me.

Nen. Follow! what means that word? who
art? thy will?

Bren. Follow me, Nennius.

Nen. He names me: sure it is some friend which
speaks.

I'll follow thee, though't be thro' Stygian lakes.

Bren. 'Tis antient Brennus calls, whose victories
Europe and Asia felt, and still record.

Dear Nennius, now's the time to steel thy courage:

Canst thou behold thy mother captive, then

Look back upon thy ancestors, enroll'd

Among the worthies, who spread wide her fame?

First let thy eye-balls pour out poison'd beams,

And kill them with disdain, who dare but lift

Their hand against her. No, no consul must

Boast of her thralldom, and out-brave our walls.
 I wonder that such impudent owls should gaze
 Against the splendor of our Britain's cliffs :
 Play thou a second Brennus : let thy lance,
 Like an Herculean club, two monsters tame,
 Rome's avarice and pride ; so come life or death,
 Let honour have the incense of thy breath. [Exit.

Nen. Farewell, heroick soul : thou shalt not blush
 At Nennius' deeds. The smallest drop of fame
 Is cheap, if death and dangers may it buy.
 Yet give thy words new vigour to my spirits,
 And spur the Pegasus of my mounting thoughts.
 I'll follow thee o'er piles of slaughter'd foes,
 And knock at Pluto's gate. I come. Come life or death,
 Honour, to thee I consecrate my breath. [Exit.

Cæsar, Camillus's ghost following.

Cam. Julius, stay here : Thy friend Camillus speaks.

Cæs. O thou preserver of our present race,
 Our city's second founder ! what dire fate
 Troubles thy rest, that thou should'st trouble mine ?

Cam. Only to bid thee fight.

Cæs. Thou shalt not need.

Cam. And bid thee take a full revenge on this,
 This nation, which did sack and burn down Rome,
 Quenching the coals with blood, and kick'd our ashes,
 Trampling upon the ruins of our state :
 Then led the Gauls in triumph thorough Greece,
 To fix their tents beside Euxinus' gulph.

Cæs. Is this that Northern rout, the scourge of king-
 doms ?

Whose names, till now unknown, we judg'd Gauls ;
 Their tongue and manners not unlike.

Cam. Gauls were, indeed, the bulk ; but Brënnus
 led,

Then brother to the British king, those armies,
 Back'd with great troops of warlike islanders.

To thee belongs to render bad for ill.

O be my spirit doubled in thy breast,

With all the courage of three Scipios,

Marius and Sylla ; that this nation, fierce

In feats of war, be forc'd to bear our yোক. [Exit.

Cæs. So may'it thou sweetly rest, as I shall strive
To trace your steps: nor let me live, if I
Thence disappointed, ever seem to fly. [Exit.

ACT. II. Scen. 8. *Chorus.*

1. S O N G.

*A*Ntient bards have sung,
With lips dropping honey,
And a sugar'd tongue,
Of our worthy knights:
How Brute did giants tame,
And, by Isis' current,
A second Troy did frame;
A centre of delights.

*Lo*crinus' eldest son
Did drown the furious Hunn,
But burnt himself with *El*strid's love:
Leil, rex pacificus;
Etud, judicious,
How heavenly bodies rowl above.
Wise *Bladud* founded bath
Both soul and body's Bath,
Like *Icarus* he flew:
How first *Mulmutius* wears
A golden crown, whose heirs
More than half the world subdue.

2. S O N G.

Thou nurse of champions, O thou spring
Whence chivalry did flow!
Thou diamond of the world's great ring,
Thy glorious virtue show:
Thou many a lord hast bred,
In catalogue of fame read:

Fuimus Troes.

*And still we have
As captains brave,
As ever Britains led.
Then dub a dub, dub.*

The armies join, tantara,

*Cassibelane with armour gay,
And strongly couched lance,
His courser white turn'd into bay,
On carcases shall prance.
What a crimson stream the blade
Of Nennius' sword hath made!
Black Allia's day,
And Cannæ's fray,
Have for a third long staid.
Then dub a dub, dub.*

The armies join, tantara:



ACT. III. Scen. I.

Noise of ships landing, and the battle within.

*Cæsar, Volufene, Laberius, Atrius. Ensign, drums,
flag.*

Cæs. **O**UR landing cost us dearly, many lives
Between the ships and shoar being sacrific'd.
Our men, with heavy armour clogg'd, and ignorant
Of all the flats and shallows, were compell'd
To wade and fight, like Tritons, half above,
Half under water. Now we surer tread,
Tho' much diminish'd by so many lost.
Come on, come on. *[They march and go out.*

*Cassibelane, Cridous, Britael, Guerted, the four kings of
Kent, Nennius, Androgeus, Themantius, Eulinus, Hi-
rildas, Belinus, Rollano. Ensigns, drums. A march.*

Cassib. So, let them land. No matter which they
chuse, Fishes

Fishes or crows, to be executers.

They'll find the land as dangerous as the sea.

The nature of our soil won't bear a Roman,

As Irish earth doth poison poisonous beasts.

On then; charge close, before they gather head.

Nen. Brother, advance. On this side I'll lead up

The new-come succours of the Scots and Picts.

[*They march, and go out.*

Cæsar, &c.

Cæs. What, still fresh supplies come thronging from
their dens?

The nest of hornets is awake. I think

Here's nature's shop: here men are made, not born;

Nor stay nine tedious months, but in a trice

Sprout up like mushrooms at war's thunder-clap.

We must make out a way.

[*Exeunt.*

Rollano, arm'd cap-a-pie.

Roll. Since I must fight, I am prepar'd to fight!

And much inflam'd with noise of trump and drum:

Methinks I am turn'd lion, and durst meet

Ten Cæsars. Where are all these covetous rogues,

Who spoil the rich for gain, and kill the poor

For glory? blood-suckers and publick robbers.

*Laber. enters, Rollano retires afraid; but being
gone out, goes forward.*

Roll. Nay stay, and brag Rollano did thee kill:

Stay, let me flesh my sword, and wear thy spoils.

Laber. re-enters with an ensign.

Laber. Come, will ye forsake your ensign, and fall
off?

I call to witness all the gods I here

Perform my duty. Thou canst not 'scape.

[*Rollano would fly, fights, falls as wounded.*

Now die, or yield thyself.

Roll. I yield, I yield, oh save my life, I yield.

I am no Britain, but by chance come hither:

I'll never more lift weapon in their quarrel.

Laber. How may I trust your faith?

Roll. Command me any thing.

Laber. Lay down your neck.

[*Treads on it.*

Give up your sword. [Beats him with it.
 Base coward, live : such foes will ne'er do hurt.

[Exit Laber.

Enter Eulinus, Androgeus, Belinus, with bloody swords.

Eul. Rollano, what at stand ? pursue the chase.

Roll. I made their strongest captain fly : this hand,
 This martial hand, I say, did make him fly.

Eul. Some silly scout.

Roll. He was a match for Cyclops ; at each step
 The ground danc'd, and his nostrils blew the dust :
 Arm'd as the god of battle pictur'd is.

Eul. What were his looks ?

Roll. His brows were like a stormy winter-night,
 When Juno scolding, and Mars makcontent,
 Disturb the air. At each look light'ning flies,
 Jove 'gainst the giants needed but his eyes.

Eul. How eloquent is fear !

Roll. So came he stalking with a beam-like spear :
 I gave the onset, then receiv'd his charge,
 And next blow cleft his morion ; so he flies.

Eul. O bravely done ! here comes a straggling soldier.

Enter Laberius.

Roll. 'Tis he, 'tis he. I care not for vain glory :
 It's sweeter live, than dead to be a story. [Runs away.

Eul. O valiant coward, stay. There's not a spark
 Of Britain's spirit doth enlive thy corps. [Exeunt.

Act. III. Scen. 2.

Nennius pursuing.

Nen. **F**IGHT, Britains, fight ! the day is ours. I'm
 cloy'd

And glutted e'en with slaughter. There some fly,
 And flying die, and dying mangled lie.

I twice broke thro' the ranks, yet cannot find
 That vent'rous captain, Cæsar, on whose breast
 I long to try my blade, and prick that bladder,

Puff

Puff with ambition and victorious fight.

Cæsar enters.

Cæs. We may confess they come of Trojan kind,
An hundred valiant Hectors here we find.

Nen. Fairly encounter'd ; let our blades discuss
Who hath the justest cause : and on this combat
May victory her equal ballance hang.

Cæs. Thou seem'st a worthy prince, and Cæsar's
match.

*[They fight, wounds Nennius in the head, who
staggers ; fights, and recovers Cæsar's sword
fallen, and puts him to flight.]*

Nen. Stay, stay. Thou art at home : here's Campus
Martius.

The Britains fought-for see thy frightened back :
Return, and take possession of our isle,
And by thy death be stil'd Britannicus.
Leave not thy blade unsheath'd : a tyrant's heart,
To his own sword a scabbard should impart.

Ye senators, and gaily-gown'd Quirites,
Open the Capitol's ivory gates, and lead
Fat bulls with garlands green, and gilded horns :
Let supplications last for twice ten days :
Cæsar returns a victor !

Prepare the laureat coach, and snow-white steeds,
Embroider'd canopy, and scarlet gowns :
Let altars smoke, and Tholes expect our spoils,
Cæsar returns in triumph. — Basely flies,
And leaves his conquest in weak infancy.
For had he won this coast, yet many blows
Must pass, e'er he could pass the Thames ; and then,
E'er he touch Humber, many nations must
Be tam'd : and then, before he Tweed can drink,
And climb the craggy rocks of Caledon,
A life is spent ; yea, many thousand lives.

Oh my wound rages, and tormented brain
Doth labour of a fury, not a Pallas.
This blade was steep'd in poison : O, I am poison'd !
Well didst thou fry, or I had made thee taste
Thine own provision. Now my wrath and pain,

With double force, shall flow in purple streams,
The three infernal ladies, with wire-whips,
And speckled snakes, shall lackey close my steps,
Whilst that I offer hecatombs of men.

The Latian shepherd's brood shall ban those stars,
Whose glimmering sparks led their audacious pines
To lie so far from home in foreign soil.

When cedars fall, whole woods are crush'd ; nor die
Can Nennius private, without company.

Enter Laberius.

Thou runn'st upon thy death.

Laber. A Roman ne'er daunted was with looks,
Else had not Sarmatane and Libyan bug-bears
Been captive led in chains.

Nen. But our looks kill. *[Fight. Laber. falls.]*
Die, slave, by Cæsar's sword. Thou art his friend :
Die as the ransom of his greater ghost ;
And learn, as well as I, how venom smarts.
Be thou my post to the Tartarian prince,
And tell him Nennius comes ; but first I'll send
More of you headlong home, a nearer way
Than by the cloudy Alps.

[Exit.]

[A retreat sounded.]

ACT. III. Scen. 3.

Cassibelane, Belinus, Lantonus.

Cassi. **N**OW hot alarums die in fainter notes :
Tempestuous night is gone : victorious joy
(As when pale Eos cleaves the Eastern fogs,
And, blushing more and more, opes half her eye,
With holy water sprinkling all the meads,
Whose clear reflex serves as her morning-glass :)
Doth paint with gaudy plumes the checker'd sky.
The only name of victory sounds sweeter
Than all mellifluous rhetoric.

Lant,

Lant. Thanks to Andates, whose power kingdoms
feel :

Andates, greatest goddess: in whose train,
Fear, red-fac'd anger, and confusions wheel,
Murder, and desolation run before :
But joyful shouts, mirth, olive-budding peace,
And laurel-crown'd triumph, at her back,
Do pace with stately steps. Thy temple is
The earth, where furious monarchs play the priests :
Armies of men imbrue thy altar stones.
'Thanks also to the trident-shaker's mace,
Drawn by two ramping sea-horses : at whose beck,
The waters wrinkled frown, or smoothly smile.
But thou heav'n's diamond, fair Phœbus' sister,
Nor Delian dames, nor the Ephesian towers,
Shall blazon more thy praise. Thy influence strong,
Struck up the sandy ouze, that madding waves
Batter'd their ships, and dasht their bended sails,
And with a tempest turn'd them round in scorn.

Cassib. But where's the answer which her idol gave :
Can you expound the sense ?

Lant. Dread soveraign, thus runs the oracle.

Loud doth the king of beasts roar,

High doth the queen of birds soar :

But her wings clipt soon grow out :

Both repent they are so stout.

Till C. 'gainst C. strike a round,

In a perfect circle bound.

The meaning wrapt up in cross doubtful terms,
Lies yet thus open : That disastrous fate
Must be the prologue to a joyful close.

The rest we'll search out, if our skill don't fail.

Belin. Renown'd Cassibelane, might my counsel speak ?

Cassib. I know thy loyal heart, and prudent head,
Upon whose hairs time's child, experience, hangs
A milk-white badge of wisdom : and canst wield
Thy tongue in senate, and thy hands in field.
Speak free, Belinus.

Bel. We forfeit fame, and smother victory,
By idle lingering : the foe discomfited

Must needs be much amaz'd : his ships dismember'd,
 Do piece-meal float upon the waves : The horse,
 Whose succour he expects, are beaten back
 By friendly winds : his camp contracted is,
 A tithe of foldiers left, the rest all slain :
 His chief munition spent, or lost; provision,
 An army's soul, but what we give, he wants.
 What then shall hinder to destroy their name ?
 So none again shall venture, but our isle,
 Rounded with Nereus' girdle, may enjoy
 Eternal peace.

Cassib. I like thy warning : with united stroke
 Of all our nations, we'll his camp beleaguer,
 Devouring ships and men. But one mischance,
 My brother's wound, his mortal wound I fear,
 Turns all to wormwood. Why were ye dumb, ye idols ?
 No fainted statue did foretell this grief.
 Come, let's go visit him. You may, lord general,
 Set Comius free : we love not to insult,
 But render good for ill.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. 4.

Cæsar, Volufene, &c.

Cæs. **H**EAVEN, sea, and wind, and all the elements,
 Conspire to work us harm. Our ships in Gaul
 Wind-bound, at length put forth, and come in view;
 Are tost and torn: Our navy on the shoar
 With civil discord break each other's planks.
 The airy rulers are displeas'd ; all day
 Noises and nimble flashes mix'd with rain,
 Amaze our soldiers.
 To make grief full, my daughter's death I hear.
 When, powerful fortune, will thy anger cease ?
 Never till now did Cæsar fortune fear.

Mount

Mount Palatine, thou throne of Jove, and ye
 Whose lesser turrets pinnacle Rome's head:
 Are all your deities fled? or was I bold,
 To outgoe nature, and our empire stretch
 Beyond her limits? Pardon then my fault.
 Or do we basely faint? Or is our might
 Answer'd with like, since Troy 'gainst Troy doth fight?
 Nor can I write now, *I came over, and*
I overcame: Such foes deny such haste.

Voluf. The islanders consult, and sure intend
 Some sudden stratagem. And now the scales
 Poize equal day and night, when rougher seas,
 And stormy pleiads may our passage stop.

Cæs. Then sirs, to ship: Compell'd I leave this land;
 But to return, if gods do not withstand. [Exeunt.]

ACT. III. Scen. 5.

Cassibelane, Belinus, Lantonus. Nennius in a chair.

Nenn. **W**E won the day, and all our foes are fled?
Bel. Yes, noble Nennius, scatter'd on the
 shoar,

Thick lay the Latins, and the glutted stream
 Spews up her dead, whom death hath taught to swim,
 Though ignorant alive: their flowing blood
 Made a new red sea. But those few we lost,
 Sweetly repos'd upon their mother's breast,
 And wounded all before, kept in their face
 A warlike frown.

Nenn. Where is false Cæsar's sword, call'd Crocea Mors,
 Which never hurt, but kill'd? Let it be plac'd
 Within my tomb.

Bel. Here is the fatal blade.

Nenn. Death like a Parthian flies, and flying kills:
 In midst of conquest came my deadly wound.
 Accursed weapon, more accursed man,

Who

Who serpent-like in poison bathes his sting :
 Tyber doth breed as venomous beasts as Nile.
 We scorn such cruel craft. But death draws near,
 A giddy horror seifeth on my brain.

Dear brother, and thou holy priest of heav'n,
 Witnesses my words ; I leave my country free,
 And die a victor. Thus, with lighter wing
 My purified soul mounts to her first-best cause.
 I long even to behold those glorious cloisters,
 Where Brutus, great Dunwallo, and his sons
 Thrice noble spirits walk.

Thou mighty engineer of this wondrous globe,
 Protect this isle, confound all foreign plots :
 Grant Thames and Tyber never join their chanel ;
 But may a natural hate deriv'd from us,
 Live still in our long-trailed progeny.
 (My eyes do swim in death.)

Before this land shall wear the Roman yoke,
 Let first the adamantine axle crack,
 Which binds the ball terrestrial to her poles,
 And dash the empty air ; let planets drop
 Their scalding gelly, and all flame being spent,
 Entomb the world in everlasting smoak.

Come faster, death : I can behold thy grim
 And ugly jaws with quiet mind : Now, now
 I hear sweet musick ; and my spirit flies. [He dies.]

Cassi. His breath is gone, who was his country's prop,
 And my right hand. Now only doth he crave,
 To see him laid with honour in the grave.

Act. III. Scen. 6.

Eulinus, Hirildas.

Eul. **A** Mind content, oh, 'tis a mind of pearl,
 A mint of golden thoughts, a heav'n on earth !
 When eager longers meet full-but their scope,
 And hopes are aquated beyond hope.

So Jafon joy'd, the golden fleece obtain'd :
 So Hercules joy'd, the golden fruit being gain'd ;
 So Venus joy'd, the golden ball to hold :
 So Midas joy'd, when he turn'd all to gold.
 So, and much more rejoyc'd, the Phrygian swain,
 When he convey'd the fairest (except mine)
 Which air did ever kifs: His brazen keel,
 Proud of her burden, slic'd the capering brine :
 The Tritons blew their horns, and sea-gods dance,
 Before, behind, about his ship they prance :
 The mermaids skip on high, but to compare
 Their dangling tresses with her silken hair,
 These were but shadows of my blifs. A robe
 Of pure beatitude wraps me round about,
 Without a speck, or blemish: nor can invention
 Wish more unto me, than I have, Landora.
 I'm rich, free, learned, honour'd, all, in this.
 Who dares conceive against the female sex,
 But one base thought? Lo, here I stand their champion,
 And will maintain, he is a beast, a devil,
 Begot between a bitch-wolf and an incubus.
 Women, all good, all perfect, and all gracious,
 Men-making creatures, angels clad in flesh ;
 Let me adore your name.

Hiril.—And let me speak.

Why : Landora loves not you, but me in you.

Eul. But I in you enjoy Landora's love.

Hir. But she enjoys not your love, 'cause unknown.

Eul. No matter ; I in you, or you in me :

So that I still possess my dearest dear.

A poultry fancy last night in her bed

Turmoil'd my thoughts, which since I shap'd in rhymes:

Thus.

Hir. Pr'ythee let's hear : I know thou art turn'd
 Poet.

The dream.

Night having drawn the curtain, down I lie

By one, for worse Saturnius left the sky.

Slumbring at last, for love can hardly sleep,

Straitways I dream'd, for love doth revels keep.

A damfel fair, and fashion'd for delight,
 (Our day-born objects do rēturn at night)
 With flowry chaplet, and red velvet gown,
 Which from her breast was fast'ned along down
 With rich enamel'd locks, all which one key,
 Whose bright gold 'bout her silver neck did play,
 Could open and divorce. A veil most fair,
 (Such whiteness only Paphian doves do wear)
 With false light did her beauteous front improve ;
 From this arch Cupid shot his darts of love.
 With gentle strain she took me by the hand,
 ('Touches in love do more than tongues command)
 'Then leads me with an amorous smile along :
 He's easily led, whom beauty draws, more strong,
 'Than cable-ropes. An altar we descry,
 Where incense-frank, and amber fumes did fly
 In little rowling curls : a reverend priest,
 With snowy beard waving upon his breast,
 There kneeling did his eyes in sorrow steep :
 Whose passionate cry made me, though ignorant, weep.
 Phlegon's hot breath no sooner licks up dew,
 'Than joy had dried those tears : for lo I view
 A circular room, all built with marble clear,
 'The title, nature's store-house. Most strange here
 It seem'd : I know not how we came, nor whence,
 Nor any passage saw to get from thence.
 But oh the rich delight, and glorious fire
 Which dazzled me ! no heart can more desire.
 Here first my guide op'd her spice-breathing door ;
 Ask what thou wilt, this is the ark of store,
 No vows are here repuls'd, she said. But I
 Surpriz'd with extream joy and extasy,
 By chance a scorpion's tail behind her spy'd :
 Pity, such beauty such a monster hide.
 Trembling, yet silent, doubtful what to crave ;
 Lo, with a stink and fearful screech this brave
 And glorious dame doth vanish, and a dart,
 Which still I quake at, struck me to the heart.
 But waking I reviv'd, and found in bed
 Such sovereign balm, would cure old Peleus dead.

Hir. Ha, ha! your tedious dream hath made me drowfy.

But hark, we must attend the funeral pomp.

ACT. III. Scen. 7.

The funeral passes over the stage. Nennius's scutcheon, armour, Cæsar's sword borne. Torches, mourners.

Cass. SET down that heavy load, with heavier hearts.

Could virtuous valour, honourable thoughts,
A noble scorn of fortune, pride and death,
Myriads of vows and prayers sent to heav'n;
Could country's love, or Britain's genius save
A mortal man from sleeping in his grave,

Then hadst thou liv'd, great Nennius, and out-liv'd
The smooth-tongu'd Greek. But we may more envy,
And less bewail thy loss, since thou didst fall
On honour's lofty field-bed, on which stage
Never did worthy act a statelier part.

Nor durst pale death approach with cypress sad,
Till flourishing bays thy conquering temples clad.

A funeral Elegy sung to the harp.

Turnus may conceal his name,
Nennius had Æneas' fame.
Hannibal let Afric smother,
Nennius was great Scipio's brother.
Greece, forbear Achilles' story,
Nennius had brave Hector's glory.
Thrush and nightingale, be dumb:
Sorrowful songs besit a tomb.
Turn ye marble stones to water:
Isis' nymphs forswear all laughter:
Sigh and sob upon your bed,
Bely's noble son is dead.

A banquet serv'd over the stage. Rollano with a leg of a capon, and a tankard of wine.

Roll. I like such slaughtering well, of birds and beasts;
Which wear no swords, nor shake a fatal pike:
When hogheads bleed, and oxen mangled lye.
O what a world of victuals is prepar'd
For sacrifice and feasting! Forty thousand
Fat bullocks! then the parks and forests send
Full thirty thousand wild beasts, arm'd with horns
And dangerous teeth: The main battalion
Consists of sheep, an hundred thousand fat:
The wings are both supply'd with birds and fowls
Sans number: and some fish for succours serve.
A goodly army. Troynovant doth smook,
And smells all like a kitchen. The king, princes,
And nobles of the land a triumph hold.
Musick, and songs, good cheer, and wine; and wine,
And songs and musick, and good cheer. High, brave!
No more shall barley-broth pollute my throat,
But nectar, nectar of the grape's sweet blood.
Come heavenly potion, wine! whose gentle warmth
Softens the brain, unlocks the silent tongue;
Wit's midwife, and our spirit's vestal priest,
Keeping alive the natural heat. A health,
A health (to make short work) to all the world:
So will it sure go round. [Steals behind.]

The triumphs, Cassibelane, four kings of Kent, three kings, Cridous, Britael, Guerthed, Androgeus, Themantius, Hirildas, Eulinus, Belinus, take places.

Cas. Sorrow must d'off her fable weeds, and joy
Furbish the court with fresh and verdant colours:
Else should we seem ungrateful to the gods.
Triumphs must thrust out obsequies: and tilt
With turny, and our ancient sport call'd Troy,
Such as Iulus 'bout his grandsire's tomb
Did represent. And at each temple's porch,
Games, songs, and holy murdering of beasts.

[They sit down.]

A dancing mask of six enters, then the epinicion sung by two bards.

The Roman eagle threat'ning woe,
The sea did shadow with her wing :
But our goose-quills did prick her so,
That from the clouds they down her bring.

Both. Sing then ye hills and dales so so clear :
That Iö Pæan all may hear.

They may us call isles fortunate ;
They sought for life here, not for fame.
All yield to them, they to our state :
The world knows but our double name.

Both. Sing then ye streams and woods so so clear,
That Iö Pæean all may hear.

Androgeus and Themantius play at foils, then Hirildas
and Eulinus play.

Eul. 'Twas foully play'd.

Hir. You lie, 'twas fairly hit.

Eul. I'll give a quittance.

Hir. Do your worst, vain braggart.

[They take swords, fight, Hirildas slain.

Oh, I'm slain.

Cas. Hold, hold ! my nephew's slain before my face.
Life shall be paid with life.

And. He shall not die.

Cas. Shall not? your king and uncle says, he shall.

Eul. No kingly menace, or censorious frown
Do I regard. Tanti for all your power.

But the compunction of my guilt doth send
A shudd'ring chilness thro' my veins inflam'd :

Why do ye stare, ye grisly powers of night ?

'There, there, his soul goes, I must follow him.

[Offers to kill himself, is hinder'd.

And. He was provok'd, and did it in defence :

And being my kinsman, shall be judg'd by laws
Of Troynovant : such custom claims our court.

Cas. No custom shall bar justice. I command

That

That he appear before us.

And. Trials are vain, when passion sits as judge.

Cas. I'll soon rebate this insolent disdain.

[*Exeunt Androg. Them. Eul.*]

Let not this dismal chance deface our joy,
Most royal friends.

Crid. War being silenc'd, and envy's rage
In hell fast fetter'd, found we now retreat,
That soldiers may regret their household gods ;
Their children cling about their armed thighs.

Brit. And place their trophies 'bout their smoaky halls ;
There hang a gauntlet bright, here a stabb'd buckler,
Pile up long piles, and in that corner plant
A weighty sword, brandish'd by some centurion.
Not he, who ne'er on snaky perils trod,
But happy he, who hath them stoutly pass'd :
For danger's fauce gives joy a better taste.

Guert. Great monarch, if thy summons call us back,
We tender here our service, men, and arms :
As duty bids and binds.

Cas. Should he return, our province dares him front,
So a most kind adieu unto all three.

[*Exeunt Crid. Brit. Guert.*]

Cingetorix, Carvilius, Taximagulus, Segonax,
I know your faithful love, Kent's four-fold head,
Will check rash rebels, and as firmly stand
As hearty oaks, who bear off Æolus' blows,
And with a whistle but deride his force.

[*Exeunt four kings of Kent.*]

Burst gall, and dye my actions in flame-colour :
I saw Hirildas fall, and breathe his soul
Even in my face. As tho' hell watch'd a time,
To crush our pomp and glory into sighs.
The conduits of his vital spring being ripp'd,
Spurtl'd my robes, solliciting revenge. Belinus,
Attach the murderer, and if abettors
Deny obedience, then with sword and fire
Waste their dominions. For a traitor's sake,
Whole towns shall tremble, and the ground shall quake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act.

Act. III. Scen. 8.

Androgeus, Themantius, Mandubrace.

Andr. SHALL justice and just Libra ne'er forsake
The embroider'd belt? no sign of them on
earth?

Are gods dim-sighted grown, or do they sleep
The morning, and carouse the afternoon,
That mortal motions tumble thus by chance?
Cleave, thou blue marble ceiling, that heaven's king
With clearer aim may strike a tyrant's crown,
Nor spend his brimstone bullets 'gainst some hill,
Or innocent pine.

Man. Your injuries run low; mine break all bounds.
My father butcher'd at his lawless will:
I banish'd from my lands, depos'd from rule,
Owing my life to night and flight.

Them. I do confess, you may complain aloud,
And tear the element with a dolorous note:
Call down Astræa from her crystal chair,
Or call up Nemesis from the direful deep,
To expiate your wrongs.
Else would the manes of your father slain,
In a white sheet come sliding to your bed,
And be reveng'd on you. He gave you life;
How can you better spend it, than to wreak
His death and slaughter? but our case and cause,
Brother, is not the same: Eulinus slew
His innocent friend, and we defend the fact,
With hostile noise drowning law's reverend voice;
But murder out-cries both. Give me then leave
To be a neutral: my young years, unfit
For any desperate course, can but complain:
The king our uncle doth not use us well. [Exit.

Andr. Usurpers use this method still: At first
He as protector silyly got the stern,
During our nonage: then the commons voice,
Bought with a fawning brow and popular grace,

Confirms

Confirms his regiment : we appointed shares,
 With empty titles to beguile our thoughts,
 Like puppet-lords dress'd up with crown and scarf,
 Glad that we live, and hunt, and reign o'er brutes.
 Our uncle is the king. So when he saw
 His throne establish'd, and his foes repuls'd,
 Grown big with prosperous fortune, proudly spurns
 All fear of God or man.

Mand. His anger, nurs'd by jealousies, must feed
 On princes flesh, who lose both state and life,
 If they but look awry. A tyrant's growth,
 Rear'd up by ruins, thence may learn his fall :
 For whom all fear, he justly feareth all.

And. In antiphons thus tune we female plaints :
 But plots and force beseem us. 'Thus, great Cæsar
 Shall pull him down below us. Thou Mandubrace,
 Sure pledges take of our revolt, and quickly
 Implore his aid, blow up his drooping fire
 With hopeful terms. But let him stronger come.

Mand. I fly unseen, as charmers in a mist.
 Grateful revenge, whose sharp-sweet relish fats
 My apprehensive soul : tho' all were par'd off,
 Which doth accrue from fortune, and a man left
 As barely poor, as nature thrust him out :
 Nay worse, tho' spirits boil, rage, anger, care,
 And grief, like wild-horse tear the affrighted mind ;
 Tho' wrongs excoriate the heart ; yet all is sweetn'd,
 If vengeance have her course. I wreak not how ;
 Let common-wealth expire, and owls proclaim
 Sad desolation in our halls ; let heaps
 Of dust and rubbage epitaph our towns ;
 Let fire and water fight, who first shall spoil
 This universal frame. From north, or south,
 Revenge, th'art welcome. No sin worse than pity :
 A tyrant's only physick is phlebotomy. [Exit.

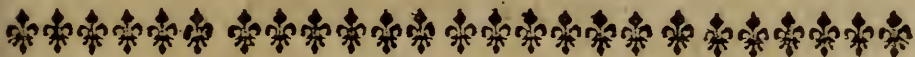
Act. III. Scen. 9. Chorus.

I. S O N G.

<i>Rejoice, O Britain,</i>	<i>O that sweet Plenides,</i>
<i>Britain, O rejoice:</i>	<i>Eloquent Orone,</i>
<i>The stormy cloud pass'd o'er,</i>	<i>Were now to chaunt our vic-</i>
<i>And only made a noise.</i>	<i>With a melodious tone: [tories</i>
<i>A clattering sound was heard,</i>	<i>And rousing echo from the dales,</i>
<i>And still we felt no wound:</i>	<i>With harmony to sound:</i>
<i>Rejoice, rejoice,</i>	<i>Rejoice, rejoice,</i>
<i>Thou happy Britain's ground.</i>	<i>Thou happy Britain's ground.</i>

II. S O N G.

<i>Gang ye lads and lasses,</i>	<i>Hidder, eke and shidder,</i>
<i>Sa wimble and sa wight:</i>	<i>With spic'd sew y cram'd;</i>
<i>Fewl mickle teen betide ye,</i>	<i>Sa that unneath thilke borrels</i>
<i>If ye ligg in this plight.</i>	<i>May well ne yede, ne stand:</i>
<i>Be bonny, buxom, jolly,</i>	<i>As leefe as life do weete it,</i>
<i>Trip haydegues believe:</i>	<i>When timbarins gin sound;</i>
<i>And gif night gars the welkin</i>	<i>Fore harvest gil prankt up in</i>
<i>Tompiper do you blive. [merk,</i>	<i>To loute it low around. [lathe,</i>



Act. IV. Scen. I.

Cæsar, Volufene, Attendants.

Cæs. **A** Story is't, or fable, that stern Mars,
Thy weight did Romulus' sleepy mother
press?

Since we thy brood degenerous, stand at gaze,
Charm'd in the circle of a foaming flood,
And trail our dastard pikes? Burst Janus' prison,

Roar

Roar as thou did'st at Troy, drown Stentor's voice
 By many eighths, which Pindus may re-beat,
 Which Caucasus may as a catch repeat,
 And Taurus lough the fame: that pigmies small
 May squeak, it thunders, and dive into boroughs.
 Let the four winds with dreadful clamour sing
 'Thy anger thro' the affrighted world.
 What Lemnian chain shackles our mounting eagle?
 The moon's round concave is too strait a cage
 For her advanc'd pinions.

Enter Mandubrace wounded and bloody, with Androgeus's young son.

Mand. If pity can have room in angry breast,
 Favour a Britain prince, his father slain,
 His regiment bereft, his dearest blood
 Drawn by the sword of false Cassibelane.
 Having got crown, he then struck at my head:
 Nor can I safely suck my native air.
 His cuz Androgeus also, and whole regions
 In open war withstand his violence.
 Lo, Albion's aged arms spread wide t'inchain
 Thee as her patron, in a true-love knot.
 Wherefore, dread Cæsar, let thy mercy strike
 Revengeful fire, and be justly stil'd, [Kneels.]
 Tamer of tyrants. Then fame blows aloud,
 When valour helps the weak, pulls down the proud.

Cæs. Arise, unhappy prince, our deeds shall show
 We grant thy suit. [To Volufene.]

Fortune repents at last;
 The moon is chang'd, the globe doth to us turn
 Her shining cheek, and woes us with a smile.
 But what firm signs of faith, what faithful aid,
 What furtherance can you give at our arrival?

Mand. See here Androgeus' heir, whose tender age
 His father ventures, makes bold with nature,
 To pledge his darling. He and thirty more
 Of noble lineage shall assure our faith:
 Besides I pawn my life.

Cæs. Enough. I'll once more cross the seas:
 For your good, more than mine; that happier sky

May blefs your towns with peace, your fields with
plenty ;

Perpetual fpring in gay perfum'd attire,
Sirname your ifle the garden of the weft.

Mand. Thanks, gracious Cæfar, for this kind ac-
ceptance,

My knee doth kifs the ground, my lip your knee.

Pardon ye gods, if any haunt our land,
Ye nymphs, and lares, fawns, and fylvans wild,
That thus I bring a ftranger on our coafts,
Whofe foreign fhape and language may affright
Our lazy clowns, and on my country's back
Once tread victorious fteps : be pleas'd to view,
Wrongs now redrefs'd, neglected firft by you.

Cæf. Now, Volufene,
Our glorious ftate, like the noon-pointed fun,
When he beftrides the lion's flaming fleece,
Doth north-weft rowl his burning brand, whofe fire
The ocean's blue lake cannot ftop, but flies
With brighter blaze to thaw the frozen ifles.
But how proceeds our preparation ?

Voluf. Many ftrong fhips are built, five legions arm'd
Ready to launch.

Cæf. Blow gently Africus,
Play on our poops : when Hyperion's fon
Shall couch in weft his foam-bedappl'd jades,
We'll rife to run our courfe.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. Scen. 2.

Eulinus.

Eul. **T**H O' Orpheus' harp, Airon's lute, the
chimes

Whofe filver found did Theban towers raife ;
Tho' fweet Urania with her ten-fting'd lyre,
Unto whofe ftroke the daily-rowling fpheres
Dance their juft meafures, fhould with tune and tone,
Tickle my air-bred ear : yet can their notes

Those fabulous stones more enter, than my soul.
 Lead, poppy, slumber stupify my heart :
 But Bedlam grief acts gambols in my brain.
 The Centaur's wheel, Prometheus' hawk, the vulture
 Of Tityus, Sisyphus never mossy stone,
 The tale of Danaids' tub, and Tantalus' gaping,
 Are but flea-bitings to my smart: I've slain
 A kinsman : more, a friend I dearly lov'd :
 Nay more, no cause provoking, but in rash
 And hellish choler.

I thought my love had cannon-proof been 'gainst
 A world of injuries : when see, all is split
 By a small wind. Cursed be thou my sword,
 The instrument of fury : cursed hand,
 Which mad'st the thrust ; but most accursed part,
 Whose ruddy edge triangular boil'd in flame,
 Like an Ætnean or Vesuvian salamander.
 That breast, I so could hug, that faithful breast,
 That snowy white, I with dark sanguine stain'd ;
 And from the wound's red lips, his panting heart
 Did seem to say, Is this a friendly deed ?
 O no, Hirildas : bears can harmless play,
 Lions can dally, and sheath up their claws :
 I only, worst of brutes, kill friends in jest.
 Why does Androgeus kindly-cruel keep
 Me from their sentence ? say, law bids me die :
 If law should not, I'll make that law myself.
 Shall ensigns be display'd, and nations rage
 About so vile a wretch ? shall foreign hoofs
 Kick up our trembling dust, and must a Cæsar
 Redeem my folly with a kingdom's fall ?
 First may I stop black Cerberus' triple jaws.
 Die, die, thou hast out-liv'd thyself. Thou only,
 Phenix of females, still dost bind and bound
 My runnagate spirit in these walls of mud :
 From thee, and for thee 'tis, I breathe. Yet how
 Borrow can I his shape, or use mine own ?
 Odious before, now worse than hell-born goblin,
 With brand and chains, to scare this dove all quaking

'Twixt wrath and fear. But time may favour win :
When hope doth fail, then knife or rope begin. [Exit.

ACT. IV. Scen. 3.

Cassibelane, Belinus, Rollano.

Cas. **W**isdom, confirm my sense ! what seem'd their number ?

Roll. Rising from shore, conjecture might descry
A thousand ships with painted prows, to pave
The briny fields of Neptune : their broad sails
Did Nereus canopy, Titans' taper vail.
As nations twenty-nine 'gainst Troy built up
A floating Delos of a thousand ships,
To plough the liquid glass : no frame of Pallas,
No crafty Sinon ; but those wooden horse
Did Troy destroy : So Troynovant shall feel
Her mother's fate : Achilles comes again :
And Pergamus again shall sink in dust :
They threaten. [Exit.

Cas. Wonder ! what can their arsenals spawn so fast ?

Last year his barks and gallies were debosh'd ;
This spring they sprout again : belike their navy,
Like the Lernean adder, faster grows,
The more 'tis prun'd. They come their last. Lord
deputy,
Lead on the present troops, and levy new.

'Twere best I think to let him land, lest view
Of his huge navy should our commons fright :
Retire ourselves to some place of advantage,
Entice him from his ships ; so cut the veins
Which nourish both : enclos'd he cannot 'scape.

Bel. I rather judge, we should oppose his footing,
Using the benefit of our natural mound.

Cas. Uncertain 'tis, where, when, he makes inroad :
To furnish all, unlikely : to neglect
Any, were dangerous as Pelides' heel.

Our shores are large, and level : then t'attend
His time and leisure, would exhaust the state,
Weary our soldiers.

Bel. All places may be strengthen'd more, or less :
As by last year discretion now may guess.
The cliffs themselves are bulwarks strong : the shelves
And flats refuse great ships, the coast so open,
That every stormy blast may rend their cables,
Put them from anchor : suffering double war,
Their men pitch'd battle ; and ships, naval fight.
For charges, 'tis no season to dispute :
Spend something, or lose all : shall he maintain
A fleet to enthrall us, we detract small costs,
When freedom, life, and kingdom lie at stake ?

Cas. But the assailants are the flower of Italy,
Back'd with four hundred Gallic horse, all tried
And gallant troops, join'd in one martial body,
To give a fuller stroke ; when we defendants
Scatter'd along, can weak resistance make :
Plainness of ground affording us no shelter.

Bel. For what serves art and engines, mounts and
trenches,
But to correct the nature of a plain ?
A few on firm land may keep out a million
Weaken'd by sea, false footing, billows rage,
And pond'rous arms. When as receiv'd within,
He prospers by our spoil. We feed a viper ;
And malcontents and rebels have a refuge.
Nor were it safe to venture all at once ;
When one fought field being lost, swift ruin runs,
And rushing, throws down all.

Cas. We know our strength, and his, we'll fight in
field,
Some dozen miles from sea. An open theatre
Gives lustre to our prowess : to keep him out
Supposes fear, not manhood. No, let him march,
Till he rouse death, and stride his future grave.

Bel. Your will commands, and mine obeys. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. Scen. 4.

Cæsar, &c. ensign, drum, trumpet, flag, soldiers, shipmen. The noise of landing.

Cæs. **T**HE coast is clear. Our honour is the goal.
In vain doth 'Tagus' yellow sand obey,
Rhene's horn'd front, and nimble Tygris running
For wager with the wind, which skims his top ;
In vain from Ganges to Hesperian Gades,
The bounds mark'd out by Jove's two base-born sons,
Our echo'd name doth sound ; if we recoil
From hence again not victors.

Ye pilots old, who were begot on mermaids,
Whose element is their sea, bred and brought up
In cradles rock'd with storms, and wooden walls,
Fear not to grapple with the seas. Fear not
Their bulks, brave veterans ; that extended mass
Is not of iron, but can bleed, and die :
They were not dipp'd in Styx, nor are they giants,
Or wild poetick Centaurs we assail :

Let then this voyage quit out credit lost,
And let rage lash on courage. Here's the game ;
Life may be lost, but sure we'll hold fast fame.

*[They march about and go out. The whole battle within.
Cassibelane, Belinus, &c. soldiers.]*

Cæs. Our first attempt doth prosper : they retiring
Scud to the bosom of their fir-tree vaults,
And under hatches hide themselves from death.
The Cornish band made havock of their ranks,
Like Scythian wolves 'midst of a bleating fold :
The gingling launces, rattling chariot wheels
Madd'd their horse. The bow-men merrily shot.

Bel. Yet would our tributary kings had succour'd !
We are decay'd, they much in number grown,
And surely will make head again.

Cæs. Fear not, thou know'st I can even with a whistle,
Hide Kent with glitt'ring arms. More flaming sparkles
Paint not a freezing night ; nor speckl'd bees

Buz not about sweet Hybla's bloomy-head.
 But what need millions, when some thousand serve ?
 O did my brother live ! we'd climb the Alps,
 Like brave Mulmutius' sons ; make Romulus' wolf
 Howl horror in their streets, and Rome look pale,
 As when the Punick captain ey'd her walls. [*March out.*
Cæsar, Volufene, &c.

Cæf. Are ye the men, who never fought in vain ?
 Who wear Bellona's favours in your scars :
 Ay, ye are they. What then benumbs our spirits ?
 Our empire from Quirinus narrow center
 Doth circling spread, and finds no brink nor bottom.
 Titan no later sets, nor earlier wakes,
 Than he beholds our provinces. Why, then,
 What privilege hath this place ? have we, or they
 The Phrygian powers ? have they Palladium got ?
 No, no, those gods our Capitol keeps with joy ;
 These only have undaunted minds from Troy.

Enter Q. Atrius.

What news, good Atrius ?

Atr. No good news from Atrius.
 When ominous earth with shade and cloudy vapours
 Had darkness doubled, storms began to found,
 The dappl'd south, rough-footed Aquilo,
 Came rushing like two rams, whose steel'd horns
 Dart fiery sparks : the clouds crush'd, breathe out flames ;
 Thunder and lightning daunt all ears and eyes ;
 The winds and billows strive who loudest roar,
 The sky distill'd in rain ; his room to fill,
 Ambitious waves would climb the starry hill.
 Our ships are batter'd all, some forty sunk.

Cæf. What devil Cacus drags our fortune back ?
 Doth she move retrograde ? and hoist us up,
 That we may fall at height ? why dost, Camillus,
 Each night torment my sleep, and cry, revenge ?
 I strive against the stream.

Enter Androgeus, Mandubrace, soldiers.

And. Thus join we standards : and resign the keys
 Of Troynovant, with all our warlike forces.

Mand.

Mand. By me the Trinobants submit, and Cenimag-
nians,

Segontiacks, Ancalites, Bybrocks, and Cassians,
Six worthy nations do desire thy guard.

Cæs. All, all shall know our love.

Mand. The tyrant lies on Isis' flow'ry banks,
Where a full choir sing of white surplic'd swans.
The ford's unlevel belly they have fenc'd,
With sharp stakes under water.

Cæs. Nor stakes, lakes, fords, nor swords shall check
our progress.

Those downy swans shall hear more funeral notes.
Their kings departed, Nennius dead, whose loss
Would tears extort even from Pumicean eyes ;
Had Britain nurs'd but such another champion,
They might have stuck their darts on our barr'd gates,
And Latium trembl'd with contrary fates.
In what now lies their hope ?

Mand. Great numbers still remain : nay worse, they
laugh

At death, and boldly trust (as Druids preach)
Their souls who die in fight shall live in joy.
Hence count they dangers benefits, and die
With freedom in their mouth, and wilful rage.
But let soft mildness wait on women ; let
Thy wrath ring thro' the woods in dusty noise,
To tell thy coming. No man's built so lofty,
But his foundation meets the humble dust :
Which undermin'd, how high he pierc'd the clouds,
So deep he sinks.

Hostile and civil foes shake top and root,
As winds invade above, and mines below.
And so will we.

Cæs. No doubt : this blow shall like an earthquake
move

The roots and pillars of this sea-clip'd isle.
A cloud of vultures shall attend our camp,
And no more shall the fields bear vert, but gules :
The grain, engrain'd in purple die, shall lose
His verdant hue. Bones, marrow, human limbs

Shall putrifying reek, whose vapour'd slime
Kindl'd on high, may breed long-bearded stars,
To tell more mischief, and out-beard Apollo.

Mand. Let's waste no time, lest more unto him flock,
As humours glide to guard the wounded member.

Cæs. Atrius, let our ships be drawn on shore,
New rigg'd and mended. I must needs confess him
A darling of the gods, under whose colours
Stars, winter, sky, and tempests serve in pay,
And know both march and skirmish by his drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act. IV. Scen. 5.

Rollano, Eulinus hearkning.

Roll. **O** MY dear lady, hast thou slain thyself?
So fairly pure, so kindly chaste, so — [*cries.*]
A Venus and Diana mix'd in one.

She eat her meat with studs of pearl, she kiss'd
With rubies, and she look'd with diamonds bright.
Fish seas, and fowl the air, hunt all the earth,
For such another bit, and lose your labour.

Eul. O, why dost thou complain?

Roll. Had she not kill'd herself, no cruel Atropos,
No fury could for pity cut her thread.
She was the load-stone of all eyes, the whetstone
Of all brains, the touch-stone of all hearts: she was---

[*Cries.*]

Eul. O my presaging thoughts in ugly form
Suggest some tragedy. Speak, yet stay a while:
I know thou kill'st with speaking. Be then dumb:
Let sound ne'er give those notions airy robes.
Yet speak, dispatch me: fear's as bad a death.
Oh, could no tongue affirm it! is she dead?

Roll. My mistress is.

Eul. Wither, ye pleasant gardens, where she trod!
White lilies droop, and blasted daisies wink,
And weep in pearly dew! blind Vesper mourn;

Hang

Hang thy cold tears on ev'ry grassy blade!
 Groan loud, ye woods, and tear your leafy hair!
 Let wind and hoary frost kill every flow'r;
 For she is gone, who made continual May.
 Let foggy mists envelop sun and stars:
 For she is gone, who made perpetual day.
 Confounded nature stand amaz'd, dissolve
 Thy rowling engines, and unbrace the seas:
 Fling all into their first disorder'd lump.
 For thy chief paragon, thy rich master-piece,
 The jewel, for which thou didst venture all,
 Is lost, is lost. And can I live to speak it?
 How died she?

Roll. By a poison'd draught.

Eul. The very word (poison) infects my breath.
 Durst thou presume to pass that coral porch?
 Were not her lips sufficient antidote?
 Durst thou descend thro' those close winding stairs
 With treacherous intent? how could thy venom
 Seize on her, and not sweeten'd lose his virtue,
 Or rather vitious quality? may toads,
 Dragons, and mandrakes be thy gally-pots:
 This body was a casket for the graces,
 No cask for poison. With her dies all love:
 Cupid may break his bow, his arrows burn,
 Then quench his taper in a flood of tears.
 Is she dead?

Roll. Or in a long trance.

Eul. She may revive:
 I'll visit her: Art may prolong her days,
 Whether she will or no. —

[*Exeunt.*

Act. IV. Scen. 6. *Chorus.*

1. **A**LECTO rising from the lakes
 Of night sad empery:
 With knotty bunch of curl'd snakes
 Dotb last fair Britany.

N 5

2. *More*

2. More ghastly monster did not spring
From the Hybernian food :
With which Morindus combating,
Of foe became his food.
3. Shall no more shepherds in the shade
Sit whistling without care ?
Shall never spear be made a spade,
And sword a plowing share ?
4. Grant heaven at last, that musick loud
Of bloody Mars be still :
That Britain's virgins in a croud
With hymns the sky may fill.

II. S O N G.

Nor is Landora's loss,
The least part of our mournful muse :
Jove, Juno for to cross,
This Trojan dame for bride did chuse.
Where she doth shine,
'Bove Guendoline,
The amazon of her days :
And Mercia wise
Law to devise. O sound Landora's praise.

There doth she shine above,
Clear as great Delia's horned bow,
Bright as the queen of love,
To shoot down gentle beams below.
Sabrina dare
Not to compare
With her most splendid rays :
A ring the sky,
A gem her eye. O sound Landora's praise.

Act. V. Scen. I.

Cæsar, Androgeus, Mandubrace, &c. Soldiers.

Cæs. **T**HUS gain we ground : yet still our foes will fight,

Whether they win or lose. With bloody drops
Our path is printed : Thames's maiden cheeks
Blush with vermilion. Nations crave our league
On every side ; yet still Cassibelane braves us,
Nor will submit.

Androg. Not far hence Verolam lies, his chiefest
fort,

By nature guarded round with woods and fens,
By art inclosed with a ditch and rampire :
From hence we must dislodge the boar.

Mand. There are but two ways to assail this town,
Both which I know. Your parted army must
Break thro' both at once, and so distract
His doubtful rescues.

Enter Volufene, with Hulacus prisoner.

Hul. Draw slaves unwilling, I dare meet my death,
And lead my leaders.

Vol. You'll repent anon.

Hul. If I do ill ; but not for suffering ill.

Vol. Your stoical apathy will relent, I know.

This priest I caught within a shady grove,
Devoutly kneeling at a broad oak's foot.
Now he awaits your doom.

Cæs. What god adore you ?

Hul. Him whom all should serve.

Cæs. What's the moon ?

Hul. Night's sun.

Cæs. What's night ?

Hul. A foil to glorify the day.

Cæs. What most compendious way to happiness ?

Hul. To die in a good cause.

Cæs. What is a man ?

Hul. An hermaphrodite of soul and body.

Cæs. How differ they in nature?

Hul. The body hath in weight, the soul in length.

Cæs. One question more: what dangers shall I pass?

Hul. Many by land and sea, as steps to glory.

Throw Palatine on Æsquiline, on both
Heap Aventine, to raise one pyramid, for a
Chair of estate, where thy advanced head,
Among those hero's pictur'd in the stars,
Orion, Perseus, Hercules, may consult
With Jove himself. But shun the senate-house:
March round about the Caspian sea; search out,
'Mong cedars tall, the Arabian phœnix' nest;
Run counter to old Nile, till thou discover
His sacred head wrapt up in cloudy mountains:
And, rather than work fail, turn Hellespont
Out of his channel: dig that isthmus down,
Which ties great Africk. Shun the senate-house.

Be Saturn, and so thou shalt not be Tarquin.

A Brutus strong,

Repays in fine,

Thy brutish wrong

To Brutus' line.

Cæs. We'll talk at leisure more.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act. V. Scen. 2.

Cassibelane, Belinus, &c.

Cass. **N**O rampires keep him back; he presses
forward,
'Tho' every stamp he treads seems to conjure
The fates from their infernal centre. None
But he durst be so bold.

Bel. Yes, when Britains lead, and Mandubrace, in-
sulting

With naked sword, calls on the lagging foldiers:
When fierce Androgeus, with revolted nations,

Usher

Usher his army. No way half so quick
To ruinate kingdoms, as by home-bred strife.
Thus while we single fight, we perish all.

Cassi. Ay, ay, those treach'rous caitiffs ! rebel slaves !
O may their country's heavy curse them sink
Below the nine-fold brazen gates of hell :
That princox proud ! ay, 'twas a 'scape in policy,
I should have slain the whelps with their good fire.

Let Britain's climacterical year now run,
The series break of seventy kings : nay let
One urn conclude our ashes and the world's.
Befall what will : in midst of horror's noise,
And crackling flames, when all is lost, we'll die
With weapons in our hands, and victory scorn :
There's none that die so poor as they are born.

Faithful Belinus, let a post command
The Kentish kings to set upon his fleet,
Whilst we here 'bide. Four thousand charioteers,
{Such as did glide upon the Phrygian plains,
And wheeling, double service do perform,
Both horseman's speed, and footman's stable strength}
Still do remain : with these, and flocking voluntaries,
We'll give him once more battle. Let the captains
Enter, and hear my charge.

Enter Captains. He stands on a throne.

Subjects and fellow-soldiers, we must now try
For antient freedom, or perpetual bondage.
There is no third choice. The enraged foe,
With cruel pride, proud avarice, hath spoil'd
From East to West, hunting for blood and gain.
Your wives and daughters ravish'd, ransack'd towns,
Great bellies ript with lances, sprawling babes,
The spouse, about her husband's neck, run through
By the same spear. Think on these objects :
Then chuse them for your lords, who spoil and burn
Whole countries, and call desolation peace.
Yield, yield, that he, ennobled by our spoils,
May climb the Capitol with triumphant car ;
You led, fast fetter'd, thro' the staring streets,
For city dames to mock your habit strange,

And

And fill their arras-hangings with our story.
 No : Brennus' ghost forbid ! who this night stood,
 Before my eyes, and grimly furious spake :
 Shall Britain stoop to Roman rods and hatchets,
 And servile tribute ? will ye so defame
 Your ancestors, and your successors wrong ?
 Heirs but of slavery ! O, this day make good
 'The glory of so many ages past !

I see you are incens'd, and wish to use
 Your weapons, not your ears.

All. To arms, to arms, to arms : we'll fight and die.
 [Exeunt.]

Act. V. Scen. 3.

*Eulinus in a night-cap, unbraced. Viol, poynads. Plays
 and sings to the viol.*

SO the silver-feather'd swan,
 Both by death and colour wan,
 Loves to sing before she die,
 Leaving life so willingly.
 But how can I sing a note,
 When dead hoarseness stops my throat ?
 Or how can I play a stroke,
 When my heart-strings all are broke ?

Come, guilty night, and with black velvet wings
 Mantle me round : let melancholick thoughts
 Hang all my brain with blacks : this darksome grove
 My gallery. So, all things suit my mind :
 Such funeral colours please a gasping heart.
 I died with thee, Landora, once ; now only
 Some straggling spirits are behind, to be
 Laid out, with most thrift, on thy memory.

Where shall I first begin my last complaint,
 Which must be measur'd by my glass of life ?
 At thee, Hirildas, slain in furious mood,

By whose help only I enjoy'd my love?
 Or thee, Landora, dying for his sake,
 And in thy death including mine?
 Or at my country's wreck, whose surface torn,
 Doth for my vengeance importune the pole?
 Or at myself? ay, there is sorrow's spring.

Shall I go wand'ring, lurk in woods unknown,
 A banish'd hermit, and sigh out my griefs?
 Teaching the pretty birds to sing my dear,
 My dear Landora! There to feed on acorns,
 Drink the clear fountain, and consume with weeping,
 Were but an easy life, an easy death:
 My violent passion must have sudden vent.

Refined foul, whose odoriferous light
 The damn'd hags stare at, and whining elves,
 Thinking it heaven in hell; behold my pangs,
 Pity my dying groans, and be more soft.
 O may our shadows mingle; then shall I
 Envy no more those citizens above,
 The ambrosian juncates of the Olympian hall,
 And all that gorgeous roof. But cowards talk.
 Come, thou last refuge of a wearisome life,

[*Draws his poynado.*]

A passport to the Elysian land, a key
 To unlock my griev'd inmate. Lo! I come.

O let this river from my eyes, this stream [Unbuttons.

From my poor breast, beg favour of thy ghost:

O let this luke-warm blood thy rigour steep, [Stabs.

And mollify thy adamant heart.

Leander-like, I swim to thee thro' blood:

Be thy bright eyes my Pharos, and conduct me

'Thro' the dull night of gloomy Erebus.

Flow, flow, ye lively drops, and from my veins

Run winding to the ocean of my bliss;

Tell her my love, and, if she still shall doubt,

Swear that ye came directly from my heart.

I stay too long. [Stabs again.] Sweet lady, give me
 welcome.

Tho' I shall pass twelve monsters, as the sun,

Or twelve Herculean labours on a row,

Yet

Yet one kind look makes all my journey sweet.
 Thou fairy-queen of the Tartarian court,
 To whom Proserpine may the apple give,
 Worthier than she, to warm old Pluto's bed ;
 See thy poor vassal welt'ring in his gore.
 I faint, I faint.

I die thy martyr, as I liv'd thy priest :
 Great goddess be propitious ! sweet Landora.—

[Falls and dies.]

ACT. V. Scen. 4.

The four kings of Kent march over the stage. A drum struck up within. Q. Atrius comes with Cingetorix prisoner. Rollano running. Volufene meets him.

Roll. **W**HAT shall I do ? how shall I 'scape ?

[Falls for fear.]

Vol. I scorn to take advantage ; rise and fight.

Roll. I had rather be kill'd quickly, quickly.

Vol. Then die, as thou desirest. *[Thrusts at him.]*

Roll. O let me wink first. *[Bawls aloud.]*

I shall never endure it. Oh, oh. I am pepper'd and salted. *[Exit Voluf. Roll. crawls away.]*

Cassibelane, Belinus, &c.

Cassib. O that base fortune should great spirits damp,
 And fawn on muddy slaves ! That envious fate
 Should ripen villainy with a Syrian dew,
 And blast sweet virtue with a Sirian flame !
 A catalogue of mischiefs do concur.

Our Britain Hector, Nennius dead ; our kings,
 Angry to be refus'd, sit still at home ;
 And then those traitors, with their train, augment
 His huge and expert army ; nothing stops him,
 Rivers, nor rampiers, woods, nor dangerous bogs.
 On this side Thames his dismal ensigns shine.

Last, Kent's unhappy rulers are at sea
 O'erthrown, and our men almost spent. Then, general,

In

In desperate pride, and valour's scornful rage,
Let us run headlong thro' their armed tents,
And make their camp a shambles; so to raise
Our lofty tombs upon their slaughter'd heaps.

Bel. Nay, rather first let's parley for peace.

Cassib. Ye country gods and nymphs, who Albion
love,

Old father Neptune, all ye powers divine,
Witness my loyal care. If human strength,
Courage, and policy, could a kingdom save,
We did our best: but discord, child of hell,
Numbers of train-men, and each captain pick'd
Out of a province, make us bow or break.
In vain we strive, when deities do frown;
When destinies push, Atlas himself comes down.

Enter Comius.

Bel. No mediator is so fit as Comius: and here's the
man.

Com. Do not the dangers which environ you
Call for a good conclusion? which I wish
As friend to both sides.

Cassib. No, Comius. There is more behind than
Cæsar

Hath over-run: our charioteers still drive,
Our harness still is worn: thro' woods and lakes
We'll tire his dainty foldiers: then set fire
On towns, and sacrifice ourselves, our wives,
Our goods, and cattle, in one publick flame;
That wind may blow our ashes in his face.

Com. So shall dead elements curse your causeless fury.
Rather conclude some friendly peace.

Cassib. Thus far we hear you. If with honour'd
terms,

And royal looks, he will accept our faith,
We will obey, but never serve.

Com. I'll undertake as much.

[*Exeunt*]

Act. V. Scen. 5.

Androgeus, Themantius.

And. **T**HUS civil war by me, and factious broils,
 Deface this goodly land : I am reveng'd :
 The cause, Eulinus, dead, my anger dies.
 He is our uncle, and in danger's mouth ;
 Both claim relenting pity. Whom peace made
 A rampant lion, war hath made a lamb.
 Cæsar shall not proceed, for private ends,
 To captivate our isle ; whose clamorous curse
 Doth knock, I know, at heaven's star-nail'd gates :
 For that Jove's bird, impt with our plumes, o'erflew
 The ocean's wall, to seek her prey in Britain.

Them. Ay, we have made a rod for our own backs :
 Fetters of gold are fetters. No gap worse
 To let destruction in by, than to call
 A foreign aid ; who, having seen our weakness,
 And tasted once the fatness of our land,
 Is not so easily thrust out as admitted.
 Such medicine is worse than the malady,
 Fretting the bowels of our kingdom.

And. I know their hatred just ; and here resign
 All my birth-right to thee, my second self :
 I must forsake my country's fight, and seek
 New fortunes with this emperor, in hope
 To be rais'd up by his now rising wheel.

Them. O do not so, dear brother ! so to part,
 Were to divide one individual soul.
 Nor think me so ambitious ; I can live
 A private life, and see a regal crown
 With no more envy than I see the sun
 Glitter above me. Let not Lud's two sons
 Be parted by a sea. I hold your presence
 At higher price than a whole kingdom's pomp.
 Keep then your right ; like those admir'd twins,
 Let us rejoice, mourn, live, and die together.

Andr.

Andr. You shall a scepter gain.

Them. And lose a brother.

Andr. Bear you the sovereign power of this land.

Them. A body politick must on two legs stand :
I'll bear a part, so to diminish envy.

Andr. I must away, and shun the peoples eye.

Them. If to yourself unkind, be kind to me :
For my sake stay at home : why will you fly ?
Think you a stepdame soil gives sweeter sap ?

Andr. Ay, for trees transplanted do more goodly grow.

Them. And I'll count men but stocks, when they
do so.

Andr. I am resolv'd : all troubles brought asleep :
To leave you with a parting kiss.

Them. And by that kiss
May I transfuse my soul, or quite expire.
Brothers have often for a kingdom fought :
We strive to lose it. This is holy strife.
But here I vow, if e'er that sacred lace
Shall gird my temples : Rome must keep her bounds,
Or fish for tribute in the dreadful deep.

Act. V. Scen. 6.

Cæsar, Mandubrace.

Andr. **L**ET gracious favour smoothe war's rugged
brow :

Cassibelane will compound : all rage must end :
We choose you umpire, for a friendly close.

Cæs. It is my glory to end all with peace :
And for that cause, I Comius sent in haste,
For to conduct him hither.

Them. This trump gives warning of the king's ap-
proach.

Cassibe-

Cassibelane, Comius, Lantonus.

Cass. Fate, and no fault of mine, makes me appear,
To yield as far as honour gives me leave.

Cæs. Hail, valorous prince, disdain not this ingrafting
Into Rome's empire, whose command incloses
The whole Levant, and whose large shadow hides
The triple-bounded earth and bellowing seas.

Cass. We shall observe your will; so you impose
A league, no yolk. *[They shake hands.]*

Cæs. Thus we determine: That crown still shall stand;
Reign as the total monarch of this isle:
Till death unking you. 'Twere, Androgeus, best
You in our train kept honourable place:
And let Themantius wear the royal wreath.
You must forgive the towns which did revolt,
Nor seek revenge on Trinobants, but let
Young Mandubrace possess his father's principedom.

Cass. Be all wrongs drencht in Lethe.

Andr. Pardon my rash attempts. *[Cass. embraces*

Mand. Count me your loyal friend. *Androg. and Mand.*

Cæs. In sign of league, you shall us pledges give,
And yearly pay three thousand pound of silver
Unto our treasury. So let these decrees
Be straight proclaim'd through Troynovant, whose tower
Shall be more fairly built at my charge, as
A lasting monument of our arrival.

Cass. All shall be done: renowned prince, whose
worth,
Unparallell'd both as a friend and foe,
We do admire.

Accept this furcoat, starrified with pearls,
And diamonds, such as our own shoars breed.

Cæs. And you receive this massy cup of gold,
Love's earnest, and memorial of this day:
By this, suppose our senate call's you friend.

They sit together.

Lant. Now time, best oracle of oracles,
Father of truth, the true sense doth suggest

Of Dian's answer ;
The lion and the eagle do design
The Britain and the Roman states, whose arms
Were painted with those animals : both fierce,
Weary at last conclude : the semicircles,
First letters of the leaders names, we see
Are join'd in true love's endless figure.

Both come of Trojan race, both nobly bold,
Both matchless captains, on one throne behold.

Cæs. Now the Tarpeian rock o'erlooks the world ;
Her empire bounded only by the ocean ;
And boundless fame beats on the starry pole.
So Danow crawling from a mountain's side,
Wider and deeper grows, and like a serpent,
Or pyramid revert, improves his bigness,
As well as length: till viewing countries large,
And fed with sixty rivers, his wide mouth
On the Euxine sea-nymph gapes, and fear doth stir,
Whether he will disgorge, or swallow her.

Cass. Since the great guide of all, Olympus' king,
Will have the Romans his viceroys on earth :
Since the red fatal eyes of crow-black night,
Fling their malignant influence on our state :

*Since Britain must submit : it was her fame,
None but a Julius Cæsar could her tame.*

*While trumpets sound, Androgeus and Themantius imbracing
take leave. All depart.*

Act. V.

Act. V. Scen. 7. Chorus.

I. S O N G.

Come, fellow bards, and sing with cheer ;
 Since dreadful alarums we shall no more hear.
 Come, lovely peace, our saint divine,
 Olive and laurel do love for to twine.
 The graces, and muses, and nymphs in a round :
 Let voice beat the air, and feet beat the ground.

So hell's black image chas'd away,
 Eos doth dandle the goldy-lock'd day :
 So Bruma banish'd all forlorn,
 Cupid and Flora the spring do adorn.
 And so the grim fury of Mars laid in grave,
 A merrier ending doth friendly peace crave.

II. S O N G. *A morisko.*

THE sky is glad that stars above
 Do give a brighter splendor :
 The stars unfold their flaming gold,
 To make the ground more tender :
 The ground doth send a fragrant smell,
 That air may be the sweeter :
 The air doth charm the swelling seas,
 With pretty chirping meeter :
 The sea with rivers water doth
 Feed plants and flowers dainty :
 The plants do yield their fruitful seed,
 That beasts may live in plenty :

The beasts do give both food and cloth,
That men high Jove may honour :
And so the world runs merrily round,
When peace doth smile upon her.
Oh then, then oh : oh then, then oh :
This jubilee last for ever :
That foreign spight, or civil fight,
Our quiet trouble never.

[Exeunt.]

Mercury reducing the ghosts of Camillus and Brennus.

Cam. How bravely Cæsar past the angry main !

Brenn. How bravely was he back repuls'd again !

Cam. How did he wheel his sword in Nennius' face ?

Brenn. How did he lose his sword, and fly apace ?

Cam. How did again his army fill your coast ?

Brenn. Ay, when our princes did conduct his host.

Cam. How did they pierce through Isis' dangerous
flood ?

Brenn. But made her swell, and bankrupt with their
blood.

Cam. Mirror of captains, Julius, still hath won.

Brenn. But we may justly brag of two for one.

Cam. Confess, our valorous race hath now repaid

The Allian massacre, and our city's flame :

See how they yield, and yearly tribute pay.

Brenn. No, proud dictator, both do weary stand
On equal terms : both wish a peaceful league.

But if they shall oppress ; know, generous spirits
Will break this compact, like a spider's webb.

Merc. Jove's will is finish'd : and (though Juno frown,
That no more Trojan blood shall die the stage)

The world's fourth empire Britain doth embrace.

The thunder-bearer with a Janus look

At once views ruddy morn, and cloudy west :

Her wings display'd o'er this terrestrial egg,

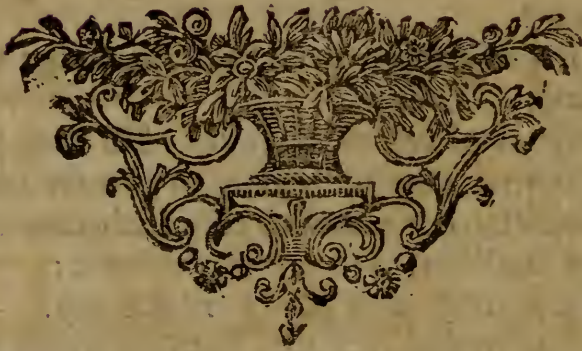
Will shortly hatch an universal peace :

For Jove intends a favour to the world.

It now remains, that you two martial wights
Cease from your braving one another's worth :
You must be friends at last. The close is sweet,
When after tumults, hearts and hands do meet.

[*Exeunt.*

Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.



T H E



o

T H E

WHITE DEVIL,

O R

Vittoria Corombona,

A Lady of VENICE.

A

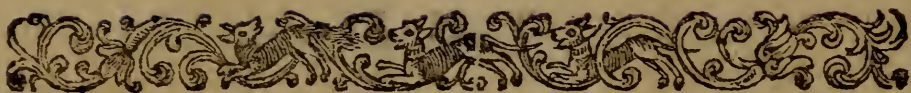
TRAGEDY.

B Y

JOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora secutus.





John Webster liv'd in the Reign of James the first, and was an Author of some Repute. He has wrote besides this five other Plays, viz. *The Dutchess of Malfy*, and *Appius and Virginia*, Tragedies; *the Devil's Law-Case*, or, *When Women go to Law the Devil is full of Business*; *Cure for a Cuckold*, and *the Thracian Wonder*, Comedies; in the two last he was assisted by Mr. Rowley. He join'd also with Marston and Decker in some of their Plays.





T O T H E
R E A D E R.

*I*N publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have taken before me; not that I affect praise by it, for nos hæc novimus esse nihil: only, since it was acted in so open and black a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting-out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that, since that time, I have noted, most of the people that come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses, (who, visiting stationers-shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books) I present it to the general view with this confidence,

Nec rhoncos metues malignorum,
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true dramatick poem, I shall easily confess it, non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi; willingly, and not ignorantly, have I faulted. For should a man present, to such an auditory, the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of stile, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious chorus, and, as it were, enliven death, in the passionate and weighty Nuntius; yet, after all this divine rapture, O dura messorum Ilia, the breath that comes from the incapable multitude is able to poison it; and, e're it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene this of Horace:

—Hæc hodie porcis comedenda relinques.

To those, who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a goose-quill wing'd with two feathers; and, if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides to Alcestides, a tragick writer: Alcestides objecting that Euripides had only, in three days, compos'd three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred: Thou tell'st truth (quoth he); but here's the difference, thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part, I have ever truly cherish'd my good opinion of other mens worthy labours, especially of that full and heighten'd stile of master Chapman, the labour'd and understanding works of master Johnson, the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent master Beaumont and master Fletcher; and lastly, (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of master Shakespear, master Decker, and master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that tho' I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial:

— non norunt hæc monumenta mori.



Dramatis Personæ.

Monticello, a cardinal; afterwards pope Paul IV.
 Francisco de Medicis, duke of Florence; in the
 fourth Act disguised for a Moor, under the name of
 Mulinassar.

Brachiano, otherwise Paulo Giordano Ursini, duke of
 Brachiano, husband to Isabella, and in love with
 Vittoria.

Giovanni, his son by Isabella.

Lodovico, an Italian count, but decay'd.

Antonelli, } his friends, and dependents of the duke of
 Gasparo, } Florence.

Camillo, husband to Vittoria.

Hortensio, one of Brachiano's officers.

Marcello, an attendant of the duke of Florence, and bro-
 ther to Vittoria.

Flamineo, his brother, secretary to Brachiano.

Jaques, a Moor, servant to Giovanni.

Isabella, sister to Francisco de Medicis, and wife to
 Brachiano.

Vittoria Corombona, a Venetian lady, first married to
 Camillo, afterwards to Brachiano.

Cornelia, mother to Vittoria, Flamineo, and Marcello.

Zanche, a Moor, servant to Vittoria.

Ambassadors, Courtiers, Lawyers, Officers, Physicians,
 Conjurer, Armourer, Attendants.

The Scene ITALY.

In mentem Authoris.

Scire velis quid sit mulier? quo percitet æstro?

En tibi, si sapias, cum sale, mille sales.



THE

WHITE DEVIL:

OR,

Vittoria Corombona,
A Lady of VENICE.

ACT I.

Enter count Lodovico, Antonelli, and Gasparo.

Lod.



Anish'd?

Ant. It griev'd me much to hear
the sentence.

Lod. Ha, ha, O Democritus, thy
gods

That govern the whole world! court-
ly reward

And punishment. Fortune's a right whore;
If she give out, she deals it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one swop.

This

This 'tis to have great enemies; God quit them.
Your wolf no longer seems to be a wolf
Than when she's hungry.

Gas. You term those enemies
Are men of princely rank.

Lod. Oh, I pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are dasht in pieces by it.

Anto. Come my lord,
You're justly doom'd; look but a little back
Into your former life: you have in three years
Ruin'd the noblest earldom.

Gas. Your followers
Have swallowed you like mummy, and being sick
With such unnatural and horrid physick,
Vomit you up i'th' kennel.

Anto. All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you stagger'd through. One citizen
Is lord of two fair manners, call'd you master,
Only for caviare.

Gas. Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts,
Wherein the phoenix scarce could scape your throats,
Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeming you
An idle meteor, which drawn forth the earth,
Would be soon lost in the air.

Anto. Jest upon you,
And say you were begotten in an earthquake,
You have ruin'd such fair lordships.

Lod. Very good.
This well goes with two buckets; I must tend
The pouring out of either.

Gas. Worse than these.
You have acted certain murders here in Rome;
Bloody and full of horror.

Lod. 'Las, they were flea-bitings:
Why took they not my head then?

Gas. O my lord,
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood:

This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.

Lod. So, but I wonder then some great men 'scape
This banishment: there's Paulo Giordano Urfini,
The duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,
And by close panderism seeks to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona:
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kifs to the duke.

Anto. Have a full man within you:
We see that trees bear no such pleasant fruit
There where they grew first, as where they are new set:
Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasing scents; and so affliction
Expresleth virtue fully, whether true,
Or else adulterate.

Lod. Leave your painted comforts;
I'll make Italian cut-works in their guts
If ever I return.

Gas. O fir.

Lod. I am patient.
I have seen some ready to be executed,
Give pleasant looks, and money, and grow familiar
With the knave hangman; so do I; I thank them,
And would account them nobly merciful
Would they dispatch me quickly.

Anto. Fare you well;
We shall find time, I doubt not, to repeal
Your banishment.

Lod. I am ever bound to you.
This is the world's alms; pray make use of it.
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in piéces,
When first they have shorn them bare, and sold their
fleeces. [Exeunt.]

Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo, Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. Your best of rest.

Vit. Unto my lord, the duke,
The best of welcome. More lights: attend the duke.

Bra. Flamineo.

Flam. My lord.

Bra.

Bra. Quite lost, Flamineo.

Flam. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As light'ning to your service. O my lord!

The fair Vittoria, my happy sister,
Shall give you present audience. Gentlemen, [*Whisper*]
Let the caroach go on, and 'tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches, and depart.

Bra. Are we so happy?

Flu. Can't be otherwise?

Observ'd you not to night, my honour'd lord,
Which way foe'er you went, she threw her eyes.
I have dealt already with her chamber-maid,
Zanche the Moor, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.

Bra. We are happy above thought, because 'bove
merit.

Fla. 'Bove merit! we may now talk freely: 'bove
merit! what is't you doubt? her coyness! that's but
the superficies of lust most women have; yet why should
ladies blush to hear that nam'd, which they do not fear
to handle? O they are politick; they know our desire
is increased by the difficulty of enjoying; whereas satiety
is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion. If the buttery-
hatch at court stood continually open, there would be
nothing so passionate crowding, nor hot suit after the
beverage.

Bra. O but her jealous husband. —

Fla. Hang him; a gilder that hath his brains perish'd
with quick-silver, is not more cold in the liver. The
great barriers moulted not more feathers, than he hath
shed hairs, by the confession of his doctor. An Irish
gamester that will play himself naked, and then wage all
downwards, at hazard, is not more venturous. So un-
able to please a woman, that like a Dutch doublet, all his
back is shrunk into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my lord;
Some trick now must be thought on to divide
My brother in-law from his fair bed-fellow.

Bra. O should she fail to come.

Fla. I must not have your lordship thus unwisely amorous: I myself have loved a lady, and pursued her with a great deal of under-age protestation, whom, some three or four gallants that have enjoyed, would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid of: 'tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden, the birds that are without, despair to get in, and the birds that are within, despair, and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out. Away, away, my lord.

Enter Camillo.

See here he comes. This fellow by his apparel
Some men would judge a politician;
But call his wit in question, you shall find it
Meerly an afs in's foot cloth.

How now, brother? what, travelling to bed to your kind wife?

Cam. I assure you, brother, no; my voyage lies
More northerly, in a far colder clime;
I do not well remember, I protest, when I last lay
with her.

Fla. Strange you should lose your count.

Cam. We never lay together, but ere morning
Their grew a flaw between us.

Fla. 'Thad been your part
To have made up that flaw.

Cam. True, but she loaths I should be seen in't.

Fla. Why sir, what's the matter?

Cam. The duke your master visits me, I thank him,
And I perceive how, like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leans that way
He would have his bowl run.

Fla. I hope you do not think——

Cam. That noblemen bowl booty? Faith, his cheek
Hath a most excellent bias, it would fain jump with my
mistress.

Fla. Will you be an afs,
Despight your Aristotle? or a cuckold,
Contrary to your Ephemerides,
Which shews you under what a smiling planet
You were first swaddled?

Cam;

Cam. Pew wew, fir, tell not me
Of planets nor of Ephemerides :
A man may be made a cuckold in the day-time,
When the stars eyes are out.

Fla. Sir, good buy t'you ;
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow
Stuff with horn-shavings.

Cam. Brother.

Fla. God refuse me,
Might I advise you now, your only course
Were to lock up your wife.

Cam. 'Twere very good.

Fla. Bar her the sight of revels:

Cam. Excellent.

Fla. Let her not go to church, but like a hound-
In Leon, at your heels.

Cam. 'Twere for her honour.

Fla. And so you should be certain in one fortnight,
Despight her chastity or innocence,
To be cuckolded, which yet is in suspence :
This is my counsel, and I ask no fee for't.

Cam. Come, you know not where my night-cap
wings me.

Fla. Wear it o'th'old fashion ; let your large ears
come through, it will be more easy. Nay I will be
bitter ; bar your wife of her entertainment. Women are
more willingly and more gloriously chaste, when they are
least restrained of their liberty. It seems you would be
a fine capricious mathematically jealous coxcomb, take
the height of your own horns with a Jacob's staff, afore
they are up. These politick inclosures for paltry mut-
ton, make more rebellion in the flesh, than all the pro-
vocative electuaries doctors have uttered since the last
jubilee.

Cam. This doth not physic me.

Fla. It seems you are jealous ; i'll shew you the error
of it by a familiar example : I have seen a pair of spec-
tacles fashioned with such perspective art, that lay down
but one twelve pence o'th'board, 'twill appear as if there
were twenty ; now should you wear a pair of these

spectacles, and see your wife tying her shoe, you would imagine twenty hands were taking up of your wife's clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causeless fury.

Cam. The fault there, sir, is not in the eye-sight.

Fla. True, but they that have the yellow jaundice, think all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousy is worse; her fits present to a man, like so many bubbles in a basin of water, twenty several crabbed faces, many times makes his own shadow his cuckold-maker.

Enter Vittoria Corombona.

See, she comes, what reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes; or call her brow, the snow of Ida, or ivory of Corinth, or compare her hair to the black-bird's bill, when 'tis liker the black-bird's feather? This is all: be wise, I will make you friends: and you shall go to bed together. Marry look you, it shall not be your seeking. Do you stand upon that by any means: walk you aloof; I would not have you seen in't.---Sister, my lord attends you in the banquetting-house, your husband is wondrous discontented.

Vit. I did nothing to displease him, I carved to him at supper-time.

Fla. You need not have carved him, in faith; they say he is a capon already. I must now seemingly fall out with you. *Shall a gentleman so well descended as Camillo.*—a lousy slave, that within this twenty years rode with the black guard in the duke's carriage, 'mongst spits and dripping-pans.

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Fla. *An excellent scholar*—one that hath a head fill'd with calves brains without any sage in them,—*come crouching in the hams to you for a night's lodging?*—that hath an itch in's hams, which like the fire at the glass-house hath not gone out this seven years—*is he not a courtly gentleman?*—when he wears white fatten, one would take him by his black mussel to be no other creature than a maggot—*you are a goodly foil, I confess, well*

set

Jet out—but cover'd with a false stone, you counterfeit diamond.

Cam. He will make her know what is in me.

Fla. Come, my lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my lord.

Cam. Now he comes to't.

Fla. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine.—I am opening your case hard. [To *Cam.*]

Cam. A virtuous brother, on my credit!

Fla. He will give thee a ring with a philosopher's stone in it.

Cam. Indeed, I am studying alchymy.

Fla. Thou shalt lie in a bed stuf't with turtles feathers; swoon in perfum'd linnen, like the fellow was smothered in roses. So perfect shall be thy happiness, that as men at sea, think land, and trees, and ships go that way they go; so, both heaven and earth shall seem to go your voyage. Shall't meet him, 'tis fix'd, with nails of diamonds to inevitable necessity. [Aside.]

Vit. How shall's rid him hence? [Aside.]

Fla. I will put the breeze in's tail shall set him gadding presently.—I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming; but might I advise you now, for this night I would not lie with her, I would cross her humour to make her more humble.

Cam. Shall I, shall I?

Fla. It will shew in you a supremacy of judgment.

Cam. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion; for, *quæ negata, grata.*

Fla. Right: you are the adamant shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off.

Cam. A philosophical reason.

Fla. Walk by her o'th' nobleman's fashion, and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the progress.

Cam. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say, incited.

Vit. To do what, sir?

Cam. To lie with you to night. Your silk-worm useth to fast every third day, and the next following, spins the better. To morrow at night I am for you.

Vit.

Vit. You'll spin a fair thread, trust to't.

Fla. But do you hear, I shall have you steal to her chamber about midnight.

Camil. Do you think so? why look you brother, because you shall not think I'll gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Fla. In troth I will, I'll be your jaylor once; But have you ne'er a false door?

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Christian; tell me to morrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting.

Fla. I will.

Cam. Didst thou not make the jest of the silk-worm? Good night, in faith I will use this trick often.

Fla. Do, do, do.

[*Exit Camillo.*]

So, now you are safe. Ha, ha, ha, thou intanglest thyself in thine own work like a silk-worm.

Enter Brachiano.

Come, sister, darkness hides your blush. Women are like curst dogs, civility keeps them tyed all day-time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good, or most mischief. My lord, my lord.

Zanche brings out a carpet, spreads it, and lays on it two fair cushions.

Bra. Give credit: I could wish time would stand still, And never end this interview, this hour; But all delight doth itself soon't devour.

Enter Cornelia listening.

Let me into your bosom, happy lady,
Pour out, instead of eloquence, my vows.

Loose me not, madam, for if you forego me, I am lost eternally.

Vit. Sir, in the way of pity, I wish you heart-whole.

Bra. You are a sweet physican.

Vit. Sure, sir, a loathed cruelty in ladies
Is as to doctors many funerals: it takes away their credit.

Bra. Excellent creature!

We call the cruel, fair; what name for you
That are so merciful?

Zan. See now they close.

Fla. Most happy union.

Corn. My fears are fal'n upon me : oh my heart !
My son the pander ! now I find our house
Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,
Where they have tyranniz'd, iron, lead, or stone ;
But worse to ruin, violent lust leaves none.

Bra. What value is this jewel ?

Vit. 'Tis the ornament of a weak fortune.

Bra. In sooth I'll have it ; nay, I will but change
My jewel for your jewel.

Fla. Excellent ;

His jewel for her jewel : well put in, duke.

Bra. Nay, let me see you wear it.

Vit. Here, sir.

Bra. Nay, lower, you shall wear my jewel lower.

Fla. That's better, she must wear his jewel lower.

Vit. To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace
A dream I had last night.

Bra. Most wishedly.

Vit. A foolish idle dream :

Methought I walk'd about the mid of night
Into a church-yard, where a goodly yew-tree
Spread her large root in ground : under that yew,
As I fate sadly leaning on a grave,
Checquer'd with cross sticks, there came stealing in
Your dutchess and my husband ; one of them
A pick-ax bore, th' other a rusty spade,
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me
About this yew.

Bra. That tree ?

Vit. This harmless yew ;

They told me my intent was to root up
That well-grown yew, and plant i'the stead of it
A wither'd black-thorn, and for that they vow'd
To bury me alive : my husband straight
With pick-ax 'gan to dig, and your fell dutchess
With shovel, like a fury, voided out
The earth, and scatter'd bones : lord, how methought
I trembl'd ! and yet for all this terror
I could not pray.

Fla. No, the devil was in your dream.

Vit. When to my rescue there arose, methought,

A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm
 From that strong plant ;
 And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
 In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Fla. Excellent devil !

She hath taught him in a dream
 To make away his dutchess and her husband.

Bra. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.
 You are lodg'd within his arms who shall protect you,
 From all the fevers of a jealous husband ;
 From the poor envy of our flegmatick dutchess.
 I'll feat you above law, and above scandal ;
 Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,
 And the fruition ; nor shall government
 Divide me from you longer, than a care
 To keep you great : you shall to me at once,
 Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all.

Corn. Woe to light hearts, they still fore-run our fall.

[*Corn. comes forwards.*]

Flam. What fury rais'd thee up? away, away.

[*Exit Zanche.*]

Corn. What makes you here, my lord, this dead of
 night ?

Never dropt mildew on a flower here till now.

Flam. I pray, will you go to bed then,
 Lest you be blasted?

Corn. O that this fair garden
 Had all with poison'd herbs of Thessaly
 At first been planted, made a nursery
 For witch-craft, rather than a burial-plot
 For both your honours.

Vit. Dearest mother, hear me.

Corn. O, thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
 Sooner than nature. See the curse of children !
 In life they keep us frequently in tears ;
 And in the cold grave leave us in pale fears.

Bra. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Vit. Dear, my lord.

Corn. Where is thy dutchess now, adult'rous duke?
 Thou little dream'st this night she is come to Rome.

Flam.

Flam. How ! come to Rome ?

Vit. The dutchefs.

Bra. She had been better——

Corn. The lives of princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right, or wrong,

Flam. So, have you done ?

Corn. Unfortunate Camillo.

Vit. I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If any thing but blood could have allay'd
His long suit to me.

Corn. I will join with thee,
To the most woeful end e're mother kneel'd ;
If thou dishonour thus thy husband's bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
At great men's deaths.

Bra. Fy, fy, the woman's mad.

Corn. Be thy act Judas like, betray in kissing.
May'st thou be envy'd during his short breath,
And pity'd like a wretch after his death.

Vit. O me accurs'd ! [Exit Vittoria.]

Fla. Are you out of your wits, my lord ?
I'll fetch her back again.

Bra. No, I'll to bed.

Send doctor Julio to me presently.
Uncharitable woman ! thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearful and prodigious storm ;
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm. [Exit Brachiano.]

Flam. Now, you that stand so much upon your ho-
nour,

Is this a fitting time o'night, think you,
To send a duke home without e'er a man ?
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth,
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my lord's stirrup.

Corn. What ! because we are poor,
Shall we be vicious ?

Flam. Pray, what means have you
To keep me from the gallies, or the gallows ?

My father prov'd himself a gentleman,
 Sold all's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
 Died e're the money was spent. You brought me up
 At Padua, I confess, where I protest,
 For want of means (the university judge me)
 I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings
 At least seven years: conspiring with a bard
 Made me a graduate; then to this duke's service.
 I visited the court, whence I return'd
 More courteous, more lecherous by far,
 But not a suit the richer. And shall I,
 Having a path so open, and so free
 To my preferment, still retain your milk
 In my pale forehead? no, this face of mine
 I'll arm and fortify with lusty wine,
 'Gainst shame and blushing.

Cor. O that I ne'er had borne thee.

Flam. So would I.

I would the common'st courtezan in Rome
 Had been my mother, rather than thyself.
 Nature is very pitiful to whores,
 To give them but few children, yet those children
 Plurality of fathers; they are sure
 They shall not want. Go, go,
 Complain unto my great lord cardinal,
 It may be he will justify the act.
 Lycurgus wonder'd much, men would provide
 Good stallions for their mares, and yet would suffer
 Their fair wives to be barren.

Cor. Misery of miseries! [*Exit Cornelia.*]

Flam. The dutchess comes to court! I like not that:
 We are engag'd to mischief, and must on,
 As rivers to find out the ocean
 Flow with crook'd bendings beneath forced banks;
 Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,
 The way ascends not straight, but imitates
 The subtle foldings of a winter snake;
 So who knows policy and her true aspect,
 Shall find her ways winding and indirect.

[*Exit.*]

A C T II.

Enter Francisco de Medicis, cardinal Monticelfo, Marcello, Isabella, young Giovanni, with little Jaques the Moor.

Fran. **H**AVE you not seen your husband since you arriv'd ?

Isa. Not yet, fir.

Fran. Surely he is wonderful kind ;
If I had such a dove-house as Camillo's,
I would set fire on't, were't but to destroy
The pole-cats that haunt to't.—My sweet cousin !

Gio. Lord uncle, you did promise me a horse,
And armour.

Fran. That I did, my pretty cousin.
Marcello, see it fitted.

Mar. My lord, the duke is here.

Fran. Sister, away, you must not yet be seen.

Isa. I do beseech you, entreat him mildly,
Let not your rough tongue
Set us at louder variance ; all my wrongs
Are freely pardon'd, and I do not doubt,
As men to try the precious unicorn's horn,
Make of the powder a preservative circle,
And in it put a spider : so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying,
And keep him chaste from an infected straying.

Fran. I wish they may. Be gone. [Exit.

Enter Brachiano and Flamineo.

'Void the chamber :

You are welcome, will you sit ? I pray, my lord,
Be you my orator, my heart's too full,
I'll second you anon.

Mont. E're I begin,

Let me entreat your grace forego all passion,
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

Bra. As silent as i'th' church ; you may proceed.

Mont. It is a wonder to your noble friends,

That

That you having as 'twere enter'd the world
 With a free scepter in your able hand ;
 And have to the use of nature, well applied
 High gifts of learning, should in your prime age
 Neglect your awful throne, for the soft down
 Of an insatiate bed. Oh, my lord,
 The drunkard after all his lavish cups
 Is dry, and then is sober : so at length,
 When you awake from this lascivious dream,
 Repentance then will follow, like the sting
 Plac'd in the adder's tail. Wretched are princes
 When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
 Of their unweildly crowns ; or ravisheth
 But one pearl from their scepters : but alas !
 When they thro' wilful shipwreck lose good fame,
 All princely titles perish with their name.

Bra. You have said, my lord.

Mon. Enough to give you taste
 How far I am from flatt'ring your greatness.

Bra. Now you that are his second, what say you ?
 Do not like young hawks fetch a course about,
 Your game flies fair, and for you.

Fran. Do not fear it :
 I'll answer you in your own hawking phrase.
 Some eagles that should gaze upon the sun,
 Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease ;
 Since they from dunghill birds their prey can seize,
 You know Vittoria ?

Bra. Yes.

Fran. You shift your shirt there,
 When you return from tennis ?

Bra. Happily.

Fran. Her husband is the lord of a poor fortune,
 Yet she wears cloth of tiffue.

Bra. What of this ?

Will you urge that, my good lord cardinal,
 As part of her confession at next shrift,
 And know from whence it fails ?

Fran. She is your strumpet.

Bra. Uncivil sir, there's hemlock in thy breath,

And

And blackest slander. Were she whore of mine,
All thy loud cannons, and thy borrow'd Switzers,
Thy gallies, nor thy sworn confederates,
Durst not supplant her.

Fran. Let's not talk on thunder.

Thou hast a wife, our sister ; would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and lock'd fast
In her last winding sheet, when I gave thee
But one.

Bra. Thou had'st given a soul to God then.

Fran. True ;

Thy ghostly father, with all his absolution,
Shall ne'er do so by thee.

Bra. Spit thy poison.

Fran. I shall not need, lust carries her sharp whip
At her own girdle ; look to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts.

Bra. Thunder ! i'faith,

They are but crackers.

Fran. We'll end it with the cannon.

Bra. Thou'lt get nought by it, but iron in thy wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrils.

Fran. Better that,

Than change perfumes for plaisters.

Bra. Pity on thee,

'Twere good you'd shew your slaves, or men condemn'd,
Your new plow'd forehead-defiance. I'll meet thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.

Mon. My lord, you shall not word it any farther
Without a milder limit.

Fran. Willingly.

Bra. Have you proclaim'd a triumph, that you bear
A lion thus ?

Mon. My lord !

Bra. I'm tame, I'm tame, sir.

Fran. We send unto the duke for conference
'Bout levies 'gainst the pirates ; my lord duke
Is not at home : we come ourself in person ;
Still my lord duke is busied. But we fear
When Tyber to each proling passenger

Discovers flocks of wild ducks, then, my lord,
'Bout moulting time I mean, we shall be certain
To find you sure enough, and speak with you.

Bra. Ha!

Flam. A meer tale of a tub, my words are idle ;
But to exprefs the sonnet by natural reason.
When flags grow melancholy, you'll find the season.

Enter Giovanni.

Mon. No more, my lord ; here comes a champion
Shall end the difference between you both ;
Your son, prince Giovanni. See, my lords,
What hopes you store in him ; this is a casket
For both your crowns, and should be held like dear.
Now is he apt for knowledge ; therefore know
It is a more direct and even way,
To train to virtue those of princely blood,
By examples than precepts : if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Than his own father ? Be his pattern then,
Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sails, and split his mast.

Bra. Your hand, boy, growing to a soldier ?

Gio. Give me a pike.

Fran. What, practising your pike so young, fair cuz ?

Gio. Suppose me one of Homer's frogs, my lord,
Tossing my bull-rush thus. Pray sir, tell me,
Might not a child of good discretion
Be leader to an army ?

Fran. Yes, cousin, a young prince
Of good discretion might.

Gio. Say you so ?

Indeed I have heard 'tis fit, a general
Should not endanger his own person oft,
So that he makes a noise when he's on horseback
Like a Dantzick drummer, O 'tis excellent !
He need not fight ; methinks his horse as well
Might lead an army for him. If I live,
I'll charge the French foe in the very front
Of all my troops, the foremost man.

Fran. What ! what !

Gio. And will not bid my soldiers up and follow,
But bid them follow me.

Bra. Forward lap-wing !
He flies with the shell on's head.

Fran. Pretty cousin !

Gio. The first year, uncle, that I go to war,
All prisoners that I take I will set free,
Without their ransom.

Fran. Ha ! without their ransom !
How then will you reward your soldiers,
That took those prisoners for you ?

Gio. Thus, my lord ;
I'll marry them to all the wealthy widows
That fall that year.

Fran. Why then, the next year following,
You'll have no men to go with you to war.

Gio. Why then I'll press the women to the war,
And then the men will follow.

Mon. Witty prince.

Fran. See, a good habit makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast.
Come, you and I are friends.

Bra. Most wishedly :
Like bones which, broke in funder, and well set,
Knit the more strongly.

Fran. Call Camillo hither :
You have receiv'd the rumour, how count Lodowick
Is turn'd a pirate.

Bra. Yes.

Fran. We are now preparing
Some ships to fetch him in. Behold your dutchefs.
We now will leave you, and expect from you.
Nothing but kind intreaty. [Ex. *Fran. Mon. Gio. V.*]

Bra. You have charm'd me.
You are in health, we see.

Isa. And above health,
To see my lord well.

Bra. So, I wonder much
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome ?

Isa. Devotion, my lord.

Bra.

Bra. Devotion!

Is your soul charg'd with any grievous sin?

Isa. 'Tis burthen'd with too many; and I think
The oft'ner that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the founder.

Bra. Take your chamber.

Isa. Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you angry;
Doth not my absence from you, now two months,
Merit one kifs?

Bra. I do not use to kifs:
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you.

Isa. O my lov'd lord,
I do not come to chide: my jealousy!
I am to learn what that Italian means.
You are as welcome to these longing arms,
As I to you a virgin.

Bra. O your breath!
Out upon sweet-meats and continu'd physick,
The plague is in them.

Isa. You have oft, for these two lips,
Neglected cassia, or the natural sweets
Of the spring-violet: they are not yet much wither'd.
My lord, I should be merry: these your frowns
Shew in a helmet lovely; but on me,
In such a peaceful interview, methinks
They are too roughly knit.

Bra. O dissemblance!
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? Have you learnt
The trick of impudent baseness to complain
Unto your kindred?

Isa. Never, my dear lord.

Bra. Must I be hunted out? or was't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance?

Isa. I pray, sir, burst my heart, and in my death
Turn to your antient pity, tho' not love.

Bra. Because your brother is the corpulent duke,
That is, the great duke: 'sdeath, I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred crowns at tennis,

But it shall rest upon record ! I scorn him
 Like a shav'd pollake ; all his reverend wit
 Lies in his wardrobe : he's a discreet fellow,
 When he's made up in his robes of state.
 Your brother, the great duke, because h'as gallies,
 And now and then ransacks a Turkish fly-boat,
 (Now all the hellish furies rack his soul)
 First made this match ; accursed be the priest
 That sang the wedding-mass, and even my issue !

Isa. O, too too far you have curst.

Bra. Your hand I'll kiss ;

This is the latest ceremony of my love.
 Henceforth I'll never lie with thee : by this,
 This wedding-ring, I'll ne'er more lie with thee.
 And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
 As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well ;
 Our sleeps are sever'd.

Isa. Forbid it, the sweet union
 Of all things blessed ! why, the saints in heaven
 Will knit their brows at that.

Bra. Let not thy love
 Make thee an unbeliever ; this my vow
 Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
 With my repentance : let thy brother rage
 Beyond a horrid tempest, or sea-fight,
 My vow is fix'd.

Isa. O my winding-sheet !
 Now shall I need thee shortly. Dear, my lord,
 Let me hear once more, what I would not hear,
 Never ?

Bra. Never.

Isa. O my unkind lord ! may your sins find mercy,
 As I upon a woful widow'd bed
 Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
 Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,
 Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.

Bra. No more ; go, go, complain to the great duke.

Isa. Now, my dear lord, you shall have present
 witness

How I'll work peace between you. I will make

Myself the author of your cursed vow,
 I have some cause to do it, you have none ;
 Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
 Of both your dukedoms, that you wrought the means
 Of such a separation : let the fault
 Remain with my supposed jealousy,
 And think with what a piteous and rent heart
 I shall perform this sad ensuing part.

*Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Monticello, Marcello,
 Camillo.*

Bra. Well, take your course. My honourable brother !

Fran. Sister ! this is not well, my lord. Why sister !
 She merits not this welcome.

Bra. Welcome, say ?
 She hath given me a sharp welcome.

Fra. Are you foolish ?
 Come dry your tears : is this a modish course,
 To better what is naught, to rail and weep ?
 Grow to a reconciliation, or, by heaven,
 I'll ne'er more deal between you.

Isa. Sir, you shall not ;
 No, tho' Vittoria, upon that condition,
 Would become honest.

Fran. Was your husband loud
 Since we departed ?

Isa. By my life, sir, no ;
 I swear by that I do not care to lose.
 Are all these ruins of my former beauty
 Laid out for a whore's triumph ?

Fran. Do you hear ?
 Look upon other women, with what patience
 They suffer these slight wrongs, and with what justice
 They study to requite them : take that course.

Isa. O that I were a man ! that I had power
 To execute my apprehended wishes,
 I would whip some with scorpions.

Fran. What, turn'd fury ?

Isa. To dig the strumpet's eyes out ; let her lie
 Some twenty months a dying, to cut off

Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,
 Preserve her flesh like mummy, for trophies
 Of my just anger ! Hell to my affliction
 Is meer snow-water. By your favour, sir ;
 Brother, draw near, and my lord cardinal :
 Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss ;
 Henceforth I'll never lie with you, by this,
 This wedding-ring.

Fran. How, ne'er more lie with him ?

Isa. And this divorce shall be as truly kept
 As if in thronged court a thousand ears
 Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers hands
 Seal'd to the separation.

Bra. Ne'er lie with me ?

Isa. Let not my former dotage
 Make thee an unbeliever ; this my vow
 Shall never on my soul be satisfied
 With my repentance ; *manet alta mente repostum.*

Fran. Now, by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
 And jealous woman.

Bra. You see 'tis not my seeking.

Fran. Was this your circle of pure unicorn's horn,
 You said should charm your lord ? now horns upon thee,
 For jealousy deserves them : keep your vow,
 And take your chamber.

Isa. No, sir, I'll presently to Padua ;
 I will not stay a minute.

Mon. O good madam !—

Bra. 'Twere best to let her have her humour ;
 Some half-day's journey will bring down her stomach,
 And then she'll turn in post.

Fran. To see her come
 To my lord cardinal for a dispensation
 Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter.

Isa. Unkindness, do thy office ; poor heart, break :
 Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Camillo.

Mar. Camillo's come, my lord.

Fran. Where's the commission ?

Mar. 'Tis here.

Fran. Give me the signet.

Flam. My lord, do you mark their whispering? I will compound a medicine, out of their two heads, stronger than garlick, deadlier than stibium; the cantharides, which are scarce seen to stick upon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence or invisible cunning.

Enter Doctor.

Bra. About the murder?

Flam. They are sending him to Naples, but I'll send him to Candy. Here's another property too.

Bra. O, the doctor!

Flam. A poor quack-salving knave, my lord; one that should have been lash'd for's lechery, but that he confest a judgment, had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to a *non plus*.

Doct. And was cozen'd, my lord, by an arranter knave than myself, and made pay all the colourable execution.

Flam. He will shoot pills into a man's guts shall make them have more ventages than a cornet or a lamprey: he will poison in a kifs; and was once minded for his master-piece, because Ireland breeds no poison, to have prepar'd a deadly vapour in a Spaniard's fart, that should have poison'd all Dublin.

Bra. O faint Anthony's fire!

Doct. Your secretary is merry, my lord.

Flam. O thou curs'd antipathy to nature! look, his eye's blood-shed, like a needle a chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with: let me embrace thee, toad, and love thee: O thou abominable loathsome gargarism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver by scruples.

Bra. No more: I must employ the honest doctor. You must to Padua, and, by the way, use some of your skill for us.

Doct. Sir, I shall.

Bra. But for Camillo?

Flam. He dies this night, by such a politick strain, Men shall suppose him by's own engine slain.

But

But for your dutchefs' death.

Doct. I'll make her sure.

Bra. Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.

Flam. Remember this, you slave ; when knaves come to preferment, they rise as gallows are rais'd in the Low Countries, one upon another's shoulders. [Exeunt.]

Mont. Here is an emblem, nephew, pray peruse it ; 'Twas thrown in at your window.

Cam. At my window ?

Here is a stag, my lord, hath shed his horns,
And, for the loss of them, the poor beast weeps :
The word, *Inopem me copia fecit.*

Mont. That is,

Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.

Cam. What should this mean ?

Mont. I'll tell you ; 'tis given out you are a cuckold.

Cam. It is given out so.

I had rather such a report as that, my lord,
Should keep within doors.

Fran. Have you any children ?

Cam. None, my lord.

Fran. You are the happier :

I'll tell you a tale.

Com. Pray, my lord.

Fran. An old tale :

Upon a time Phœbus, the god of light,
Or him we call the Sun, would needs be married :
The gods gave their consent, and Mercury
Was sent to voice it to the general world.
But what a piteous cry there strait arose
Amongst smiths and felt-makers, brewers and cooks,
Reapers and butter-women, amongst fishmongers,
And thousand other trades, which are annoy'd.
By his excessive heat, 'twas lamentable :
They come to Jupiter all in a sweat,
And do forbid the banes. A great fat cook
Was made their speaker, who intreats of Jove,
That Phœbus might be gelded ; for if now,
When there was but one sun, so many men
Were like to perish by his violent heat,

What should they do if he were married,
 And should beget more, and those children
 Make fire-works like their father? So say I;
 Only I will apply it to your wife.

Her issue, should not providence prevent it,
 Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

Mont. Look you, cousin,
 Go, change the air for shame; see if your absence
 Will blast your cornucopia. Marcello
 Is chosen with you joint-commissioner,
 For the relieving our Italian coast
 From pirates.

Mar. I am much honour'd in't.

Cam. But, sir,
 E're I return, the stag's horns may be routed,
 Greater than those are shed.

Mont. Do not fear it;
 I'll be your ranger.

Cam. You must watch i'th' nights;
 Then's the most danger.

Fran. Farewell, good Marcello;
 All the best fortunes of a soldier's wish
 Bring you on ship-board.

Cam. Were I not best, now I am turn'd soldier,
 E're that I leave my wife, sell all she hath,
 And then take leave of her?

Mont. I expect good from you,
 Your parting is so merry.

Cam. Merry, my lord! o'th' captains humour right,
 I am resolv'd to be drunk this night. [Exit.]

Fran. So, 'twas well fitted: now shall we discern
 How his wish'd absence will give violent way
 To duke Brachiano's lust.

Mont. Why that was it;
 To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choice
 Of him for a sea-captain? and, besides,
 Count Lodowick, which was rumour'd for a pirate,
 Is now in Padua.

Fran. Is't true?

Mont. Most certain.

I have letters from him, which are suppliant
To work his quick repeal from banishment :
He means to address himself for pension
Unto our sister dutchefs.

Fran. O 'twas well.

We shall not want his absence past six days :
I fain would have the duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandal ; for there's naught,
In such curst dotage, to repair his name,
Only the deep sense of some deathless shame.

Mont. It may be objected, I am dishonourable
To play thus with my kinsman ; but I answer,
For my revenge I'd stake a brother's life,
That, being wrong'd, durst not avenge himself.

Fran. Come, to observe this strumpet.

Mont. Curse of greatness !

Sure he'll not leave her.

Fran. There's small pity in't ;
Like misletoe on fear elms spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brachiano, with one in the habit of a conjurer.

Bra. Now, sir, I claim your promise ; 'tis dead mid-
night,

The time prefix'd to shew me, by your art,
How the intended murder of Camillo
And our loath'd dutchefs grow to action.

Con. You have won me, by your bounty, to a deed
I do not often practise : some there are,
Which, by sophistick tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly lose, of necromancer ;
As some that use to juggle upon cards,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat.
Others that raise up their confederate spirits
'Bout wind-mills, and endanger their own necks
For making of a squib : and some there are
Will keep a curtal to shew juggling tricks,
And give out 'tis a spirit. Besides these,
Such a whole ream of almanack-makers, figure-flingers,
Fellows, indeed, that only live by stealth,

Since they do merely lie about stol'n goods,
 They'd make men think the devil were fast and loose,
 With speaking fustian Latin. Pray sit down ;
 Put on this night-cap, sir, 'tis charm'd ; and now
 I'll shew you, by my strong commanding art,
 The circumstance that breaks your dutchefs' heart.

A dumb Shew.

Enter suspiciously Julio and Christophero ; they draw a curtain where Brachiano's picture is. They put on spectacles of glass, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burn perfumes before the picture, and wash the lips of the picture ; that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles, they depart laughing.

Enter Isabella in her night-gown, as to bed-ward, with light after her : count Lodovico, Giovanni, Guid-antonio, and others waiting on her : she kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of the picture, docs three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice : she faints, and will not suffer them to come near it ; dies : sorrow exprest in Giovanni, and in count Lodovico. She's convey'd out solemnly.

Bra. Excellent ! then she's dead.

Con. She's poison'd

By the fum'd picture : 'twas her custom nightly,
 Before she went to bed, to go and visit
 Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
 On the dead shadow. Doctor Julio,
 Observing this, infects it with an oil,
 And other poison'd stuff, which presently
 Did suffocate her spirits.

Bra. Methought I saw

Count Lodovic there.

Con. He was ; and, by my art,
 I find he did most passionately doat
 Upon your dutchefs. Now turn another way ;
 And view Camillo's far more politick face.
 Strike louder, musick, from this charmed ground,
 To yield, as fits the act, a tragick sound.

The second dumb Show.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with four more as captains: they drink healths, and dance: a vaulting horse is brought into the room: Marcello and two more whisper'd out of the room, while Flamineo and Camillo stript themselves into their shirts, as to vault; they compliment who shall begin: as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him upon his neck, and, with the help of the rest, wriths his neck about: seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double, as 'twere under the horse: makes shew to call for help; Marcello comes in, laments; sends for the cardinal and duke, who comes forth with arm'd men; wonders at the act; commands the body to be carried home; apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest; and goes, as 'twere, to apprehend Vittoria.

Bra. 'Twas quaintly done; but yet each circumstance I taste not fully.

Con. O 'twas most apparent;
You saw them enter charg'd with their deep healths
To their boon voyage; and, to second that,
Flamineo calls to have a vaulting horse
Maintain their sport. The virtuous Marcello
Is innocently plotted forth the room,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you
The engine of all.

Bra. It seems Marcello and Flamineo
Are both committed.

Con. Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your mistress, fair Vittoria: we are now
Beneath her roof. 'Twere fit we instantly
Make out by some back postern.

Bra. Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you; this shall stand
As the firm seal annexed to my hand.
It shall inforce a payment.

Exit Bra.

Con. Sir, I thank you.

Both flowers and weeds spring, when the sun is warm,
And great men do great good, or else great harm.

Exit Con.

Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their chancellor and register.

Fra. You have dealt discreetly, to obtain the presence
Of all the grave leiger ambassadors,
To hear Vittoria's trial.

Mont. 'Twas not ill ;
For, sir, you know we have naught but circumstances
To charge her with, about her husband's death ;
Their approbation, therefore, to the proofs
Of her black lust, shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring kingdoms. I wonder
If Brachiano will be here ?

Fra. O fy! 'twere impudence too palpable.

Enter Flamineso and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

Law. What, are you in by the week? so, I will try
now whether thy wit be close prisoner: methinks none
should sit upon thy sister, but old whore-masters.

Fla. Or cuckolds; for your cuckold is the most
terrible tickler of lechery. Whore-masters would serve,
for none are judges at tilting, but those that have been
old tilters.

Law. My lord duke and she have been very private.

Fla. You are a dull ass: 'tis threaten'd they have
been very publick.

Law. If it can be proved they have but kiss'd one
another.

Fla. What then?

Law. My lord cardinal will ferret them.

Fla. A cardinal, I hope, will not catch coney.

Law. For to sow kisses, (mark what I say) to sow
kisses is to reap lechery; and, I am sure, a woman that
will endure kissing is half won.

Fla. True, her upper part; by that rule, if you will
win her nether part too, you know what follows.

Law. Hearn, the ambassadors are lighted.

Fla. I do put on this feigned garb of mirth,
To gall suspicion.

Mar.

Mar. O my unfortunate sifter !
I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart
When she first saw Erachiano : you, 'tis said,
Were made his engine, and his stalking horse,
To undo my sifter.

Fla. I am a kind of path
To her, and mine own preferment.

Mar. Your ruin.

Fla. Hum ! thou art a soldier,
Followest the great duke, feedest his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Even with thy prodigal blood : what hast got ?
But, like the wealth of captains, a poor handful,
Which in thy palm thou bear'st, as men hold water ;
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals thro' thy fingers.

Mar. Sir !

Fla. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keep thee in fresh shamois.

Mar. Brother !

Fla. Hear me :

And thus, when we have pour'd ourselves
Into great fights, for their ambition,
Or idle spleen, how shall we find rewards ?
But as we seldom find the misletoe
Sacred to phyfick, or the builder oak
Without a mandrake by it ; so in our quest of gain,
Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes.
This is lamented doctrine.

Mar. Come, come.

Fla. When age shall turn thee
White as a blooming hawthorn —

Mar. I'll interrupt you.

For love of virtue bear an honest heart,
And stride o'er every politick respect,
Which, where they most advance, they most infect,
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you
A better patrimeny,

Fla. I'll think on't.

Enter Savoy.

The lord ambassadors.

[*Here there is a passage of the lieger ambassadors over the stage severally.*

Enter French ambassadors.

Law. O my sprightly Frenchman! Do you know him? he's an admirable tilter.

Fla. I saw him at last tilting; he shew'd like a pewter candlestick, fashion'd like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand, little bigger than a candle of twelve i'th' pound.

Law. O, but he is an excellent horseman.

Fla. A lame one in his lofty tricks; he sleeps a horse-back like a poulterer.

Enter English and Spanish.

Law. Lo' you my Spaniard.

Fla. He carries his face in's ruff, as I have seen a serving-man carry glasses in a cypress hat-band, monstrous steddly, for fear of breaking: he looks like the claw of a black-bird, first salted, and then broil'd in a candle.

[*Exeunt.*

The arraignment of Vittoria.

Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the six lieger ambassadors, Brachiano, Vittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.

Mont. Forbear, my lord, here is no place assign'd you: This business, by his holiness, is left To our examination.

Bra. May it thrive with you. [Lays a rich gown

Fra. A chair there for his lordship. *under him.*

Bra. Forbear your kindness; an unbidden guest Should travel as Dutch women go to church, Bear their fool with them.

Mon. At your pleasure, sir. Stand to the table, gentlewoman. Now, signior, Fall to your plea.

Law. *Domine judex converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.*

Vit. What's he?

Fra. A lawyer, that pleads against you.

Vit.

Vit. Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue,
I'll make no answer else.

Fra. Why, you understand Latin.

Vit. I do, sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in't.

Mon. Go on, sir.

Vit. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue : all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.

Fra. Signior,
You need not stand on't much ; pray, change your
language.

Mon. Oh, for God's sake ! gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.

Law. Well then have at you.

Vit. I am the mark, sir, I'll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.

Law. Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgments to the view
Of this debauch'd and diversivolt woman ;
Who such a concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of't, must be the consummation
Of her, and her projections.

Vit. What's all this ?

Law. Hold your peace !
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

Vit. Surely, my lords, this lawyer hath swallowed
Some apothecaries bills, or proclamations ;
And now the hard and undigestable words
Come up like stones we use give hawks for physick,
Why, this is Welch to Latin.

Law. My lords, the woman
Knows not her tropes, nor is perfect
In the academick derivation
Of grammatical elocution.

Fra. Sir, your pains
Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence

Be worthily applauded among those
Which understand you.

Law. My good lord.

Fra. Sir,

Put up your papers in your fustian bag, [*Francisco speaks*
Cry mercy, sir, 'tis buckeram, and accept *this as in scorn.*
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

Law. I most graduatically thank your lordship;
I shall have use for them elsewhere.

Mon. I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white,
Than that upon your cheek.

Vit. O you mistake,
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother's.

Mon. I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that.
Observe this creature here, my honoured lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit.

Vit. My honourable lord,
It doth not suit a reverend cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus.

Mon. Oh your trade instructs your language!
You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems,
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
She'll fall to foot and ashes.

Vit. Your invenom'd apothecary should do't.

Mon. I am resolv'd,
Were there a second paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it.

Vit. O poor charity!
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

Mon. Who knows not how, when several night by
night

Her gates were choakt with coaches, and her rooms
Outbrav'd the stars with several kinds of lights;
When she did counterfeit a prince's court
In musick, banquets, and most riotous surfeits;
This whore forsooth was holy.

Vit. Ha? whore? what's that?

Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall!
I'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweet meats which rot the eater: In man's nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are coz'ning alchymy;
Shipwracks in calmest weather. What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell.
Worse than those tributes i'th' Low-countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;
Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law,
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And empty'd by curst riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies, which are begg'd at th' gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore?
She's like the gilt counterfeited coin,
Which, whosoe'er first stamps it, brings in trouble
All that receive it.

Vit. This character 'scapes me.

Mon. You, gentlewoman?

Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison——

Vit. Well, what then?

Mon. I'll tell thee;

I'll find in thee an apothecary's shop,
To sample them all.

Fr. Emb. She hath lived ill.

En. Emb. True, but the cardinal's too bitter.

Mon. You know what whore is. Next the devil
adul'try,

Enters the devil murder.

Fra. Your unhappy husband
Is dead.

Vit.

Vit. O he's a happy husband ;
Now he owes nature nothing.

Fra. And by a vaulting engine.

Mon. An active plot,
He jump't into his grave.

Fra. What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yards high, a slender man
Should break his neck ?

Mon. I'th' rushes !

Fra. And what's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.

Mon. And look upon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widow : she comes arm'd
With scorn and impudence : is this a mourning-habit ?

Vit. Had I foreknown his death as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.

Mon. O you are cunning !

Vit. You shame your wit and judgment,
To call it so ; what, is my just defence
By him that is my judge, call'd impudence ?
Let me appeal then from this Christian court
To the uncivil Tartar.

Mon. See, my lords,
She scandals our proceedings.

Vit. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leiger embassadors, my modesty
And woman-hood I tender ; but withall,
So intangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like Perseus,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the point ;
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We'll part good friends : I scorn to hold my life
At yours, or any man's intreaty, sir,

E. Emb. She hath a brave spirit.

Mon. Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected.

Vit.

Vit. You are deceived ;
 For know, that all your strict combined heads,
 Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
 Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break ;
 These are but feigned shadows of my evils.
 Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils,
 I am past such needless palsy. For your names
 Of whore and murders, they proceed from you,
 As if a man should spit against the wind ;
 The filth returns in's face.

Mon. Pray you mistress, satisfy me one question :
 Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
 Your husband brake his neck ?

Bra. That question
 Inforceth me break silence ; I was there.

Mont. Your business ?

Bra. Why, I came to comfort her,
 And take some course for settling her estate,
 Because I heard her husband was in debt
 To you, my lord.

Mont. He was.

Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd,
 That you would cozen her.

Mont. Who made you overseer ?

Bra. Why, my charity, my charity, which should
 flow

From every generous and noble spirit,
 To orphans and to widows.

Mont. Your lust.

Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest ! firrah, priest,
 I'll talk with you hereafter. — Do you hear ?
 The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
 I'll sheath in your own bowels.
 There are a number of thy coat resemble
 Your common post-boys.

Mont. Ha ?

Bra. Your mercenary post-boys ;
 Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
 To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.

Ser. My lord, your gown.

Bra.

Bra. Thou liest, 'twas my stool.
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o'th' household-stuff, for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggerly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or demy foot-cloth
For his most reverend moile. Monticelfo,

Nemo me impune laceffit.

[*Exit Brachiano.*]

Mon. Your champion's gone.

Vit. The wolf may prey the better.

Fra. My lord, there's great suspicion of the murder;
But no sound proof who did it. For my part
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody: if she have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unfavory fruit,
And e'er next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass, only descend
To matter of incontinence.

Vit. I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.

Mon. Now the duke's gone I will produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you shall meet,
At an apothecary's summer-house,
Down by the river Tyber. View't, my lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet. — I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest.

Vit. Grant I was tempted;
Temptation to lust proves not the act:

Casta est quam nemo rogavit.

You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer.

Mon. Frost i'th' dog-days! strange!

Vit. Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river
For that some melancholick distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in't.

Mon. Truly drown'd, indeed.

Vit.

Vit. Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble.

Mon. Very good.

Vit. But take you your course, it seems you have beg-
ger'd me first,
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusado's ;
Would those would make you charitable.

Mon. If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.

Vit. You have one virtue left,
You will not flatter me.

Fra. Who brought this letter ?

Vit. I am not compell'd to tell you.

Mon. My lord duke sent to you a thousand ducats,
The twelfth of August.

Vit. 'Twas to keep your cousin
From prison, I paid use for't.

Mon. I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.

Vit. Who says so but yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge; come from the bench,
Give in your evidence against me, and let these
Be moderators. My lord cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving
As to my thoughts; had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.

Mon. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet,
I'll give you a choak-pear.

Vit. Of your own grafting ?

Mon. You were born in Venice, honourably descended
From the Vittelli; 'twas my cousin's fate,
Ill may I name the hour, to marry you;
He bought you of your father.

Vit. Ha ?

Mon.

Mon. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my knowledge)
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one julio.
'Twas a hard penny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain, now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.

Vit. My lord!

Mon. Nay hear me,
You shall have time to prate. My lord Brachiano——
Alas! I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary, and Ryalto talk,
And ballated, and would be plaid o'th' stage.
But that vice many times finds such loud friends,
That preachers are charm'd silent.
You gentlemen, Flamineo and Marcello,
'The court hath nothing now to charge you with,
Only you must remain upon your sureties
For your appearance.

Fra. I stand for Marcello.

Fla. And my lord duke for me.

Mon. For you, Vittoria, your publick fault,
Joyn'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an ominous fate, than blazing stars
To Princes. Hear your sentence; you are confin'd
Unto a house of converts, and your baud——

Fla. Who, I?

Mon. The Moor.

Fla. O, I am a sound man again.

Vit. A house of converts! what's that?

Mon. A house of penitent whores.

Vit. Do the noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?

Fra. You must have patience.

Vit. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.

Mon. Away with her,
Take her hence.

Vit. A rape! a rape!

Mon. How?

Vit. Yes, you have ravish'd justice;
Forc'd her to do your pleasure.

Mon. Fie, she's mad!

Vit. Die with those pills in your most cursed maw,
Should bring you health! or while you sit o'th' bench,
Let your own spittle choak you!

Mon. She's turn'd fury.

Vit. That the last day of judgment may so find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before!
Instruct me some good horse-leach to speak treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O woman's poor revenge!
Which dwells but in the tongue. I will not weep.
No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice: bear me hence
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title?

Mon. Of converts.

Vit. It shall not be a house of converts;
My mind shall make it honefter to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than my soul. Though thou art a cardinal,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.

[*Exit Vittoria.*

Enter Brachiano.

Bra. Now you and I are friends, sir, we'll shake
hands

In a friend's grave together; a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace, t'attone our hatred.

Fra. Sir, what's the matter?

Bra. I will not chase more blood from that lov'd
cheek;

You have lost too much already; fare you well.

Fra.

Fra. How strange these words sound ! what's the interpretation ?

Fla. Good ; this is a preface to the discovery of the dutchefs's death : he carries it well ; because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my lady, I will feign a mad humour for the disgrace of my sister ; and that will keep off idle questions. Treason's tongue hath a villanous palsy in't ; I will talk to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear a politick mad-man.

Enter Giovanni and count Lodovico.

Fra. How now, my noble cousin, what in black ?

Gio. Yes uncle, I was taught to imitate you
In virtue, and you must imitate me
In colours of your garments. My sweet mother
Is——

Fra. How ? where ?

Gio. Is there ; no, yonder : indeed, sir, I'll not tell
you,

For I shall make you weep.

Fra. Is dead ?

Gio. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so.

Lod. She's dead, my lord.

Fra. Dead ?

Mon. Blessed lady !

Thou art now above thy woes.

Wilt please your lordships to withdraw a little ?

Gio. What do the dead do, uncle ? do they eat,
Hear musick, go a hunting, and be merry, as we that
live ?

Fra. No cuz ; they sleep.

Gio. Lord, lord, that I were dead,
I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake ?

Fran. When God shall please.

Gio. Good God, let her sleep ever !
For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow where she laid her head
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you,
sir.

I'll tell you how they have used her now she's dead;
They wrapp'd her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her.

Fran. Thou did'st love her.

Gio. I have often heard her say she gave me suck;
And it should seem by that she dearly lov'd me,
Since princes seldom do it.

Fran. O, all of my poor sister that remains!
Take him away for God's sake!

Mon. How now, my lord?

Fran. Believe me, I am nothing but her grave;
And I shall keep her blessed memory
Longer than thousand epitaphs.

Enter Flamineo as distracted.

Flam. We endure the strokes like anvils or hard steel;
Till pain itself make us no pain to feel.
Who shall do me right now? is this the end of service?
I'd rather go weed garlick; travel thro' France, and be
mine own ostler; wear sheep-skin linings, or shoes that
stink of blacking, be enter'd into the list of the forty
thousand pedlars of Poland.

Enter Savoy.

Would I had rotted in some surgeon's house in Venice,
built upon the pox as well as on piles, e'er I had serv'd
Brachiano.

Sav. You must have comfort.

Flam. Your comfortable words are like honey. They
relish in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's
wounded, they go down as if the sting of the bee were
in them. Oh, they have wrought their purpose cunningly,
as if they would not seem to do it of malice.
In this a politician imitates the devil, as the devil imi-
tates a cannon. Wheresoe'er he comes to do mischief, he
comes with his backside towards you.

Enter the French.

Fren. The proofs are evident.

Flam. Proof! 'twas corruption. O gold! what a
god art thou! and O man, what a devil art thou to be
tempted by that cursed mineral! You diversivoltent law-
yer, mark him; knaves turn informers, as maggots turn

to

to flies, you may catch gudgeons with either. A cardinal! I would he would hear me, there's nothing so holy but money will corrupt and putrify it, like victuals under the line. You are happy in England, my lord; here they sell justice with those weights they press men to death with. O horrible fallary!

Eng. Fy, fy, Flamineo.

Flam. Bells ne'er ring well, till they are at their full pitch;

And I hope yon cardinal shall never have the grace to pray well, till he come to the scaffold.

If they were rack'd now to know the confederacy? but your noblemen are privileg'd from the rack; and well may, for a little thing would pull some of them o'pieces afore they came to their arraignment. Religion, oh how it is commedl'd with policy. The first blood shed in the world happen'd about religion. Would I were a Jew.

Mar. O, there are too many.

Flam. You are deceiv'd; there are not Jews enough; priests enough, nor gentlemen enough.

Mar. How?

Flam. I'll prove it; for if there be Jews enough, so many Christians would not turn usurers; if priests enough, one should not have six benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so many early mushrooms, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentility. Farewell, let others live by begging, be thou one of them; practise the art of Wolnor in England, to swallow all's given thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungry again, as fellows that work in a saw-pit. I'll go hear the scritch-owl. [Exit.

Lod. This was Brachiano's pander; and 'tis strange That in such open, and apparent guilt Of his adulterous sister, he dare utter So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

Enter Flamineo.

Flam. How dares this banish'd count return to Rome, His pardon not yet purchas'd? I have heard The deceased dutchess gave him pension,

And

And that he came along from Padua
 I'th' train of the young prince. There's somewhat in't.
 Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work
 With counter-poisons.

Mar. Mark this strange encounter.

Flam. The god of melancholy turn thy gall to poison,
 And let the stigmatick wrinkles in thy face,
 Like to the boist'rous waves in a rough tide,
 One still overtake another.

Lod. I do thank thee,
 And I do wish ingenuously for thy sake,
 The dog-days all year long.

Flam. How croaks the raven?
 Is our good dutches dead?

Lod. Dead.

Flam. O fate!

Misfortune comes like the coroner's business,
 Huddle upon huddle.

Lod. Shalt thou and I join house-keeping?

Flam. Yes, content.

Let's be unfociably sociable.

Lod. Sit some three days together, and discourse.

Flam. Only with making faces;

Lie in our cloaths.

Lod. With faggots for our pillows.

Flam. And be lousy.

Lod. In taffeta linings, that's genteel melancholy.

Sleep all day.

Flam. Yes; and like your melancholy hare

Feed after midnight.

We are observ'd: see how yon couple grieve.

Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing fool!

As if man were created to no use

But only to shew his teeth.

Flam. I'll tell thee what,

It would do well instead of looking-glasses,

To set one's face each morning by a saucer

Of a witch's congeal'd blood.

Lod. Precious rogue!

We'll never part.

Vol. III.

Q

Flam.

Flam. Never, till the beggery of courtiers,
The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacl'd,
Worse than strappado'd, on the lowest felly
Of fortune's wheel, be taught, in our two lives,
To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

Enter Antonelli.

Ant. My lord, I bring good news. The pope, on's
death-bed,

At the earnest suit of the great duke of Florence,
Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto you——

Lod. I thank you for your news. Look up again,
Flamineo, see my pardon.

Flam. Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our covenant.

Lod. Why?

Flam. You shall not seem a happier man than I,
You know our vow, sir, if you will be merry,
Do it i'th' like posture, as if some great man
Sate while his enemy were executed:
Tho' it be very lechery unto thee,
Do't with a crabbed politician's face.

Lod. Your sifter is a damnable whore.

Flam. Ha?

Lod. Look you, I spake that laughing.

Flam. Dost ever think to speak again?

Lod. Do you hear?

Will't sell me forty ounces of her blood,
To water a mandrake?

Flam. Poor lord, you did vow
To live a lousy creature.

Lod. Yes.

Flam. Like one
That had for ever forfeited the day light,
By being in debt.

Lod. Ha, ha!

Flam. I do not greatly wonder you do break,
Your lordship learn'd it long since. But I'll tell you.

Lod. What?

Flam. And't shall stick by you.

Lod. I long for it.

Flam. This laughter scurvily becomes your face:

If you will not be melancholy, be angry. [*Strikes him.*

See now I laugh too.

Mar. You are to blame, I'll force you hence.

Lod. Unhand me. [*Exit Mar. & Fla.*

That e'er I should be forc'd to right myself,

Upon a pander!

Ant. My lord.

Lod. He had as good met with his fist a thunder-bolt.

Gaf. How this shews!

Lod. Uds'death, how did my sword miss him?

These rogues that are most weary of their lives,

Still 'scape the greatest dangers.

A pox upon him: all his reputation,

Nay, all the goodness of his family,

Is not worth half this earthquake;

I learn'd it of no fencer to shake thus;

Come, I'll forget him, and go drink some wine.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco and Monticelso.

Mon. Come, come, my lord, untie your folded thoughts,

And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair.

Your sister's poison'd.

Fran. Far be it from my thoughts

To seek revenge.

Mon. What, are you turn'd all marble?

Fran. Shall I defy him, and impose a war

Most burthensome on my poor subjects necks,

Which at my will I have not power to end?

You know, for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,

Committed in the horrid lust of war,

He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,

Shall find it in his grave, and in his seed.

Mon. That's not the course I'd wish you; pray observe.

We see that undermining more prevails

Than doth the cannon. Bear your wrongs conceal'd,

And, patient as the tortoise, let this camel

Stalk o'er your back unbruis'd : sleep with the lion,
 And let this brood of secure foolish mice
 Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
 For th' bloody audit, and the fatal gripe :
 Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
 That you the better may your game espy.

Fran. Free me, my innocence, from treacherous acts !
 I know there's thunder yonder : and I'll stand,
 Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee
 To some aspiring mountain : since I know
 Treason, like spiders, weaving nets for flies,
 By her foul work is found, and in it dies.
 To pass away these thoughts, my honour'd lord,
 It is reported you possess a book,
 Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence,
 The names of all notorious offenders
 Lurking about the city.

Mon. Sir, I do,
 And some there are which call it my black-book :
 Well may the title hold ; for tho' it teach not
 'The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk
 The names of many devils.

Fran. Pray let's see it.

Mon. I'll fetch it to your lordship. [Exit Mont.]

Fran. Monticelso,
 I will not trust thee, but in all my plots,
 I'll rest as jealous as a town besieg'd.
 Thou canst not reach what I intend to act,
 Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again ;
 But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain.

Enter Monticelso, presents Fran. with a book.

Mon. 'Tis here, my lord.

Fran. First, your intelligencers, pray let's see ;
 Their number rises strangely.

Mon. And some of them
 You'd take for honest men. The next are panders ;
 These are your pirates ; and these following leaves,
 For base rogues, that undo young gentlemen,
 By taking up commodities ; for politick bankrupts ;
 For fellows that are bawd to their own wives ;

Only to put off horses, and slight jewels,
Clocks, defac'd plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children.

Fran. Are there such?

Mon. These are for impudent bawds,
That go in men's apparel; for usurers
That share with scriveners for their good reportage;
For lawyers that will antedate their deeds;
And some divines you might find folded there,
But that I slip them o'er for conscience sake,
Here is a general catalogue of knaves,
A man might study all the prisons o'er,
Yet never attain this knowledge.

Fran. Murderers?

Fold down the leaf, I pray;
Good, my lord, let me borrow this strange doctrine.

Mon. Pray use't, my lord.

Fran. I do assure your lordship,
You are a worthy member of the state,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders.

Mon. Somewhat, sir.

Fran. O god!

Better than tribute of wolves paid in England;
'Twill hang their skins o'the hedge.

Mon. I must make bold

To leave your lordship.

Fran. Dear sir, I thank you,
If any ask for me at court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves. [*Exit Mon.*]
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my lord's officer, one that lately skipp'd
From a clerk's desk up to a justice's chair,
Hath made this knavish summons, and intends
As the Irish rebels were wont to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens:
Your poor rogues pay for't, which have not means
To present bribes in fist; the rest o'the band
Are raz'd out of the knaves record; or else,
My lord he winks at them with easy will,

His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still.
 But to the use I'll make of it, it shall serve
 To point me out a list of murderers,
 Agents for any villainy. Did I want
 Ten lease of courtezans, it would furnish me;
 Nay laundress three armies. That in so little paper
 Should lie the undoing of so many men!
 'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
 See the corrupted use some make of books:
 Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
 Draws swords, swells battels, and o'erthrows all good:
 To fashion my revenge more seriously,
 Let me remember my dead sister's face:
 Call for her picture? no, I'll close mine eyes,
 And in a melancholy thought I'll frame

Enter Isabella's ghost.

Her figure 'fore me. Now I have it—how strong
 Imagination works! how she can frame
 Things which are not! methinks she stands afore me,
 And by the quick idea of my mind,
 Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
 Thought, as a subtle juggler, makes us deem
 Things supernatural, which yet have cause,
 Common as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy.
 How cam'st thou by thy death?—how idle am I
 To question my own idleness!—did ever
 Man dream awake till now?—remove this object;
 Out of my brain with't: what have I to do
 With tombs, or death-beds, funerals, or tears,
 That have to meditate upon revenge?
 So, now 'tis ended, like an old wive's story:
 Statesmen think often they see stranger sights
 Than mad-men. Come, to this weighty business,
 My tragedy must have some idle mirth in't.
 Else it will never pass. I am in love,
 In love with Coromona; and my suit
 Thus halts to her in verse.—
 I have done it rarely: O the fate of princes!
 I am so used to frequent flattery,
 That being alone, I now flatter myself;

[He writes.]

But

But it will serve.—'Tis seal'd ; bear this

Enter servant.

To the house of converts, and watch your leisure
To give it to the hands of Corombona,
Or to the matron, when some followers
Of Brachiano may be by. Away. [*Exit servant.*]

He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow :
When a man's head goes thro', each limb will follow.

The engine for my business, bold count Lodowick ;

'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,

With empty fist no men do falcons lure.

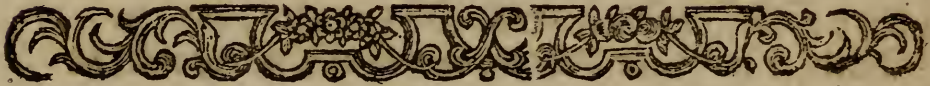
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter :

Like the wild Irish, I'll ne'er think thee dead

Till I can play at football with thy head.

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

[*Exit Mon.*]



A C T. IV.

Enter the matron, and Flamineo.

Mat. **S**HOULD it be known the duke hath such
recourse

To your imprison'd sifter, I were like

To incur much damage by it.

Flam. Not a scruple.

The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads

Are troubled now with other business

Than guarding of a lady.

Enter servant.

Serv. Yonder's Flamineo in conference

With the matron.—Let me speak with you ;

I would entreat you to deliver for me

This letter to the fair Vittoria.

Mat. I shall, sir.

Serv. With all care and secrecy ;

Hereafter you shall know me, and receive

Q 4.

Thanks

Thanks for this courtesy.

Flam. How now? what's that?

Mat. A letter.

Flam. To my sifter? I'll see it deliver'd.

Bra. What's that you read, Flamineo?

Flam. Look.

Bra. Ha! To the most unfortunate, his best respected Vittoria.

Who was the messenger?

Flam. I know not.

Bra. No! who sent it?

Flam. Uds'foot, you speak, as if a man should know what fowl is coffin'd in a bak'd meat: Before you cut it up.

Bra. I'll open't; were't her heart. What's here subscribed! Florence!

This juggling is gross and palpable.

I have found out the conveyance; read it, read it.

Flam. *Your tears I'll turn to triumph, be but mine:*

Your prop is fal'n; I pity, that a wine,

Which princes heretofore have long'd to gather,

Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.

Wine, i'faith my lord, with lees would serve his turn;

Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,

And with a princely uncontrolled arm

Lead you to Florence, where my love and care

Shall hang your wiskes in my silver hair.

A halter on his strange equivocation!

Nor for my years return me the sad willow,

Who prefer blossoms before fruit that's mellow.

Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long i'th' bed-
straw.

And all the lines of age this line convinces:

The gods never wax old, no more do princes.

A pox on't, tear it, let's have no atheists, for God's sake.

Bra. Uds'death, I'll cut her into atoms!

And let the irregular north-wind sweep her up,

And blow her into his nostrils: where's this whore?

Flam. What? what do you call her?

Bra.

Bra. Oh, I could be mad ;
Prevent the curs'd disease she'll bring me to,
And tear my hair off.—Where's this changeable stuff?

Flam. O'er head and ears in water, I assure you,
She is not for your wearing.

Bra. No, you pander !

Flam. What of me, my lord ? am I your dog ?

Bra. A blood-hound : do you brave ? do you stand
me ?

Flam. Stand you ? let those that have diseases run ;
I need no plaister.

Bra. Would you be kick'd ?

Flam. Would you have your neck broke ?
I tell you duke, I am not in Russia ;
My shins must be kept whole.

Bra. Do you know me ?

Flam. O my lord ! methodically.
As in this world there are degrees of evils :
So in this world there are degrees of devils.
You're a great duke, I your poor secretary.
I do look now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily ?

Bra. Pander, ply your convoy, and leave your pra-
ting.

Flam. All your kindness to me is like that miserable
courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses, you reserve me to
be devour'd last ; you would dig turfs out of my grave
to feed your larks : that would be musick to you. Come,
I'll lead you to her.

Bra. Do you face me ?

Flam. O, sir, I would not go before a politick enemy
with my back towards him, tho' there were behind me a
whirlpool.

Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.

Bra. Can you read, mistress ? look upon that letter :
There are no characters, nor hieroglyphicks.
You need no comment, I am grown your receiver,
God's precious ! you shall be a brave great lady,
A stately and advanc'd whore.

Vit. Say, sir ?

Bra. Come, come, let's see your cabinet, discover
Your treasury of love-letters. Death and furies!
I'll see them all.

Vit. Sir, upon my soul
I have not any. Whence was this directed?

Bra. Confusion on your politick ignorance!
You are reclaim'd, are you? I'll give you the bells;
And let you fly to the devil.

Flam. Ware hawk, my lord!

Vit. Florence! this is some treacherous plot, my lord;
To me, he ne'er was lovely I protest,
So much as in my sleep.

Bra. Right! they are plots.
Your beauty! O ten thousand curses on't!
How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musick, and with fatal yokes of flowers,
To my eternal ruin. Woman, to man
Is either a god, or a wolf.

Vit. My lord.

Bra. Away.
We'll be as differing as two adamants,
The one shall shun the other. What! dost weep?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
We'll furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling, past wild Irish.

Flam. Fie, my lord!

Bra. That hand! that cursed hand, which I have
wearied
With doating kisses! O my sweetest duchess!
How lovely art thou now! thy loose thoughts
Scatter like quicksilver; I was bewitch'd;
For all the world speaks ill of thee.

Vit. No matter,
I'll live so now, I'll make that world recant,
And change her speeches. You did name your du-
chess.

Bra. Whose death God pardon!

Vit. Whose death God revenge
On thee, most godless duke!

Flam. Now for the whirlwinds.

Vit. What have I gain'd by thee, but infamy?
Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house,
And frighted thence noble society:
Like those, which sick o'the palsy, and retain
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunn'd
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the judge stile it
A house of penitent whores? who sent me to it?
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria
To this incontinent college? is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? go, go brag
How many ladies you have undone like me.
Fare you well, sir; let me hear no more of you.
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off: and now I'll go
Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full executor
To all my sins. O that I could toss myself
Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one tear more——I'll burst first.

[She throws herself upon a bed.]

Bra. I have drunk Lethe:

Vittoria! my dearest happiness! Vittoria!
What do you ail, my love? why do you weep?

Vit. Yes, I now weep ponyards, do you see?

Bra. Are not those matchless eyes mine?

Vit. I had rather

They were not matchless.

Bra. Is not this lip mine?

Vit. Yes; thus to bite it off, rather than give it thee?

Flam. Turn to my lord, good sister.

Vit. Hence, you pander!

Flam. Pander! am I the author of your sin?

Vit. Yes: he's a base thief that a thief lets in!

Flam. We're blown up, my lord.

Bra. Wilt thou hear me?

Once to be jealous of thee, is t'express

That I will love thee everlastingly,
And never more be jealous.

Vit. O thou fool,
Whose greatness hath by much o'ergrown thy wit !
What dar'st thou do, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy whore ? for that,
In the sea's bottom sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire.

Flam. O, no oaths for God's sake.

Bra. Will you hear me ?

Vit. Never.

Flam. What a damn'd imposthume is a woman's will !
Can nothing break it ? fie, fie, my lord,
Women are caught as you take tortoisés,
She must be turn'd on her back. Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you have wrong'd
her.

What a strange credulous man were you, my lord,
To think the duke of Florence would love her ?
Will any mercer take another's ware
When once 'tis tow'sd and sullied ? and yet, sister,
How scurvily this frowardness becomes you !
Young leverets stand not long, and women's anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport :
A full cry for a quarter of an hour,
And then be put to the dead squat.

Bra. Shall these eyes,
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out ?

Flam. No cruel landlady i'the world,
Which lends forth groats to broom-men, and takes use
for them,
Would do't.

Hand her, my lord, and kiss her : be not like
A ferret, to let go your hold with blowing.

Bra. Let us renew right hands.

Vit. Hence !

Bra. Never shall rage, or the forgetful wine,
Make me commit the like fault.

Flam. Now you are i'th' way on't, follow it hard.

Bra.

Bra. Be thou at peace with me ; let all the world
Threaten, I care not.

Fla. Mark his penitence ;
Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
When they 're given o'er to jealousy : as best wine
Dying, makes strongest vinegar. I'll tell you ;
The sea's more rough and raging than calm rivers,
But not so sweet, nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is like a still water under London bridge,
A man may shoot her safely.

Vit. O ye dissembling men !

Flam. We suck'd that, sister, from womens breasts, in
our first infancy.

Vit. To add misery to misery !

Bra. Sweetest.

Vit. Am I not low enough ?

Ay, ay, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
Now your affection's cold.

Fla. Ud'sfoot, it shall melt
To a heart again, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th' lees for't.

Vit. Your dog or hawk should be rewarded better
Than I have been : I'll speak not one word more.

Fla. Stop her mouth
With a sweet kiss, my lord.
So, now the tide's turn'd, the vessel's come about.
He's a sweet armful. O we curl'd-hair'd men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.

Bra. That you should chide thus !

Fla. O, sir, your little chimnies
Do ever cast most smoke. I sweat for you.
Couple together with as deep a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse.
My lord, supply your promises with deeds :
You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.

Bra. Stay, ungrateful Rome.

Fla. Rome ! it deserves to be call'd Barbary, for our
villanous usage.

Bra. Soft ; the same project which the duke of
Florence,

(Whether

(Whether in love or gullery I know not)

Laid down for her escape, will I pursue.

Fla. And no time fitter than this night, my lord ;
The pope being dead ; and all the cardinals enter'd
The conclave, for th'electing a new pope ;
The city in a great confusion ;
We may attire her in a page's suit,
Lay her post-horses, take shipping, and amain
For Padua.

Bra. I'll instantly steal forth the prince Giovanni,
And make for Padua. You two with your old mother,
And young Marcello that attends on Florence,
If you can work him to it, follow me ;
I will advance you all : for you Vittoria,
Think of a dutchess's title.

Fla. Lo' you, sister.

Stay, my lord ; I'll tell you a tale. The crocodile,
which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm breeds i'th'
teeth of't, which puts it to extream anguish: a little bird,
no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon to this croco-
dile ; flies into the jaws of't, picks out the worm, and
brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease, but un-
grateful to her that did it, that the bird may not talk
largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps
intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual
silence. But nature loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd
this bird with a quill or prick on the head top, which
wounds the crocodile i'th' mouth, forceth her to open her
bloody prison, and away flies the pretty tooth-picker
from her cruel patient.

Bra. Your application is ; I have not rewarded
The service you have done me.

Fla. No, my lord ;

You sister are the crocodile : you are blemish'd in your
fame, my lord cures it. And though the comparison
hold not in every particle ; yet observe, remember, what
good the bird with the prick i'th' head hath done you ;
and scorn ingratitude.

It may appear to some, ridiculous

Thus to talk knave and madman ; and sometimes

Come

Come in with a dry'd sentence, stuff with sage.
But this allows my varying of shapes,

Knaves do grow great by being great men's apes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, Gasparo, and six Embassadors.

Fra. So, my lord, I commend your diligence.
Guard well the conclave, and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the cardinals.

Lod. I shall, my lord: room for the embassadors.

Gas. They're wondrous brave to day: why do they wear
These several habits?

Lod. O sir, they're knights
Of several orders.

That lord i'th' black cloak, with the silver cross,
Is knight of Rhodes; the next, knight of S. Michael;
That, of the golden fleece; the French-man there,
Knight of the Holy Ghost; my lord of Savoy
Knight of th' annuntiation; the Englishman
Is knight of th' honoured garter, dedicated
Unto their saint, S. George. I could describe to you
Their several institutions, with the laws
Annexed to their orders; but that time
Permits not such discovery.

Fra. Count Lodowick.

Lod. My lord.

Fra. 'Tis o'th' point of dinner time;
Marshal, the cardinal's service.

Lod. Sir, I shall.

Enter servants with several dishes covered.

Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

Ser. For my lord cardinal Monticelfo.

Lod. Whose this?

Serv. For my lord cardinal of Bourbon.

Fra. Why doth he search the dishes? to observe
What meat is drest?

Eng. No, sir, but to prevent
Left any letters should be conveyed in,
To bribe or sollicit the advancement
Of any cardinal. When first they enter
'Tis lawful for the embassadors of princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit

For

For any man their prince affectèth best ;
 But after, till a general election,
 No man may speak with them.

Lod. You that attend on the lord cardinals,
 Open the window, and receive their viands.

A. Car. You must return the service ; the lord cardinals
 Are busied about electing of the pope,
 They have given o'er scrutiny, and are fallen
 To admiration.

Lod. Away, away.

[*A cardinal on the terras.*]

Fra. I'll lay a thousand ducats you hear news
 Of a pope presently. Hark ; surely he's elected :
 Behold ! my lord of Arragon appears
 On the church battlements.

Arragon. *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum : Reverendissimus cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelfo electus est in sedem apostolicam, & elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.*

Omnes. *Vivat sanctus pater Paulus quartus.*

Ser. Vittoria, my lord——

Fra. Well : what of her ?

Ser. Is fled the city.

Fra. Ha ?

Ser. With the duke Brachiano.

Fra. Fled ? where's the prince Giovanni ?

Ser. Gone with his father.

Fra. Let the matron of the converts
 Be apprehended : fled ? o damnable !
 How fortunate are my wishes ! Why, 'twas this
 I only laboured. . I did send the letter
 T' instruct him what to do. Thy fame, fond duke,
 I first have poison'd ; directed thee the way
 To marry a whore ; what can be worse ? this follows.
 The hand must act to drown the passionate tongue,
 I scorn to wear a sword, and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticelfo in state.

Mon. *Concedimus vobis apostolicam benedictionem, & remissionem peccatorum*
 My lord reports Vittoria Corombona

Is stol'n from forth the house of converts
 By Brachiano, and they 're fled the city.
 Now, though this be the first day of our feat,
 We cannot better please the divine power,
 Than to sequester from the holy church
 These cursed persons. Make therefore known,
 We do denounce excommunication
 Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome,
 We likewise banish. Set on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Fra. Come, dear Lodovico.
 You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute
 Th' intended murder.

Lod. With all constancy.
 But, sir, I wonder you'll ingage yourself
 In person, being a great prince.

Fra. Divert me not.
 Most of his court are of my faction,
 And some are of my council. Noble friend,
 Our danger shall be like in this design.
 Give leave, part of the glory may be mine. [Exit *Fra.*]

Enter Monticelso.

Mon. Why did the duke of Florence with such care
 Labour your pardon? say.

Lod. Italian beggers will resolve you that,
 Who begging of an alms, bid those they beg of,

Enter Mon.

Do good for their own fakes; or't may be,
 He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand:
 Like kings, who many times give out of measure;
 Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.

Mon. I know you're cunning. Come, what devil is that
 That you are raising?

Lod. Devil, my lord?

Mon. I ask you.

How doth the duke imploy you, that his bonnet
 Fell with such complement upon his knee,
 When he departed from you?

Lod. Why, my lord,
 He told me of a resty Barbary horse
 Which he would fain have brought to the carreer,

The

The 'fault, and the ring galliard. Now, my lord,
I have a rare French rider.

Mon. Take you heed,
Lest the jade break your neck. Do you put me off
With your wild horse-tricks?—Sirrah, you lie.
O, thou 'rt a foul black cloud, and thou do'st threat
A violent storm.

Lod. Storms are i'th' air, my lord,
I am too low to storm.

Mon. Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like dogs, that once get blood, they'll ever kill,
About some murder? was't not?

Lod. I'll not tell you:
And yet I care not greatly if I do;
But with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I utter
Is in confession meerly; which you know
Must never be reveal'd.

Mon. You have o'erta'en me.

Lod. Sir, I did love Brachiano's duchess-dearly;
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she ne'er knew on't. She was poison'd;
Upon my soul she was: for which I have sworn
T'avenge her murder.

Mon. To the duke of Florence?

Lod. To him I have.

Mon. Miserable creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Do'st thou imagine, thou canst slide on blood
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or like the black and melancholick yew-tree,
Do'st think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
And yet to prosper? instruction to thee,
Comes like sweet showers to over-harden'd ground:
They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee,
With all the furies hanging 'bout thy neck,
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel devil.

Lod.

Lod. I'll give it o'er. He says 'tis damnable : [*Exit*
Besides, I did expect his suffrage, *Mont.*
By reason of Camillo's death.

Enter Servant and Francisco.

Fra. Do you know that count ?

Ser. Yes, my lord.

Fra. Bear him these thousand ducats to his lodging ;
 Tell him the pope hath sent them. Happily
 That will confirm more than all the rest.

Serv. Sir.

Lod. To me, sir ?

Serv. His holiness hath sent you a thousand crowns,
 And wills you, if you travel, to make him
 Your patron for intelligence.

Lod. His creature ever to be commanded.
 Why now 'tis come about. He rail'd upon me ;
 And yet these crowns were told out, and laid ready,
 Before he knew my voyage. O the art,
 The modest form of greatness ! that do fit,
 Like brides at wedding-dinners, with their looks turn'd
 From the least wanton jest, their puling stomachs
 Sick of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose,
 Even acting of those hot and lustful sports
 Are to ensue about midnight ! such his cunning !
 He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummet ;
 I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th' act of blood ;
 There's but three furies found in spacious hell ;
 But in a great man's breast three thousand dwell.



A C T. V.

*A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Mar-
 cello, Hortensio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche, and
 others.*

Flam. **I**N all the weary minutes of my life,
 Day ne'er broke up till now. This marriage
 Confirms me happy.

Hort. 'Tis a good assurance.

Saw you not yet the Moor that's come to court ? *Flam.*

Flam. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th' duke's closet ;
 I have not seen a goodlier personage ;
 Nor ever talk'd with man better experienc'd
 In state-affairs, or rudiments of war.
 He hath, by report, serv'd the Venetian
 In Candy these twice seven years, and been chief
 In many a bold design.

Hor. What are those two
 That bear him company ?

Fla. Two noblemen of Hungary, that, living in the
 emperor's service as commanders, eight years since, con-
 trary to the expectation of all the court, enter'd into
 religion, into the strict order of Capuchins : but, being
 not well settled in their undertaking, they left their or-
 der, and return'd to court ; for which, being after trou-
 bled in conscience, they vow'd their service against the
 enemies of Christ, went to Malta, were there knighted ;
 and in their return back, at this great solemnity, they
 are resolv'd for ever to forsake the world, and settle
 themselves here in a house of Capuchins in Padua.

Hor. 'Tis strange.

Fla. One thing makes it so. They have vow'd for
 ever to wear, next their bare bodies, those coats of mail
 they served in.

Hor. Hard penance !

Is the Moor a Christian ?

Fla. He is.

Hor. Why proffers he his service to our duke ?

Fla. Because he understands there's like to grow
 Some war between us and the duke of Florence,
 In which he hopes employment.

I never saw one in a stern bold look

Wear more command, nor in a lofty phrase

Express more knowing, or more deep contempt

Of our slight airy courtiers. He talks

As if he had travel'd all the princes courts

Of Christendom ; in all things strives t' express,

That all, that should dispute with him, may know,

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,

But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

The duke.

Enter

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar, Lodovico, Antonelli, Gasparo, bearing their swords and helmets.

Bra. You are nobly welcome. We have heard at full

Your honourable service 'gainst the Turk.
 To you, brave Mulinassar, we assign
 A competent pension; and are inly sorry,
 The vows of those two worthy gentlemen
 Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty.
 Your wish is, you may leave your warlike swords
 For monuments in our chappel. I accept it,
 As a great honour done me, and must crave
 Your leave to furnish out our dutchefs' revels.
 Only one thing, as the last vanity
 You e'er shall view, deny me not to stay
 To see a barriers prepar'd to-night:
 You shall have private standings. It hath pleas'd
 The great ambassadors of several princes,
 In their return from Rome to their own countries,
 To grace our marriage, and to honour me
 With such a kind of sport.

Fra. I shall persuade them
 To stay, my lord.
 Set on there to the presence.

[Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo, and Marcello.]

Lod. My noble lord, most fortunately welcome;

[The conspirators here embrace.]

You have our vows, seal'd with the sacrament,
 To second your attempts.

Gas. And all things ready.

He could not have invented his own ruin
 (Had he despair'd) with more dexterity.

Lod. You would not take my way.

Fra. 'Tis better order'd.

Lod. T' have poison'd his prayer-book, or a pair of
 beads,

The pummel of his saddle, his looking-glass,
 Or th' handle of his racket. O that, that!
 That while he had been bandying at tennis,

He

He might have sworn himself to hell, and strook
 His soul into the hazard! O, my lord,
 I would have our plot be ingenious,
 And have it hereafter recorded for example,
 Rather than borrow example.

Fra. There's no way
 More speeding than this thought on.

Lod. On then.

Fra. And yet methinks that this revenge is poor,
 Because it steals upon him like a thief:
 To have ta'en him by the cask in a pitch'd field,
 Led him to Florence!——

Lod. It had been rare.——And there
 Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlick,
 T' have shown the sharpness of his government,

Exeunt Lodovico, Antonelli.

And rankness of his lust.——But, peace;
 Flamineo comes.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, and Zanche.

Mar. Why doth this devil haunt you, say?

Fla. I know not:

For (by this light) I do not conjure for her.
 'Tis not so great a cunning as men think,
 To raise the devil: here's one up already;
 The greatest cunning were to lay him down.

Mar. She is your shame.

Fla. I pr'ythee pardon her.

In faith, you see women are like to burs,
 Where their affection throws them, there they'll stick.

Zan. That is my countryman, a goodly person;
 When he's at leisure I'll discourse with him
 In his own language. [Exit Zanche.]

Fla. I beseech you do:

How is't, brave soldier? O that I had seen
 Some of your iron days! I pray relate
 Some of your service to us.

Fra. 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his own
 chronicle. I never did wash my mouth with mine own
 praise, for fear of getting a stinking breath.

Mar.

Mar. You're too stoical. The duke will expect other discourse from you.

Fra. I shall never flatter him: I have studied man too much to do that. What difference is between the duke and I? no more than between two bricks, all made of one clay: only't may be one is placed on the top of a turret, the other in the bottom of a well, by mere chance. If I were placed as high as the duke, I should stick as fast, make as fair a shew, and bear out weather equally.

Fra. If this soldier had a patent to beg in churches, then he would tell them stories.

Mar. I have been a soldier too.

Fra. How have you thriv'd?

Mar. Faith poorly.

Fra. That's the misery of peace. Only outsidés are then respected. As ships seem very great upon the river, which shew very little upon the seas; so some men i'th' court seem Colossuses in a chamber, who, if they came into the field, would appear pitiful pigmies.

Fla. Give me a fair room yet hung with arras, and some great cardinal to lug me by th' ears, as his endear'd minion.

Fra. And thou may'st do the devil knows what villainy.

Fla. And safely.

Fra. Right: you shall see in the country, in harvest-time, pigeons, tho' they destroy never so much corn, the farmer dare not present the fowling-piece to them; why? because they belong to the lord of the manor; whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the lord of heaven, they go to pot for't.

Fla. I will now give you some politick instructions. The duke says he will give you a pension; that's but bare promise; get it under his hand. For I have known men, that have come from serving against the Turk, for three or four months they have had pension to buy them new wooden legs, and fresh plaisters; but after, 'twas not to be had. And this miserable courtesy shews, as if a tormentor should give hot cordial-drinks to one three quarters

quarters dead o' th' rack, only to fetch the miserable soul again to endure more dog-days.

Enter Hortensio, a Courtier, and Zanche.

How now, gallants? what, are they ready for the barriers?

Court. Yes: the lords are putting on their armour.

Hor. What's he?

Fla. A new up-start; one that swears like a falconer, and will lie in the duke's ear day by day, like a maker of almanacks. And yet I knew him, since he came to the court, smell worse of sweat than an under tennis-court-keeper.

Hor. Look you, yonder's your sweet mistress.

Fla. Thou art my sworn brother: I'll tell thee, I do love that Moor, that witch, very constrainedly. She knows some of my villainy: I do love her just as a man holds a wolf by the ears. But, for fear of turning upon me, and pulling out my throat, I would let her go to the devil.

Hor. I hear she claims marriage of thee.

Fla. 'Faith I made to her some such dark promise; and, in seeking to fly from't, I run on, like a frightened dog with a bottle at's tail, that fain would bite it off, and yet dares not look behind him. Now my precious gipsy.

Zan. Ay, your love to me rather cools than heats.

Fla. Marry, I am the sounder lover; we have many wenches about the town heat too fast.

Hor. What do you think of these perfum'd gallants, then?

Fla. Their fattin cannot save them. I am confident They have a certain spice of the disease; For they that sleep with dogs, shall rise with fleas.

Zan. Believe it! a little painting and gay clothes Make you loath me.

Fla. How, love a lady for painting or gay apparel? I'll unkennel one example more for thee. Æsop had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow: I would have courtiers be better divers.

Zan. You remember your oaths?

Fla.

Fla. Lovers oaths are like mariners prayers, utter'd in extremity ; but when the tempest is o'er, and that the vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet, amongst gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as shoe-makers and Westphalia bacon. They are both drawers on ; for drink draws on protestation, and protestation draws on more drink. Is not this discourse better now than the morality of your sun-burnt gentleman ?

Enter Cornelia.

Cor. Is this your perch, you haggard ? fly to the stews.

Fla. You should be clapt by th' heels now : strike i'th' court ?

Zan. She's good for nothing, but to make her maids Catch cold a-nights : they dare not use a bed-staff, For fear of her light fingers.

Mar. You're a strumpet,
An impudent one.

Fla. Why do you kick her, say ?
Do you think that she's like a walnut-tree ?
Must she be cudgel'd e'er she bear good fruit ?

Mar. She brags that you shall marry her.

Fla. What then ?

Mar. I had rather she were pitch'd upon a stake,
In some new feeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crows thence.

Fla. You're a boy, a fool ;
Be guardian to your hound : I am of age.

Mar. If I take her near you, I'll cut her throat.

Fla. With a fan of feathers.

Mar. And, for you, I'll whip
This folly from you.

Fla. Are you cholerick ?
I'll purge it with rhubarb.

Hor. O, your brother !

Fla. Hang him,
He wrongs me most, that ought t' offend me least :
I do suspect my mother play'd foul play,
When she conceiv'd thee.

Mar. Now, by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughter'd sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection
Shall turn two ways. Those words I'll make thee
answer
With thy heart's blood.

Fla. Do, like the geese in the progress,
You know where you shall find me.

Mar. Very good;
An' thou be't a noble friend, bear him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on't.

Court. Sir, I shall.

Zan. He comes. Hence petty thoughts of my disgrace;
I ne'er lov'd my complexion till now,
Enter Francisco.
'Cause I may boldly say, without a blush,
I love you.

[*Exeunt all, but Zanche.*

Fra. Your love is untimely frown;
There's a spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one:
I am funk
In years, and I have vow'd never to marry.

Zan. Alas! poor maids get more lovers than husbands:
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when ambassadors are sent to congratulate princes, there's commonly sent along with them a rich present, so that, tho' the prince like not the ambassador's person, nor words, yet he likes well of the presentment; so I may come to you in the same manner, and be better lov'd for my dowry than my virtue.

Fra. I'll think on the motion.

Zan. Do; I'll now detain you no longer. At your better leisure
I'll tell you things shall startle your blood:
Nor blame me that this passion I reveal,
Lovers die inward that their flames conceal.

Fra. Of all intelligence this may prove the best:
Sure I shall draw strange fowl from this foul nest. [*Exit.*

Enter Marcello and Cornelia.

Cor. I hear a whispering all about the court
You are to fight: who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel?

Mar. 'Tis an idle rumour.

Cor. Will you dissemble? sure you do not well
To fright me thus: you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you,
Upon my blessing; nay I'll call the duke,
And he shall school you.

Mar. Publish not a fear,
Which would convert to laughter: 'tis not so.
Was not this crucifix my father's?

Cor. Yes.

Mar. I have heard you say, giving my brother suck,
He took the crucifix between his hands,

Enter Flamineo.

And broke a limb off.

Cor. Yes; but 'tis mended.

Fla. I have brought your weapon back.

Flamineseo runs Marcello through.

Cor. Ha, oh my horror!

Mar. You have brought it home, indeed.

Cor. Help, oh he's murder'd!

Fla. Do you turn your gall up? I'll to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. *[Exit Flam.]*

Hor. How, o'th' ground?

Mar. O mother, now remember what I told
Of breaking off the crucifix. Farewell.

Enter Hortensius.

There are some sins, which heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest means. Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot,
Whose branches spread no wider than the root.

Cor. O my perpetual sorrow!

Hor. Virtuous Marcello!

He's dead. Pray leave him, lady: come, you shall.

Cor. Alas! he is not dead; he's in a trance.

Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death.

Let me call him again, for God's sake!

Hor. I would you were deceiv'd.

Cor. O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me! How many have gone away thus, for lack of 'tendance? Rear up's head, rear up's head: his bleeding inward will kill him.

Hor. You see he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him; give me him as he is; if he be turn'd to earth; let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one coffin. Fetch a looking-glass; see if his breath will not stain it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips: will you lose him for a little pains taking?

Hor. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i'th' ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me come to him.

Enter Brachiano all arm'd, save the beaver, with Flamineo, and Page.

Bra. Was this your handy-work?

Fla. It was my misfortune.

Cor. He lies, he lies; he did not kill him: these have kill'd him, that would not let him be better look'd to.

Bra. Have comfort, my griev'd mother.

Cor. O yon' screech-owl!

Hor. Forbear, good madam.

Cor. Let me go, let me go.

[She runs to Flamineo with her knife drawn, and coming to him, lets it fall.]

The God of heaven forgive thee. Do'st not wonder I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what's the reason: I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes; I'd not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well: Half of thyself lies there; and may'st thou live To fill an hour-glass with his moulder'd ashes, To tell how thou should'st spend the time to come In blest repentance.

Bra. Mother, pray tell me How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

Cor.

Cor. Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too much
Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,
Drew his sword first ; and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Just in my bosom.

Page. This is not true, madam.

Cor. I pr'ythee peace.

One arrow's graz'd already : it were vain
T' lose this ; for that will ne'er be found again.

Bra. Go, bear the body to Cornelia's lodging :
And we command that none acquaint our dutchess
With this sad accident. For you, Flamineo,
Heark you, I will not grant your pardon.

Fla. No ?

Bra. Only a lease of your life ; and that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forced each evening to
renew it,
Or be hang'd.

Fla. At your pleasure.

Enter Lodovico and Francisco.

Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it.

Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano's beaver with poison.

Bra. You once did brave me in your sister's lodging ;
I'll now keep you in awe for't. Where's our beaver ?

Fra. He calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pity thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the black lake further ;
The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murder.

[*Exeunt.*

*Charges and shoots. They fight at barriers, first single
pairs, then three to three.*

Enter Brachiano and Flamineo, with others.

Bra. An armorer ! ud's death, an armorer !

Fla. Armorer where's the armorer ?

Bra. Tear off my beaver.

Fla. Are you hurt, my lord ?

Bra. O my brain's on fire.

Enter Armorer.

The helmet is poison'd.

Arm. My lord, upon my soul.—

Bra. Away with him to torture.

There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me.

Vit. O my lov'd lord, poison'd?

Fla. Remove the bar: here's unfortunate revels.
Call the physicians.

Enter two Physicians.

A plague upon you,
We have too much of your cunning here already:
I fear the ambassadors are likewise poison'd.

Bra. Oh! I am gone already. The infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart,
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loath to break.

Gio. O my most lov'd father!

Bra. Remove the boy away:
Where's this good woman? Had I infinite worlds
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee?
What say you, screech-owl, is the venom mortal?

Phy. Most deadly.

Bra. Most corrupted politick hangman!
You kill without book; but your art to save,
Fails you as oft as great men needy friends.
I that have given life to offending slaves,
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelve-month?
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.
This unction is sent from the great duke of Florence.

Fra. Sir, be of comfort.

Bra. O thou soft natural death! that art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber!—no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes.

Vit. I am lost for ever!

Bra. How miserable a thing it is to die
'Mongst women howling! What are those?

Fla. Franciscans.

They have brought the extreme unction.

Bra.

Bra. On pain of death let no man name death to me;
It is a word most infinitely terrible.

Withdraw into our cabinet.

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Flamineo.*]

Fla. To see what solitariness is about dying princes!
As heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorc'd
friends, and made great houses unhospitable; so now,
O justice! where are their flatterers now? Flatterers are
but the shadows of princes bodies, the least thick cloud
makes them invisible.

Fra. There's great moan made for him.

Fla. 'Faith, for some few hours, salt-water will run
most plentifully in every office o'th' court. But, believe
it, most of them do but weep over their step-mother's
grave.

Fra. How mean you?

Fla. Why they dissemble, as some men do that live
within compass o'th' verge.

Fra. Come, you have thriv'd well under him.

Fla. 'Faith, like a wolf in a woman's breast: I have
been fed with poultry; but for money, understand me,
I had as good a will to cozen him as e're an officer of
them all: but I had not cunning enough to do it.

Fra. What didst thou think of him? 'faith, speak
freely.

Fla. He was a kind of statesman, that would sooner
have reckon'd how many cannon-bullets he had dis-
charg'd against a town, to count his expence that way,
than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he
lost before it.

Fra. O, speak well of the duke.

Fla. I have done.

Wilt hear some of my court-wisdom?

[*Enter Lodovico.*]

To reprehend princes is dangerous; and to over-com-
mend some of them is palpable lying.

Fra. How is it with the duke?

Lod. Most deadly ill.

He's fall'n into a strange distraction:
He talks of battles and monopolies,

Levyng of taxes ; and from that descends
 To the most brain-sick language. His mind fastens
 On twenty several objects, which confound
 Deep sense with folly. Such a fearful end
 May teach some men, that bear too lofty crest,
 Tho' they live happiest, yet they die not best.
 He hath confer'd the whole state of the dukedom
 Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
 At mature age.

Ila. There's some good luck in that yet.

Fra. See, here he comes.

Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed, Vittoria, and others.
 There's death in's face already.

Vit. O my good lord!

Bra. Away, you have abus'd me :
 You have convey'd coin forth our territories,
 Bought and sold offices, oppress'd the poor,
 And I ne'er dreamt on't. Make up your accounts ;
 I'll now be my own steward.

Fra. Sir, have patience.

Bra. Indeed, I am to blame :
 For did you ever hear the dusky raven
 Chide blackness ? Or was't ever known the devil
 Rail'd against cloven creatures ?

Vit. O my lord !

Bra. Let me have some quails to supper.

Fla. Sir, you shall.

Bra. No, some fry'd dog-fish ; your quails feed on
 That old dog-fox, that politician, Florence ! [poison.
 I'll forswear hunting, and turn dog-killer.
 Rare ! I'll be friends with him ; for, mark you, sir, one
 dog

Still sets another a barking. Peace, peace,
 Yonder's a fine slave come in now.

Fla. Where ?

Bra. Why, there

In a blue bonnet, and a pair of breeches
 With a great cod-piece. Ha, ha, ha ;
 Look you, his cod-piece is stuck full of pins,
 With pearls o'th' head of them. Do not you know him ?

Fla.

Fla. No, my lord.

Bra. Why 'tis the devil,
I know him by a great rose he wears on's shoe
To hide his cloven foot: I'll dispute with him,
He's a rare linguist.

Vit. My lord, here's nothing.

Bra. Nothing! rare! nothing? when I want money,
Our treasury is empty, there is nothing;
I'll not be used thus:

Vit. O! lie still, my lord.

Bra. See, see, Flamineo that kill'd his brother,
Is dancing on the ropes there; and he carries
A money-bag in each hand, to keep him even,
For fear of breaking's neck. And there's a lawyer
In a gown whipp'd with velvet, stares and gapes
When the money will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should have been in a halter.

'Tis there; what's she?

Fla. Vittoria, my lord.

Bra. Ha, ha, ha, her hair is sprinkled with arras powder,
that makes her look as if she had sinn'd in the pa-
stry. What's he?

Fla. A divine, my lord.

[*Brachiano seems here near his end, Lodovico and Gas-
sparo, in the habit of Capuchins, present him in his
bed, with a crucifix and ballow'd candle.*]

Bra. He will be drunk, avoid him: th' argument
Is fearful, when churchmen stagger in't.
Look you, fix grey cats that have lost their
Tails, crawl up the pillow; send for a rat-catcher:
I'll do a miracle, I'll free the court
From all foul vermine. Where's Flamineo?

Fla. I do not like that he names me so often,
Especially on's death-bed; 'tis a sign
I shall not live long: see, he's near his end.

Lod. Pray give us leave; *Attende domine Brachiano.*

Fla. See, see how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the crucifix.

Vit. O, hold it constant.

It settles his wild spirits; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

Lod. Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo, nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.

[*The crucifix.*

Gaf. Olim hasta voluisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum.

[*The hallow'd taper.*

Lod. Attende domine Brachiane, si nunc quoque probas ea, quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.

Gaf. Esto securus domine Brachiane: cogita, quantum habeas meritorum: denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset periculi.

Lod. Si nunc quoque probas ea, quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in lævum.

He is departing: pray stand all apart,
And let us only whisper in his ears
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to hear.

[*Here the rest being departed, Lodovico and Gasparo discover themselves.*

Gaf. Brachiano.

*Lod. Devil Brachiano,
Thou art damn'd.*

Gaf. Pepetually.

*Lod. A slave condemn'd, and given up to the gallows,
Is thy great lord and master.*

*Gaf. True; for thou
Art given up to the devil.*

*Lod. O, you slave!
You that were held the famous politician,
Whose art was poison.*

Gaf. And whose conscience murder.

*Lod. That would have broke your wife's neck down
the stairs, e're she was poison'd.*

Gaf. That had your villainous fallets.

*Lod. And fine embroider'd bottles, and perfumes
Equally mortal with a winter plague.*

Gaf. Now there's mercury.

Lod. And copperas.

Gaf. And quicksilver;

Lod.

Lod. With other devilish apothecary stuff,
A melting in your politick brains : do'tt hear ?

Gaf. This is count Lodovico.

Lod. This Gasparo ;
And thou shalt die like a poor rogue.

Gaf. And stink
Like a dead fly-blown dog.

Lod. And be forgotten before thy funeral sermon.

Bra. Vittoria ! Vittoria !

Lod. O, the cursed devil
Comes to himself again : we are undone.

Enter Vittoria, Francisco and the attendants.

Gaf. Strangle him in private. What ! will you call
him again

To live in treble torments ? for charity,
For christian charity, avoid the chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Lod. You would prate, sir. This is a true-love-knot
Sent from the duke of Florence. [*Brachiano is strangled.*

Gaf. What, is it done ?

Lod. The snuff is out. No woman keeper i'the world,
Tho' she had practis'd seven years at the pest-house,
Could have don't quaintlier. My lords, he's dead.

[*They return.*

Omnes. Rest to his soul.

Vit. O me ! this place is hell. [*Exit Vittoria.*

Fra. How heavily she takes it !

Fla. O yes, yes ;

Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,
They would dispend them all ; surely, I wonder
Why we should wish more rivers to the city,
When they sell water so good cheap. I'll tell thee,
These are but moonish shades of griefs or fears ;
There's nothing sooner dry than womens tears.
Why here's an end of all my harvest ; he has given me
nothing.

Court promises ! let wise men count them curs'd ;
For while you live, he that scores best, pays worst.

Fra. Sure, this was Florence doing.

Fla. Very likely.

Those are found weighty strokes which come from th'
hand,

But those are killing strokes which come from th'head.
O the rare tricks of a Machiavelian!

He doth not come, like a gross plodding slave,
And buffet you to death: no, my quaint knave,
He tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,
As if you had swallow'd down a pound of saffron.
You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice;
To teach court-honesty, it jumps on ice.

Fra. Now have the people liberty to talk,
And descant on his vices.

Fla. Misery of princes,
'That must of force be censur'd by their slaves!
Not only blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will;
One were better be a thresher.
Udsdeath, I would fain speak with this duke yet.

Fra. Now he's dead?

Fla. I cannot conjure; but if prayers or oaths
Will get to th'speech of him, tho' forty devils
Wait on him in his livery of flames,
I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
'Though I be blasted.

Fra. Excellent Lodovico!

What! did you terrify him at the last gasp?

[*Exit Flamineo.*]

Lod. Yes, and so idly, that the duke had like
To have terrified us.

Fra. How?

Enter Zanche.

Lod. You shall hear that hereafter,
See! yon's the infernal, that would make up sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret
She promised when she fell in love with you.

Fra. You're passionately met in this sad world.

Zan. I would have you look up, sir, these court-tears
Claim not your tribute to them: let those weep,
That guiltily partake in the sad cause.
I knew last night, by a sad dream I had,
Some mischief would ensue; yet, to say truth,
My dream most concern'd you.

Lod.

Lod. Shall's fall a dreaming?

Fra. Yes, and for fashion fake I'll dream with her.

Zan. Methought, fir, you came stealing to my bed.

Fra. Wilt thou believe me, sweeting? by this light,
I was a dreamt on thee too; for methought,
I saw thee naked.

Zan. Fie, fir! as I told you,
Methought you lay down by me.

Fra. So dreamt I;
And lest thou should'st take cold, I cover'd thee
With this Irish mantle.

Zan. Verily, I did dream
You were somewhat bold with me: but to come to't.

Lod. How! how! I hope you will not go to't there.

Fra. Nay, you must hear my dream out.

Zan. Well, fir, forth.

Fra. When I threw the mantle o'er thee, thou did'st
laugh

Exceedingly, methought.

Zan. Laugh?

Fra. And cryed'st out,
The hair did tickle thee.

Zan. There was a dream indeed!

Lod. Mark her, pr'ythee, she simpers like the fads
A collier hath been wash'd in.

Zan. Come, fir, good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reveal a secret: Isabella,
The duke of Florence's sister, was impositon'd
By a fum'd picture; and Camillo's neck
Was broke by damn'd Flamineo, the mischance
Laid on a vaulting-horse.

Fra. Most strange!

Zan. Most true.

Lod. The nest of snakes is broke.

Zan. I sadly do confess, I had a hand
In the black deed.

Fra. Thou kept'st their counsel.

Zan. Right;

For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob Vittoria.

Lod. Excellent penitence!

Usurers dream on't, while they sleep at sermons.

Zan. To further our escape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me till the funeral,
Unto a friend i'the country. That excuse
Will further our escape. In coin and jewels
I shall at least make good unto your use
An hundred thousand crowns.

Fra. O noble wench!

Lod. Those crowns we'll share.

Zan. It is a dowry,
Methinks, should make that sun-burnt proverb false,
And wash the Æthiop white.

Fra. It shall, away.

Zan. Be ready for our flight.

Fra. An hour 'fore day.

O strange discovery! why till now we knew not
The circumstance of either of their deaths.

Zan. You'll wait about midnight

In the chapel.

[*Exit Zan.*]

Fra. There.

Lod. Why now our action's justified.

Fra. Tush, for justice!

What harms it justice? we now, like the partridge,
Purge the disease with laurel; for the same
Shall crown the enterprize, and quit the shame. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Flamineo and Gasparo, at one door; another way,
Giovanni attended.*

Gaspar. The young duke! did you e'er see a sweeter
prince?

Fla. I have known a poor man's bastard better fa-
vour'd. This is behind him: now, to his face, all com-
parisons are hateful: wise was the courtly peacock, that
being a great minion, and being compar'd for beauty by
some dottrels that stood by, to the kingly eagle, said, the
eagle was a far fairer bird than herself, not in respect of
her feathers, but in respect of her long talons: his will
grow out in time.——

My gracious lord,

Gio. I pray leave me, sir,

[*Fla.*]

Fla. Your grace must be merry: 'tis I have cause to mourn; for wot you, what said the little boy that rode behind his father on horseback?

Gio. Why, what said he?

Fla. When you are dead, father, said he, I hope that I shall ride in the saddle. O 'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himself, he may stretch himself in the stirrups, look about, and see the whole compass of the hemisphere. You're now, my lord, in the saddle.

Gio. Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent; 'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former been, I have heard grief nam'd the eldest child of sin.

[*Exit Gio.*]

Fla. Study my prayers? he threatens me divinely; I am falling to pieces already: I care not, tho' like Anacharsis I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were fitter for usurers, gold and themselves to be beaten together, to make a most cordial cullice for the devil.

He hath his uncle's villainous look already

Enter Courtier.

In decimo sexto.—Now, sir, what are you?

Cour. It is the pleasure, sir, of the duke, That you forbear the presence, and all rooms That owe him reverence.

Fla. So, the wolf and the raven are very pretty fools when they are young. Is it your office, sir, to keep me out?

Cour. So the duke wills.

Fla. Verily, master courtier, extremity is not to be used in all offices: say, that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to castle Angelo, to the tower yonder, with nothing about her but her smock: would it not shew a cruel part in the gentleman porter to lay claim to her upper garment, pull it o'er her head and ears, and put her in naked?

Cour. Very good: you're merry.

Fla. Doth he make a court-ejectment of me? a flaming fire-brand casts more smoak without a chimney, than within. I'll smother some of them.

Enter

Enter Francisco.

How now? thou art sad.

Fra. I met even now with the most piteous sight.*Fla.* Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful
Degraded courtier.*Fra.* Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.

I found them winding of Marcello's corse;

And there is such a solemn melody,

'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies:

Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,

Were wont to outwear the nights with; that believe me,

I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,

They were so o'er-charg'd with water.

Fla. I will see them.*Bra.* 'Twere much uncharity in you: for your sight
Will add unto their tears.*Fla.* I will see them,

They are behind the traverse. I'll discover

Their superstitious howling.

*Cornelia, the Moor, and three other ladies discover'd
winding Marcello's corse. A song.**Cor.* This rosemary is wither'd, pray get fresh;

I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,

I'll tie a garland here about his head:

'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet

I have kept this twenty years, and every day

Hallow'd it with my prayers; I did not think

He should have wore it.

Moor. Look you, who are yonder?*Cor.* O reach me the flowers.*Moor.* Her ladyship's foolish.*Wom.* Alas! her grief

Hath turn'd her child again.

Cor. You're very welcome.There's rosemary for you, and rue for you. [*To Flam.*

Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it,

I have left none for myself.

Fra.

Fra. Lady, who's this?

Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.

Fla. So.

Moor. 'Tis Flamineo.

Cor. Will you make me such a fool? here's a white hand:

Can blood so soon be wash'd out? let me see,
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney tops,
And the strange cricket i'th' oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
Out upon't, how 'tis speckl'd! h'as handl'd a toad sure.
Cowslip water is good for the memory: pray buy me
three ounces of't.

Fla. I would I were from hence.

Cor. Do you hear, sir?

I'll give you a saying which my grand-mother
Was wont, when she heard the bell, to sing o'er unto
her lute.

Fla. Do and you will, do.

Cornelia doth this in several forms of distraction.

Cor. Call for the robin-red-breast, and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are rob'd) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence: that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel;
But I have an answer for them.
Let holy church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church tithes truly.
His wealth is summ'd, and this is all his store,
This poor men get, and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up.
Bless you all good people. [*Exeunt Cornelia and lady.*]

Fla. I have a strange thing in me, to the which

I cannot give a name, without it be
Compassion. I pray leave me ; [Exit Fran.]

This night I'll know the utmost of my fate,
I'll be resolv'd what my rich sister means
To assign me for my service : I have liv'd
Riotously ill, like some that live in court.
And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.
Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures try,
“ We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry.

Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet.

What a mockery hath death made thee? thou look'st sad.

*Enter Brachiano's ghost in his leather cassock and breeches,
boots, a coul, a pot of lilly-flowers, with a skull in't.*

*The ghost throws earth upon him, and shows him the
skull.*

In what place art thou? in yon'—starry gallery?

Or in the curst dungeon?—no? not speak?

Pray, sir, resolve me, what religion's best

For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge

To answer me how long I have to live?

That's the most necessary question.

Not answer? are you still, like some great men

That only walk like shadows up and down,

And to no purpose : say——

What's that? o fatal! he throws earth upon me.

A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers.

I pray speak, sir, our Italian church-men

Make us believe, dead men hold conference

With their familiars; and many times

Will come to bed to them, and eat with them. [Exit ghost.]

He's gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanish'd.

This is beyond melancholy, I do dare my fate

To do its worst. Now to my sister's lodging,

And sum up all these horrors; the disgrace

The prince threw on me, next the piteous fight

Of my dead brother; and my mother's dotage;

And last this terrible vision: all these

Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good,

Or I will drown this weapon in their blood.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, and Hortensio.

Lod. My lord, upon my soul you shall no farther ;
You have most ridiculously engag'd yourself
Too far already. For my part, I have paid
All my debts : so, if I should chance to fall,
My creditors fall not with me ; and I vow,
To quit all in this bold assembly,
To the meanest follower. My lord, leave this city ;
Or I'll forswear the murder.

Fra. Farewell, Lodovico.
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
I'll rear unto thy memory that fame,
Shall in thy ashes keep alive thy name. [Exit.]

Hor. There's some black-deed on foot. I'll presently
Down to the citadel, and raise some force.
These strong court-factions, that do brook no checks,
In the career oft break the riders necks. [Exit.]

Enter Vittoria with a book in her hand, Zanche, Flamineo,
following them.

Fla. What? are you at your prayers? give o'er.

Vit. How, ruffian?

Fla. I come to you 'bout worldly business:
Sit down, sit down; nay, stay blouze, you may hear it;
The doors are fast enough.

Vit. Ha, are you drunk?

Fla. Yes, yes, with wormwood water; you shall
taste
Some of it presently.

Vit. What intends the fury?

Fla. You are my lords executrix, and I claim
Reward for my long service.

Vit. For your service?

Fla. Come therefore, here is pen and ink, set down
What you will give me.

Vit. There. [She writes.]

Fla. Ha! have you done already?
'Tis a most short conveyance.

Vit. I will read it.

I give that portion to thee, and no other,
Which Cain groan'd under, having slain his brother.

Fla.

Fla. A most courtly patent to beg by.

Vit. You are a villain!

Fla. Is't come to this? they say, affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a devil in thee; I will try
If I can scare him from thee. Nay, sit still:
My lord hath left me two case of jewels,
Shall make me scorn your bounty; you shall see them.

[*Exit.*

Vit. Sure he's distracted.

[*And returns with two case of pistols.*

Zan. O, he's desperate!

For your own safety give him gentle language.

Fla. Look, these are better far at a dead list,
Than all your jewel-house.

Vit. And yet methinks,

These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set.

Fla. I'll turn the right side toward you: you shall see
how they will sparkle.

Vit. Turn this horror from me!

What do you want? what would you have me do?
Is not all mine yours? have I any children?

Fla. Pray thee, good woman, do not trouble me
With this vain worldly business; say your prayers;
I made a vow to my deceased lord,
Neither yourself, nor I should outlive him
The numbring of four hours.

Vit. Did he enjoyn it?

Fla. He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Lest any should enjoy thee after him,
That urg'd him vow me to it: for my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his own court
Being a great duke, what hope then for us?

Vit. This is your melancholy, and despair.

Fla. Away,

Fool thou art, to think that politicians
Do use to kill the effects of injuries
And let the cause live. Shall we groan in irons,
Or be a shameful, and a weighty burthen
To a publick scaffold? this is my resolve:

I would not live at any man's entreaty,
Nor die at any's bidding.

Vit. Will you hear me?

Fla. My life hath done service to other men,
My death shall serve mine own turn; make you ready.

Vit. Do you mean to die, indeed?

Fla. With as much pleasure,
As e'er my father got me.

Vit. Are the doors lockt?

Zan. Yes, madam.

Vit. Are you grown an atheist? will you turn your
body,

Which is the goodly palace of the soul,
To the soul's slaughter-house? O the cursed devil,
Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice candied o'er; despair with gall and stibium.
Yet we carouse it off; (cry out for help!) [To *Zan.*
Make us forsake that which was made for man,
The world, to sink to that was made for devils,
Eternal darknes.

Zan. Help, help.

Fla. I'll stop your throat
With winter-plums.

Vit. I pr'ythee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking.

Fla. Leave your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments, and they move me,
As some in pulpits move their auditory,
More with their exclamation, than sense
Of reason, or sound doctrine.

Zan. Gentle madam,
Seem to consent, only perswade him teach
The way to death; let him die first.

Vit. 'Tis good. I apprehend it,
To kill one's self is meat that we must take
Like pills, not chew't, but quickly swallow it;
The smart o'th' wound, or weakness of the hand,
May else bring treble torments.

Fla.

Fla. I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to die.

Vit. O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolv'd; farewell affliction:
Behold Brachiano, I, that while you liv'd,
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you; now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Farewell, Zanche!

Zan. How, madam? do you think that I'll outlive
you?
Especially when my best half, Flamineo,
Goes the same voyage.

Fla. O most loved Moor!

Zan. Only by all my love let me entreat you;
Since it is most necessary one of us
Do violence on ourselves; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to dy.

Fla. Thou dost instruct me nobly; take these pistols;
Because my hand is stain'd with blood already:
Two of these you shall level at my breast,
Th'other 'gainst your own, and so we'll dye
Most equally contented: but first swear
Not to outlive me.

Vit. and Zan. Most religiously.

Fla. Then here's an end of me; farewell day-light,
And o contemptible physick! that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee.

[Shewing the pistols.]

These are two cupping glasses, that shall draw
All my infected blood out.

Are you ready?

Both. Ready.

Fla. Whither shall I go now? o Lucian, to thy ridiculous purgatory? to find Alexander the great cobling shoes, Pompey tagging points, and Julius Cæsar making hair buttons, Hannibal felling blacking, and Augustus crying garlick, Charlemaigne selling lifts by the dozen,
and

and king Pepin crying apples in a cart drawn with one horse.

Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,
Or all the elements by scruples; I know not,
Nor greatly care——Shoot, shoot,
Of all deaths, the violent death is best,

[*They shoot, and run to him, and tread upon him.*]
For from ourselves it steals ourselves so fast,
The pain once apprehended, is quite past.

Vit. What are you dropt?

Fla. I am mix'd with earth already: as you are noble,
Perform your vows: and bravely follow me.

Vit. Whither? to hell?

Zan. To most assured damnation?

Vit. O thou most cursed devil.

Zan. Thou art caught——

Vit. In thine own engine. I tread the fire out
That would have been my ruin.

Fla. Will you be perjurd? what a religious oath was
Styx, that the gods never durst swear by, and violate? O
that we had such an oath to minister, and to be so well
kept in our courts of justice.

Vit. Think whither thou art going.

Zan. And remember what villanies thou hast acted.

Vit. This thy death
Shall make me like a blazing ominous star,
Look up and tremble.

Fla. Oh, I am caught with a springe!

Vit. You see the fox comes many times short home,
'Tis here prov'd true.

Fla. Kill'd with a couple of braches!

Vit. No fitter offering for the infernal furies,
Than one in whom they reign'd while he was living.

Fla. O, the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see,
Shall I have no company?

Vit. O yes, thy sins
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

Fla. O, I smell soot, most stinking soot; the chimney
is a fire;

My liver's parboil'd, like Scotch holly-bread ;
 There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scalds ;
 Wilt thou outlive me ?

Zan. Yes ; and drive a stake
 Through thy body ; for we'll give it out,
 Thou didst this violence upon thyself.

Fla. O cunning devils ! now I have try'd your love,
 And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded :

[*Flamineo riseth.*

The pistols held no bullets : 'twas a plot
 To prove your kindness to me ; and I live
 To punish your ingratitude. I knew,
 One time or other, you would find a way
 To give me a strong potion. O men,
 That lie upon your death-beds, and are haunted
 With howling wives ; ne'er trust them, they'll re-marry,
 Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet ; ere the spider
 Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs !
 How cunning you were to discharge ? do you practise at
 the artillery-yard ? Trust a woman ? never, never ; Bra-
 chiano be my president : we lay our souls to pawn to the
 devil for a little pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of
 sale. That ever man should marry ! for one Hypermne-
 stra that fav'd her lord and husband, forty nine of her
 sisters cut their husbands throats all in one night.
 There was a shoal of virtuous horse-leeches !
 Here are two other instruments.

Enter lord Gasparo.

Vit. Heip ! help !

Fla. What noise is that ? ha ! false keys i'th' court ?

Lod. We have brought you a mask.

Fla. A machine it seems

By your drawn swords.

Church-men turn'd revellers !

Gaf. Isabella ! Isabella !

Lod. Do you know us now ?

Fla. Lodovico ! and Gasparo !

Lod. Yes ; and that Moor the duke gave pension to,
 Was the great duke of Florence.

Vit. O we are lost !

Fla.

Flam. You shall not take justice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her — I'll cut my safety
Through your coats of steel. Fate's a spaniel,
We cannot beat it from us. What remains now?
Let all that do ill, take this precedent:

Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent.

And of all axioms this shall win the prize,

'Tis better to be fortunate than wise.

Gaf. Bind him to the pillar.

Vit. O, your gentle pity!

I have seen a black-bird that would sooner fly

To a man's bosom, than to stay the gripe

Of the fierce sparrow-hawk.

Gaf. Your hope deceives you.

Vit. If Florence be i'th' Court, he would not kill me.

Gaf. Fool! Princes give rewards with their own hands,
But death or punishment by the hands of others.

Lod. Sirrah, you once did strike me, I'll strike you
Unto the centre.

Flam. Thou'lt do it like a hangman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou see'st
I cannot strike again.

Lod. Dost laugh?

Flam. Would'st have me die, as I was born, whining?

Gaf. Recommend your self to heaven.

Flam. No, I will carry mine own commendations thither.

Lod. Oh could I kill you forty times a day,
And use 't four year together, 'twere too little:
Nought grieves but that you are too few to feed.

The famine of our vengeance. What dost think on?

Flam. Nothing; of nothing: leave thy idle questions,
I am i'th' way to study a long silence,
To prate were idle; I remember nothing,
There's nothing of so infinite vexation
As man's own thoughts.

Lod. O thou glorious strumpet!
Could I divide thy breath from this pure air
When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,
And breathe't upon some dunghill.

Vit. You, my death's-man!
Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,

Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman ;
 If thou be, do thy office in right form ;
 Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness.

Lod. O, thou hast been a most prodigious comet,
 But I'll cut off your train: kill the Moor first.

Vit. You shall not kill her first; behold my breast,
 I will be waited on in death; my servant
 Shall never go before me.

Gas. Are you so brave?

Vit. Yes, I shall welcome death
 As Princes do some great embassadors;
 I'll meet thy weapon half way.

Lod. Thou dost tremble!
 Methinks, fear should dissolve thee into air.

Vit. O, thou art deceived, I am too true a woman;
 Conceit can never kill me. I'll tell thee what,
 I will not in my death shed one base tear;
 Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.

Gas. Thou art my task, black fury.

Zän. I have blood
 As red as either of theirs? Wilt drink some?
 'Tis good for the falling-sickness: I am proud
 Death cannot alter my complexion,
 For I shall ne'er look pale.

Lod. Strike, strike,
 With a joint motion.

Vit. 'Twas a manly blow;
 The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking infant,
 And then thou wilt be famous.

Flam. O, what blade is't?
 A Toledo, or an English fox?
 I ever thought a cutler should distinguish
 The cause of my death, rather than a doctor.
 Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steel that made it.

Vit. O! my greatest sin lay in my blood;
 Now my blood pays for't.

Flam. Th'art a noble sister,
 I love thee now; if woman do breed man,
 She ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
 Know, many glorious women that are fam'd
 For masculine virtue, have been vitious,

Only a happier silence did betide them ;
She has no faults, who hath the art to hide them.

Vit. My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven, I know not whither.

Flam. Then cast anchor.

“ Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear ;
“ But seas do laugh, shew white, when rocks are near,

“ We cease to grieve, cease to be Fortune’s slaves,

“ Nay, cease to die by dying.” Art thou gone ?

And thou so near the bottom : false report !

Which says that women vie with the nine Muses,

For nine tough durable lives : I do not look

Who went before, nor who shall follow me ;

No, at my self I will begin and end.

“ While we look up to heaven, we confound

“ Knowledge with knowledge.” O, I am in a mist !

Vit. O happy they that never saw the Court,

“ Nor ever knew great men but by report. [*Vittoria dies.*

Flam. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash,

And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to great men remember th’ old wives
tradition, to be like the lions i’th’ Tower on Candlemas
day ; to mourn if the sun shine, for fear of the pitiful re-
mainder of winter to come.

’Tis well yet, there’s some goodness in my death,

My life was a black charnel : I have caught

An everlasting cold. I have lost my voice

Most irrecoverably : farewell, glorious villains ;

“ This busy trade of life appears most vain,

“ Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.”

Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell ;

Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewell. [*Dies.*

Enter Embassador and Giovanni.

Eng. E. This way ! this way ! break open the doors !
this way.

Lod. Ha ! are we betray’d ?

Why then let’s constantly die all together ;

And having finish’d this most noble deed,

Defy the worst of fate ; nor fear to bleed.

Eng. Keep back the Prince, shoot, shoot.

Lod.

Lod. O, I am wounded,
I fear I shall be taken.

Gio. You bloody villains,
By what authority have you committed
This massacre?

Lod. Thine.

Gio. Mine?

Lod. Yes: Thy uncle, which is part of thee, enjoin'd
us to't:

Thou know'st me, I am sure, I am Count Lodowick;
And thy most noble uncle in disguise,
Was last night in thy court.

Gio. Ha!

Gaf. Yes, that Moor thy father chose his pensioner.

Gio. He turn'd murderer!

Away with them to prison, and to torture;
All that have hands in this, shall taste our justice,
As I hope heaven!

Lod. I do glory yet,

That I can call this act mine own: For my part,
The rack, the gallows, and the torturous wheel,
Shall be but sound sleeps to me, here's my rest;
"I limb'd this night-piece, and it was my best."

Gio. Remove the bodies; see, my honoured Lord,
What use you ought to make of their punishment.

Let guilty men remember, their black deeds.

Do lean on crutches, made of slender reeds.

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia, si placui.



The End of the THIRD VOLUME.











